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ELECTION ISSUE!

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DECEMBER 2004

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Photo on Page 34

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LIL JON

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OPENS UP ON PAGE 114

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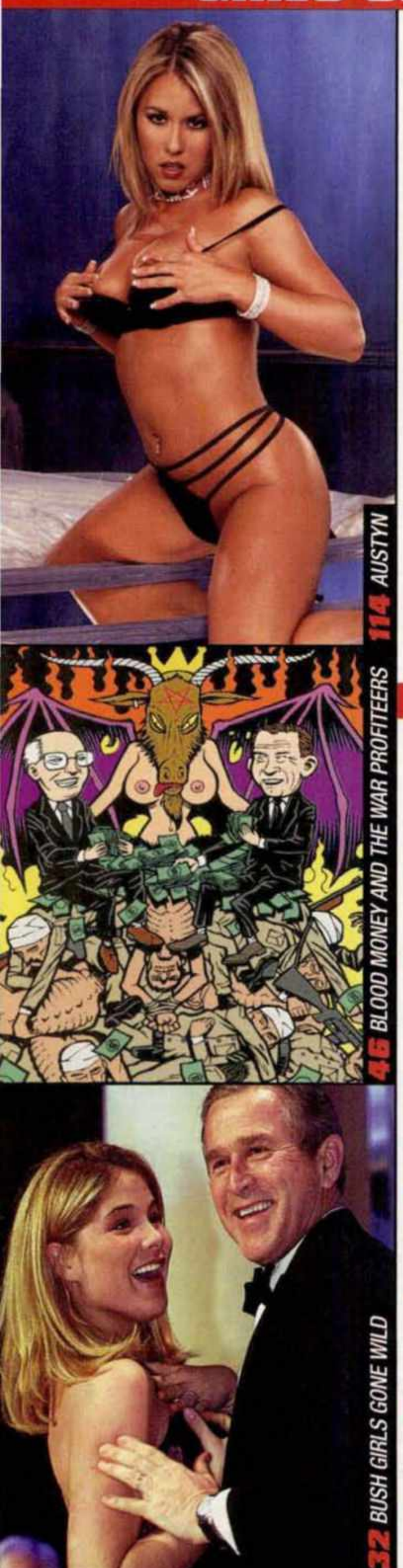

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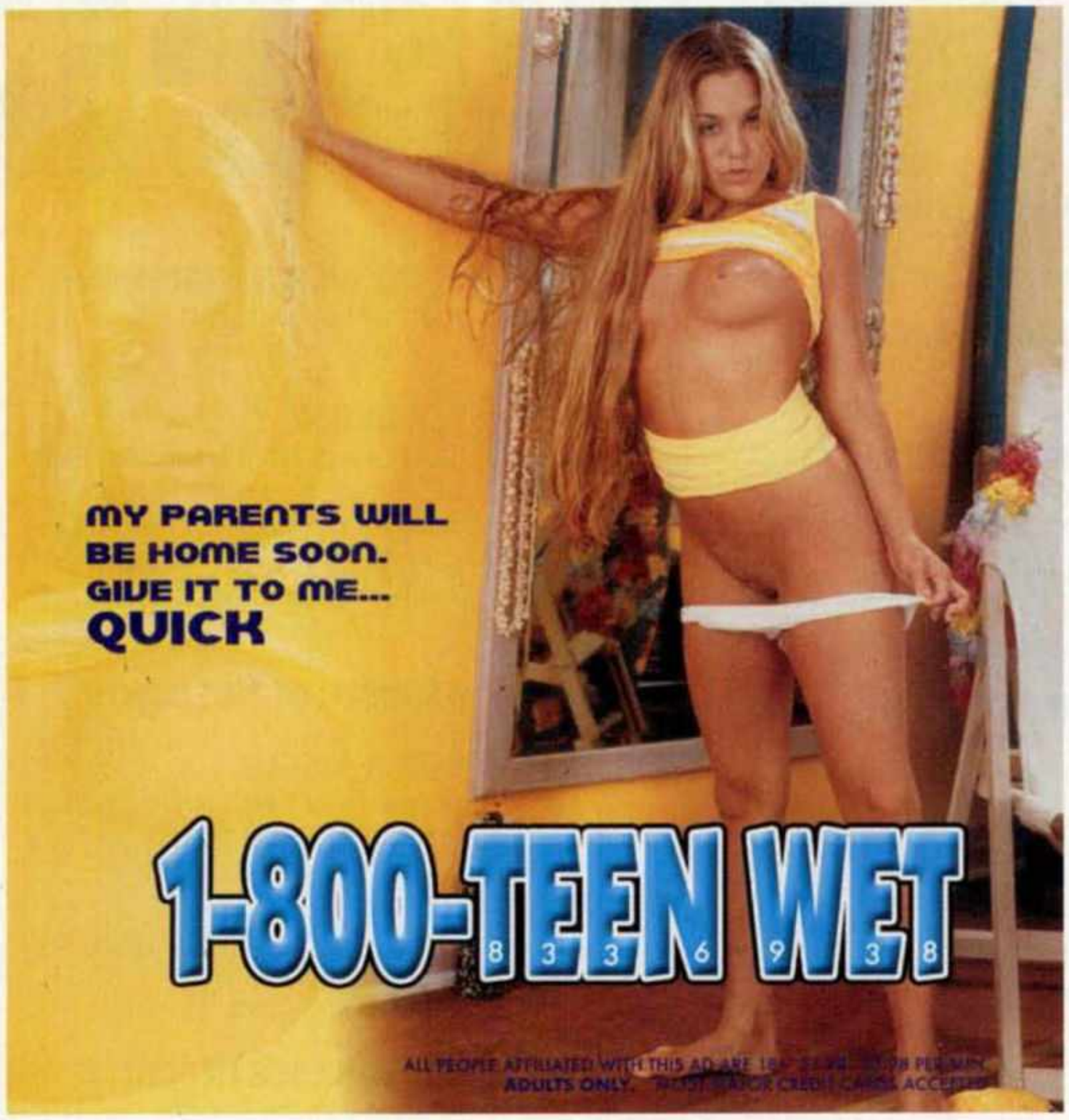

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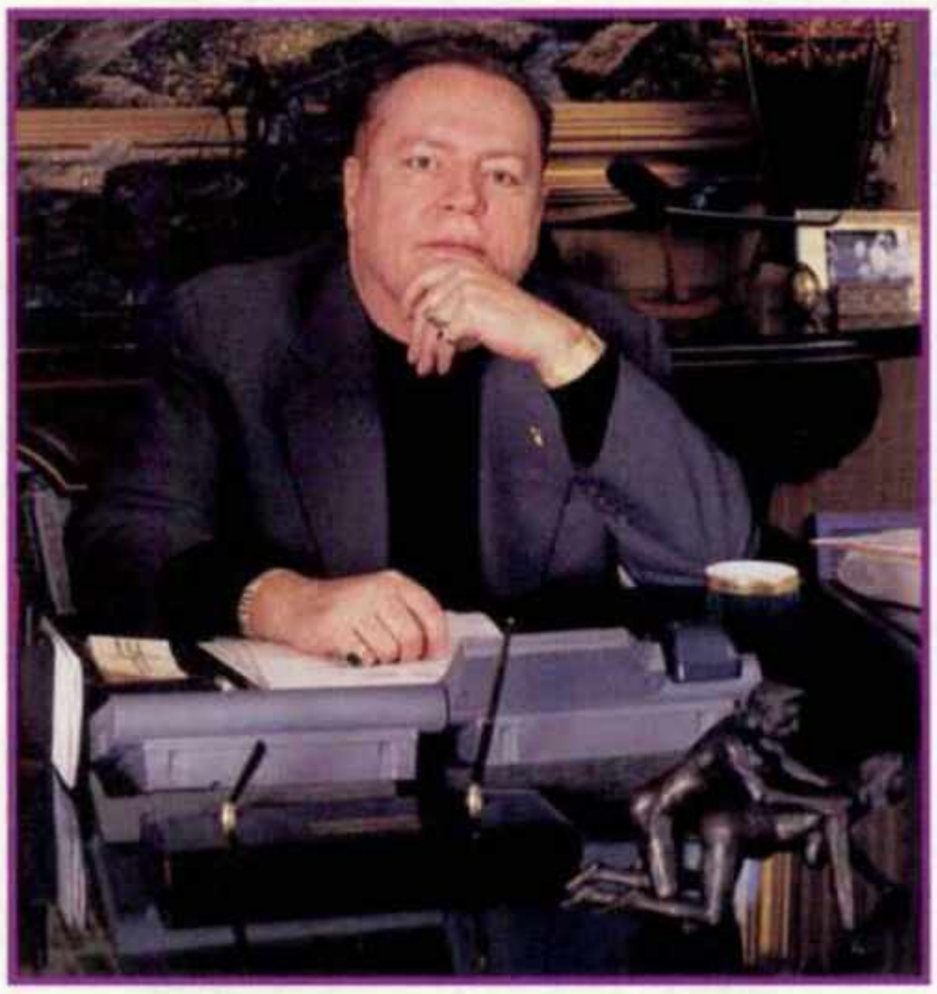


ANYBODY BUT BUSH
(PART 1)

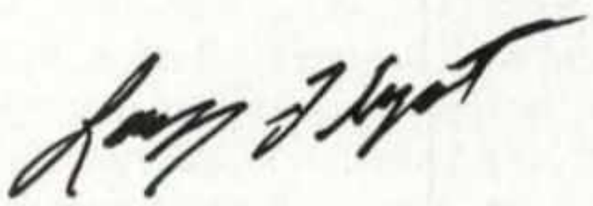
With the Presidential election a little less than two months away, I'd like to remind the readers of this magazine exactly what is at stake. Most notably, there is the issue of free democratic elections. Whether you believe that George W. Bush stole the 2000 election or not, there is no arguing that he did not win it—not in Florida and not nationally.

Despite Al Gore's nationwide advantage of 543,000 votes, the conservative U.S. Supreme Court *selected* Bush. That alone should be reason enough to throw the usurper out of office.

As it stands, however, there is every reason to believe that President-select Bush did, in fact, steal the election. Even before polling was underway, Florida's Governor Jeb Bush (George W.'s brother)—with the help of his then-Secretary of State Katherine Harris—tilted the playing field heavily in favor of the Republicans by illegally purging anywhere from 50,000 up to almost 100,000 Democrats (depending on whom you believe) from the voter rolls. Florida election officials also made sure that confusing ballots and shoddy voting machines (which could not be relied on to tally each vote accurately) were used in predominantly Democratic precincts.

Then, with the Florida election proving to be an outright catastrophe—and the fate of the Presidency hanging in the balance—Republican Party staffers (incognito) rioted in a well-orchestrated attempt to stop the recounting of the Florida ballots. It's not a big leap to see that this sort of pressure provided cover for the Supreme Court's decision to disallow a statewide recount of the vote. Had the decision of America's highest judicial body gone the other way, Al Gore would have carried Florida and won the election.

Gore's failure to stand up to the Supreme Court is irrelevant. The will of the American people was clearly thwarted in 2000. Remember *that* when you go to the polls on Tuesday, November 2. This is your chance to set things right.



Larry Flynt
Publisher, HUSTLER Magazine

Note: Part 2 of this *Publisher's Statement* will appear in next month's Holiday Issue. Once again I strongly urge HUSTLER readers not to miss *Fahrenheit 9/11*, filmmaker Michael Moore's hard-hitting investigation of the Bush Administration.

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.

THE ULTIMATE FUCK

Give Her A Cum-Drenching She'll Never Forget!

Learning "The Ropes" . . .

The letters keep pouring in, written by women of all ages, about a supplement that has made their sex lives "explosive" (literally). I'd like to share one, from a loyal reader...

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always satisfied me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of cum. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his super-human load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I do know all about what your last boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle in men, an added bonus—from a woman's perspective—is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these rope-like sensations during male orgasm.

As far as finding Serogen in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. The company has a product line for men that includes newly added Serogen-SP, a premium blend of the original. If interested in purchasing Serogen or SP, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.learntheropes.net.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann

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Driving Mercedez

Thanks, HUSTLER, for another phenomenal issue (August '04), made even more outstanding by the very beautiful busty brunette Mercedez. The Latina's layout was perfect, and what an amazing centerfold! She is the only model for whom I would drive on through the night and beyond. Thanks for the ride, Mercedez; thanks for the road, Larry Flynt and staff! **—B.W.**
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Glad you liked Mercedez. Here's another peek under her hood.

For Heaven's Seka

As a longtime HUSTLER reader, I wanted to congratulate you on your July Anniversary Issue. The pictures and retro tone of the magazine were a real gas! I especially enjoyed your *Where Are They Now?* section, which tracked the whereabouts of various adult-film stars from the '70s and '80s, a truly glorious era.

But what about some of the lesser-known girls who've appeared in porn flicks over the years? Maybe you can start a new monthly or bimonthly section that would keep us abreast. I also want to thank you for the follow-up on one of my all-time favorite adult stars, Seka! It's too bad (especially since the lady is still semi-active) that you didn't consider a brand-new Seka pictorial, one flashing back to the bygone era. Of course, it could still be done. I'd love to see Seka as a solo model or in a boy/girl, combining her "old" look with contemporary silk scarves and black stockings! **—Richard**
Winchester, Virginia

Ask and ye shall receive, Richard. Starting with the upcoming Holiday Issue, HUSTLER's new entertainment editor, Tom Farrell, will be tracking down popular porn stars from the past for a monthly *Where Are They Now?* retrospective. On tap first—look *(continued on page 156)*

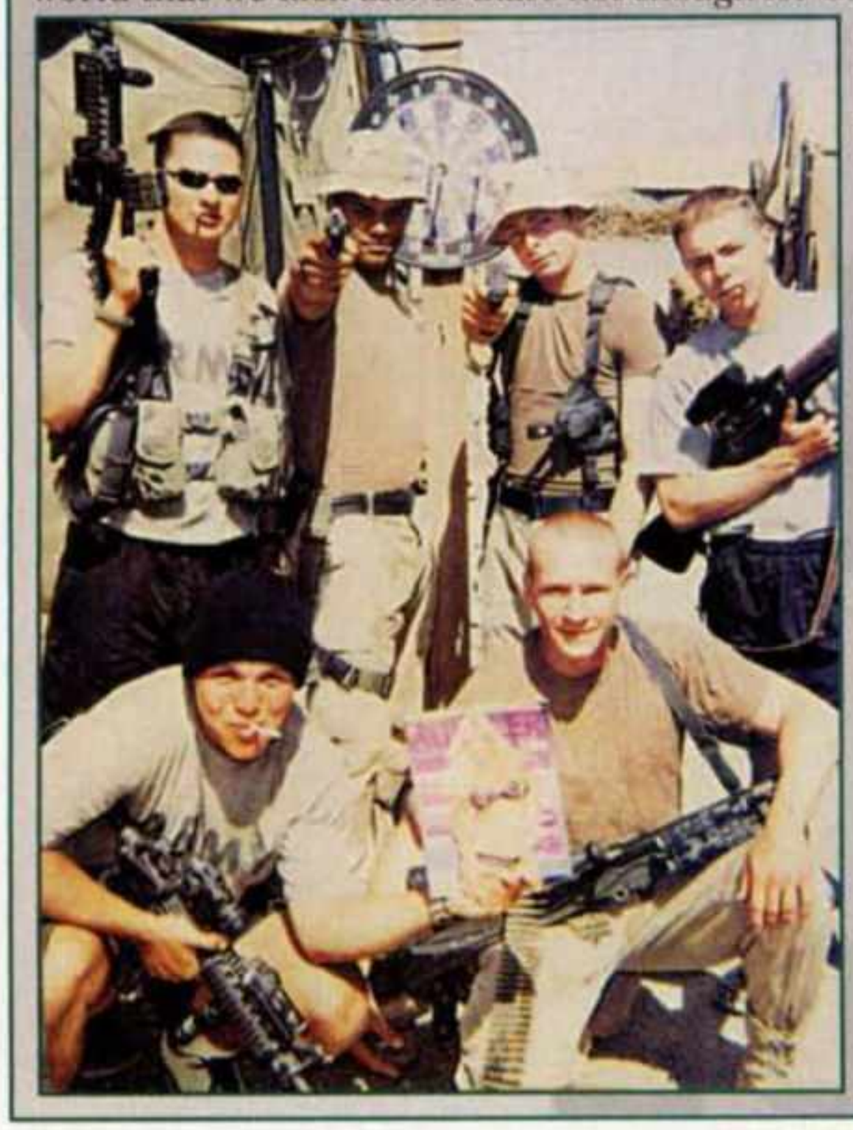
LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

I was reading your lovely magazine this month (June '04) and checking out the *Feedback* section. I was very upset with a letter written by C.S. of Hickory, North Carolina, even though he made a pretty good point about our country's leader. [*Editor's Note: Actually C.S. had some choice words for Bush and our troops. C.S. said that he doesn't have much sympathy for our men and women in uniform, citing, "They traded an education to...carry out the wicked deeds we have all seen."*]

I really could care less about Bush and Cheney's faggot asses. As an average American, they really don't seem to care about my future. Being an Airborne Infantry man in Afghanistan, I am not concerned with anyone's political agenda. I have a job to do.

I think C.S. stands for Cunt Slut, and his sympathy is not needed. I use fags like him to wipe off my nut when I'm done with his sister. As a gentleman, I won't get started on what I'd do to his mom or girlfriend. That's neither here nor there. My job is not fun, and sometimes I hate it—but hey, that's life, and I made my own destiny.

America is still the greatest country on Earth, and I don't mind contributing to its success. All of the men serving here and in Iraq represent the United States, and we show the world that we kick ass. If that's not enough for Cunt Slut, then he can stay in his trailer blowing truckers for quarters. Me, I would rather fuck the hottest chicks, party and kick ass. Thanks for all the great pictures of hotties doing the do, and keep it pimp-tight. *Hooah!*



—Spec. Chris L.
Afghanistan

Thanks to you, Chris, and the rest of your HUSTLER battalion for serving our country—and for the pic!

GRAFFiLTHY

From George W.'s frequent misuse
Of the language, we can deduce
That Laura's cunt is so rotten,
His mouth feels like cotton
From her viscous vaginal juice.

Thanks and $50 go to **Antonina S**

JENNA TALES

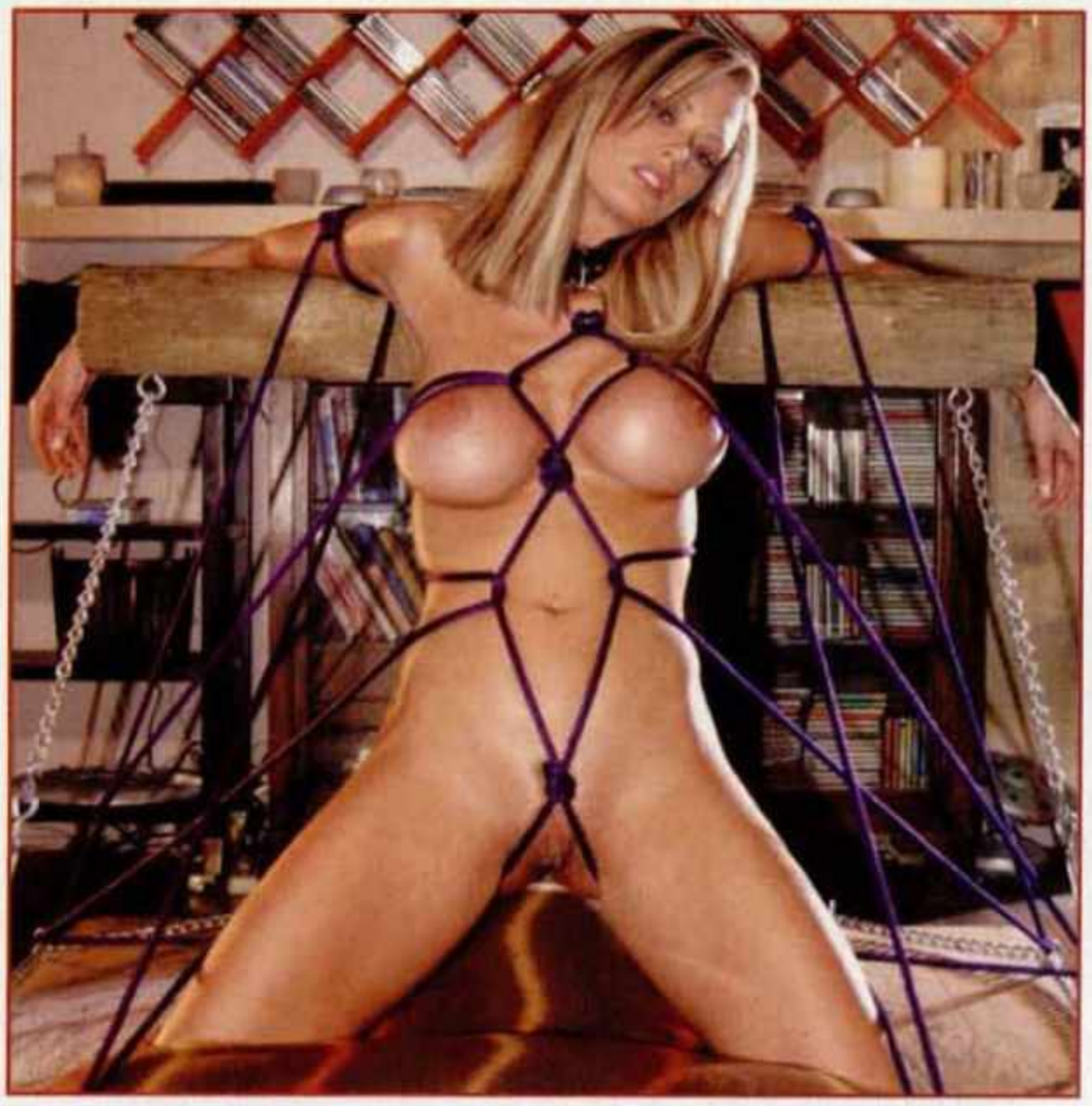
ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON

Hey, everyone! As usual, I've been really busy with one project after another; so let's just jump in!

First I want to thank all the people who came out to see me at Adultcon 6, which took place in sunny California. I especially want to thank Renaud West, the event organizer, for providing free booth space to the Adult Industry Assistance Fund. (My husband, Jay Grdina, and I set up AIAF to help performers idled by the HIV scare earlier this year.) I'm definitely a vocal proponent of tighter self-regulation in the adult industry—which, by the way, has been remarkably free of STDs and HIV considering that so many of us engage in sex for a living. Remember, guys, play safe. Wrap that rascal!

My new movie, *The Masseuse*, is now being distributed by Vivid Entertainment. Written and directed by the legendary Paul Thomas, the incredible film stars yours truly as the title character and Justin Sterling as a creepy customer who falls for me. Of course, there's lots of great sex, including a bit of bondage. That's nice 'cause I always like to explore my kinky side. You must see my scene with Savanna Samson! (That's us in the bottom-right image.)

The DVD version features multiple camera angles (providing an assortment of vantage points) and sequences featuring Mandy Bright and Rachel Rotten, which were omitted from the VHS version. Plus, there's a limited-edition DVD that includes Paul Thomas's original



The Masseuse, which he lensed in 1990 with Hyapatia Lee as his star. Just for my HUSTLER readers, whom I love so much, the editors have added an extra page to *Jenna Tales* for a big ol' peek at my new flick!

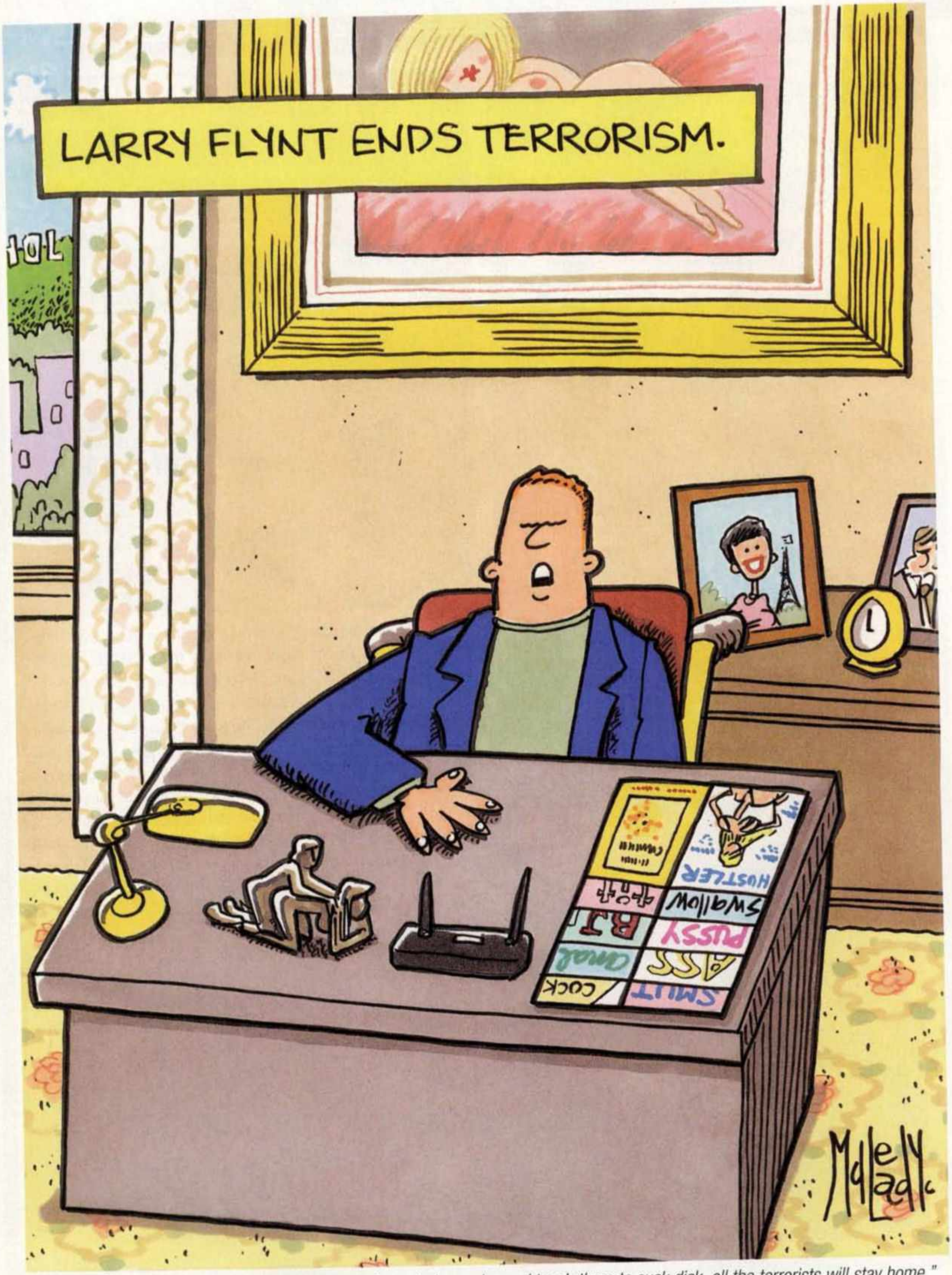
Finally, I want to give a big shout out to our troops here in America and those scattered around the world—especially the proud men and women of HMM 161 AVI Casualty Evac. (Did I get that right?) Keep up the good work and come home safely.

If there's anything you'd like to see in the next installment of my column, or even just want to send greetings, don't hesitate to write to me. Just drop me a line at:

Jenna Tales
c/o HUSTLER Magazine
8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

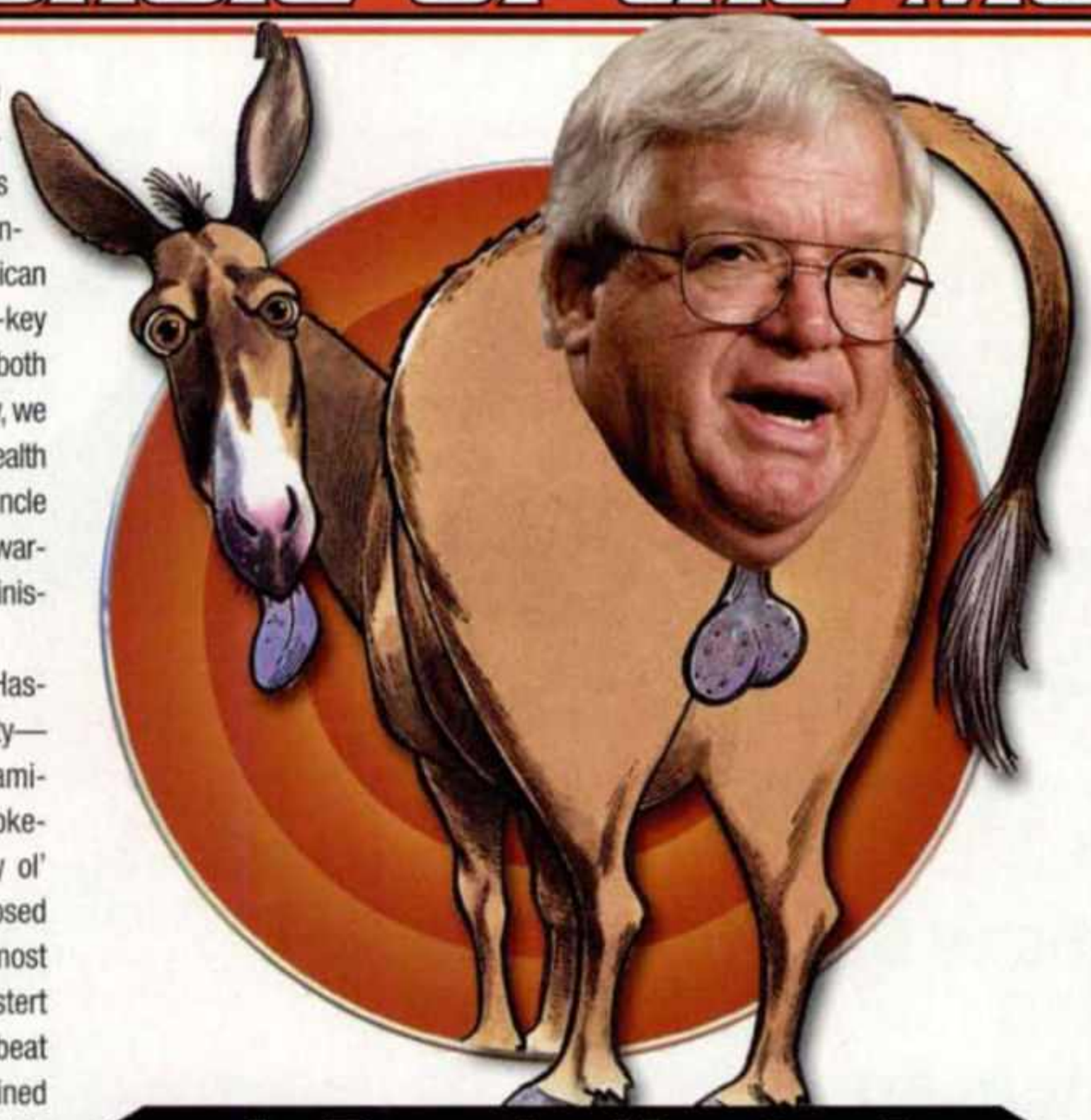
See you soon!

XoXo,
Jenna



"If you give all Muslim women huge boobjobs, shave their pussies and teach them to suck dick, all the terrorists will stay home."

Asshole of the Month



J. Dennis Hastert

In early 1999, when the 106th Congress chose Illinois Representative J. Dennis Hastert as Speaker of the House, conventional wisdom held that the Republican majority had given the nod to a low-key "tactician" who would help unify both the chamber and the nation. In reality, we now know, the GOP installed a stealth ideologue whose rotund, friendly-uncle image belies a strident right-wing warrior committed to the Bush Administration's police-state agenda.

Make no mistake about it, Hastert—known for advocating civility—may publicly project the image of amicable negotiator, but in the smoke-filled cloak rooms of the Beltway ol' Denny boy is simply a hard-nosed asshole. That distinction was most glaringly demonstrated when Hastert and his lieutenants furiously browbeat dissident Republicans who had joined forces with Democrats in an effort to scale back some of the most sinister elements of the USA PATRIOT Act.

When a proposed amendment that would have prevented the Justice Department from searching library records and collecting information on nationwide book purchases was set to pass, Hastert and his GOP cronies took action. Extending the deadline for the roll-call vote, they pressured and cajoled their wayward colleagues.

The result of Hastert's handiwork? Mustering only a tie vote, the amendment failed to pass, and John Ashcroft's Justice Department and Big Brother's intelligence apparatus can continue to spy on Americans' consumption of literature.

If that doesn't alarm you, consider that Hastert was treated to a top-secret advance copy of PATRIOT Act II (officially misnamed the Domestic Security Enhancement Act of 2003), which in essence would establish police-state rule by putting the federal government under the control of the Justice Department, Office of Homeland Security, FEMA and the military's Northern Command.

Besides Hastert, only Vice President Dick Cheney was briefed on the clandestine plans to broaden the original PATRIOT Act. Bush, Ashcroft and resident White House Rasputin Karl Rove clearly feel Denny is a trusted team player.

Considering Hastert's overall record and associations, it isn't hard to see why. Kowtowing to such Radical Right organizations as Focus on the Family, the National Rifle Association, Eagle Forum, the Family Research Council and the Christian Coalition, Hastert has been in the vanguard of conservative attacks on civil liberties and civil rights.

For example, Hastert supported the Hefley Amendment, conservatives' effort to gut President Bill Clinton's Executive Order that had targeted discrimination against gays employed by the federal government. Setting his own sights on "sensible" gun control, Hastert also voted for the 1995 Gun Ban Repeal Act in a move to reverse Clinton's restrictions on semiautomatic weapons.

While the staggering rates of gun-related violence and the horrific toll it has taken on U.S. citizens don't seem to bother Hastert, the idea of individuals having legal recourse against HMOs apparently sent a chill down his spine. Thus, he successfully worked to defeat the Patient's Bill of Rights, legislation that would have allowed patients to sue health-management organizations.

Although proving to be a stalwart of Internet censorship (he voted for the patently unconstitutional Child Online Privacy Protection Act, which the Supreme Court ultimately tossed out), Hastert has also demonstrated a willingness to kill creativity even before its inception by supporting efforts to strip all federal funding from the National Endowment for the Arts.

For Republican power players and conservative philosophers alike, such blue-chip credentials have made J. Dennis Hastert one of the most powerful politicos on Capitol Hill. What makes Denny so dangerous is his ability to operate mostly off the media radar screen, avoiding the sort of scrutiny that demagogues like Tom DeLay generate.

It seems that Hastert honed his misleadingly genteel façade while teaming up with the congressman as deputy majority whip in the mid-to-late 1990s. A fire-breathing, red-faced, "Jesus Is a Republican" freak, the right-wing Texan counted on Hastert to play good cop when it became necessary. Returning the favor, DeLay pushed Hastert into the Speaker's seat when designate Bob Livingston's infidelity cost him the job. (Thanks to Larry Flynt.)

"Denny Hastert is a man of true principle and integrity," crowed Randy Tate, executive director of the Christian Coalition. "He is a true conservative." Actually, Hastert isn't so much a "true conservative" as he is a Trojan Horse, a seemingly benign presence in the House of Representatives—from which spills legislative chaos.

Conservative tart Phyllis Schlafly hailed Hastert's ascendance as "great news for Republicans." She's right. It means the rest of the country is fucked.

Farts in the Wind

Sean Hannity: The resident wet fart at Fox News routinely shrieks, weeps and wails every time a Democrat criticizes a Republican, then turns around and spews his own rancid vitriol at all things he deems liberal. During one pathetic outburst, Hannity compared Bill Clinton to Saddam Hussein. The twit is fond of saying he feels sorry for liberals, but we feel sorry for his wife, who is clearly trapped in a Dutch oven of a marriage.

Sonali Kolhatkar: This drive-time host on Pacifica Radio's KPFK in Los Angeles espouses a progressive agenda. Well, that would be true if you consider an unadulterated hatred of men to be progressive. Paraded on her show are testosterone-averse guests who offer tributes to Lorena Bobbit with proclamations like "Man-hating is a politically viable act." We find it equally politically viable to advise Kolhatkar to lay off the beans and spare us the philosophical flatulence.

LET HIM FINISH THE JOB!

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- ★ Dissenters Are Terrorists!

Since being *selected* President in 2000, our Führer, George W. Bush, has achieved far more than anyone ever expected! He protected us from Saddam Hussein's nonexistent weapons of mass destruction. He warded off the threat of inexpensive prescription drugs pouring in from Canada. He supported our soldiers by slashing their benefits and extending their tours in Iraq. And he destroyed our freedoms before al Qaeda had a chance to. Don't let the terrorists win! Vote for our beloved dictator! Sieg Heil!

★ VOTE FOR BUSH/CHENEY! SO WE DON'T HAVE TO VOTE FOR YOU! ★

HUSTLER Parody. Not a real ad. This is a social commentary on the Bush reselection campaign; let's not forget that Bush (like Adolf Hitler) was not elected. For more on George Dubya's scorecard of evil, go to **BushWatch.com** and **Wage-Slave.org**. This political parody may be reproduced, in written publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind, for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of L.F.P., Inc. or HUSTLER Magazine.

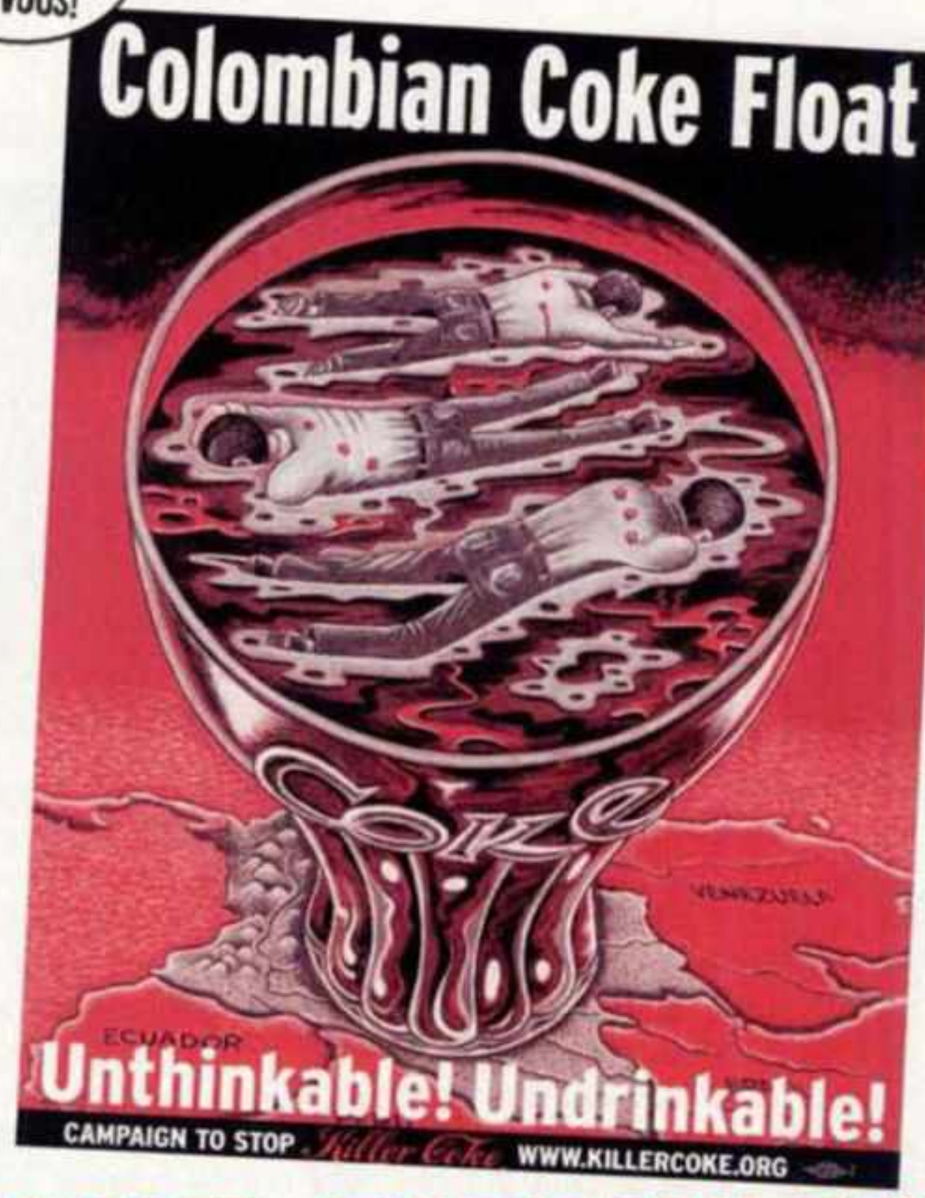
Paul the HUSTLER lawyer says

THIS PICTURE MAKES ME NERVOUS!

THE ULTIMATE REALITY SHOW

According to the gossip rag *Us Weekly* and other sources, a sex tape featuring *Survivor*'s Jenna Lewis and new hubby Travis Wolfe is being hawked online at RealityTail.com. The Web site boasts that the 42-minute screw session is from the horndogs' wedding night in Las Vegas. Besides starring a reality-TV babe, the bonefest appears better lit than most homemade fuck flicks. (Paris Hilton, please take note.) Lewis and Wolfe, who dated for six weeks before getting hitched, say they plan to stick together (which they seem to be able to do in various positions).

Colombian Coke Float



MURDER...IT'S THE REAL THING

The Campaign to Stop Killer Coke was so appreciative of HUSTLER's June '04 Coca-Cola parody that the organization sent us one of its own stinging messages. (The human-rights activists are dedicated to stopping the reported management-sanctioned murders, kidnappings and torture of union leaders and organizers at Coca-Cola bottling plants in Colombia.) Because the graphic is so compelling, we're presenting it here. For further info or to contribute, click on **KillerCoke.org**.

BEFORE A BIG DATE, I ALWAYS DRAIN THE LIZARD SO I CAN FOCUS MORE ON THE GIRL WITHOUT BEING SO HORNY.
IT'S A TRICK I LEARNED AFTER SO MANY FIRST DATES ENDED TOO SUDDENLY AS I DESPERATELY CLAWED AT CLEAVAGE BEFORE I EVEN LEARNED THE GIRL'S NAME.
BUT THIS TIME WILL BE DIFFERENT.
ONCE I RELEASE THE GREASE, MY HEAD WILL BE A LITTLE CLEARER AND I'LL BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH A DATE WITHOUT BLOWING IT.
UH... I THINK I'LL LEAVE NOW.
SORRY, THIS USUALLY HAPPENS FASTER WHEN I'M BY MYSELF.
Horn Dog Davis
by Aaron Warner

"I love mankind; it's people I can't stand."
—*CHARLES SCHULZ*

"The first thing I do in the morning is brush my teeth and sharpen my tongue." —*OSCAR LEVANT*

HITTING THE JACKPOT!

Hustler Magazine publisher Larry Flynt is trying to spread casino-style gambling into neighborhoods near schools and churches.

This flyer featuring our fearless leader was mailed to a million California households by a coalition of Indian gaming tribes that oppose the so-called Larry Flynt Gambling Proposition. Responding to the measure—which would require Native American casinos to fork over 25% of their profits to the cash-strapped state, or allow slot machines into card rooms and racetracks—the mailer dramatically states, "Larry Flynt is trying to spread casino-style gambling into neighborhoods near schools and churches." Actually he's not, but on second thought, why not fill schools with slots, roulette wheels and video poker? The urchins' lunch money could pay off the Golden State's monstrous deficit. Besides, if kids got hooked on gambling, they'd have less time to do drugs or gun down a teacher.

Porn From the Past

YE OLDE SOFA FOURWAY

Thanks and $150 go to J.M. of Springfield, Illinois, for this shot of vintage debauchery. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

HOW LOW CAN YOU GO?

Louisiana State Representative Derrick Shepherd got tired of seeing partial butt cracks and G-strings riding above the belt-lines of low-rise jeans. So the puritanical prick tried to turn his personal bias into law by introducing a kooky bill to ban low-slung pants. Thankfully, the Louisiana House voted down the proposed ordinance, which mandated three days of community service and a fine of up to $175 for those convicted. Fellow legislator Danny Martiny warned that if the bill had been enacted, Louisiana would become "the laughingstock of the country." Sorry, Danny, but that train left the station eons ago.

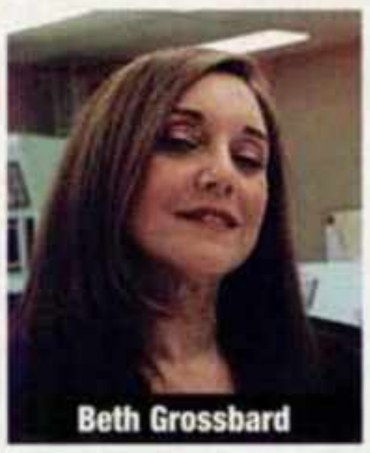
"I do not like work even when someone else does it."
—*MARK TWAIN*

STICKING IT TO BUSH

We're not telling you how to vote this November. (Well, actually we are—see what Larry Flynt has to say on page 7.) If you favor curtailed civil rights, higher unemployment, more uninsured Americans, big tax breaks for corporations, more outsourcing and government stonewalling about 9/11, then cast your vote for George W. Bush. If you think it's time to end a four-year nightmare, then go to **Dakola.com**, order this cool bumper sticker and make your voice heard.

To be boldly stylish, the above T-shirt ($18.95 each plus $3.95 S&H) can be ordered by calling 323-951-9255.

BRASS BALLS AWARD


Beth Grossbard

Craig Anderson

The FX Network's *Meltdown* is one of TV's ballsiest broadcasts. Researched from public records, the flick points out how our tough-talking, post-9/11 government fails to protect nuclear facilities from terrorism, lies about safety and lacks info on responding to a real-life meltdown. That GIs are exposed to cancer-causing depleted uranium is also brought to attention. In today's paranoid PATRIOT Act society it takes guts to make a movie that rips the White House a new asshole. To do that on a Fox outlet takes *cojones*. That's why we're presenting HUSTLER's Brass Balls Award to executive producers Craig Anderson and Beth Grossbard, writers Paul and Larry Barber, and director Jeremiah Chechik. When notified of the honor, Ms. Grossbard declared, "You need brass balls to work in Hollywood. I've never been so flattered; it's as good as an Emmy."

WEB SITE OF THE MONTH

Porn Aid

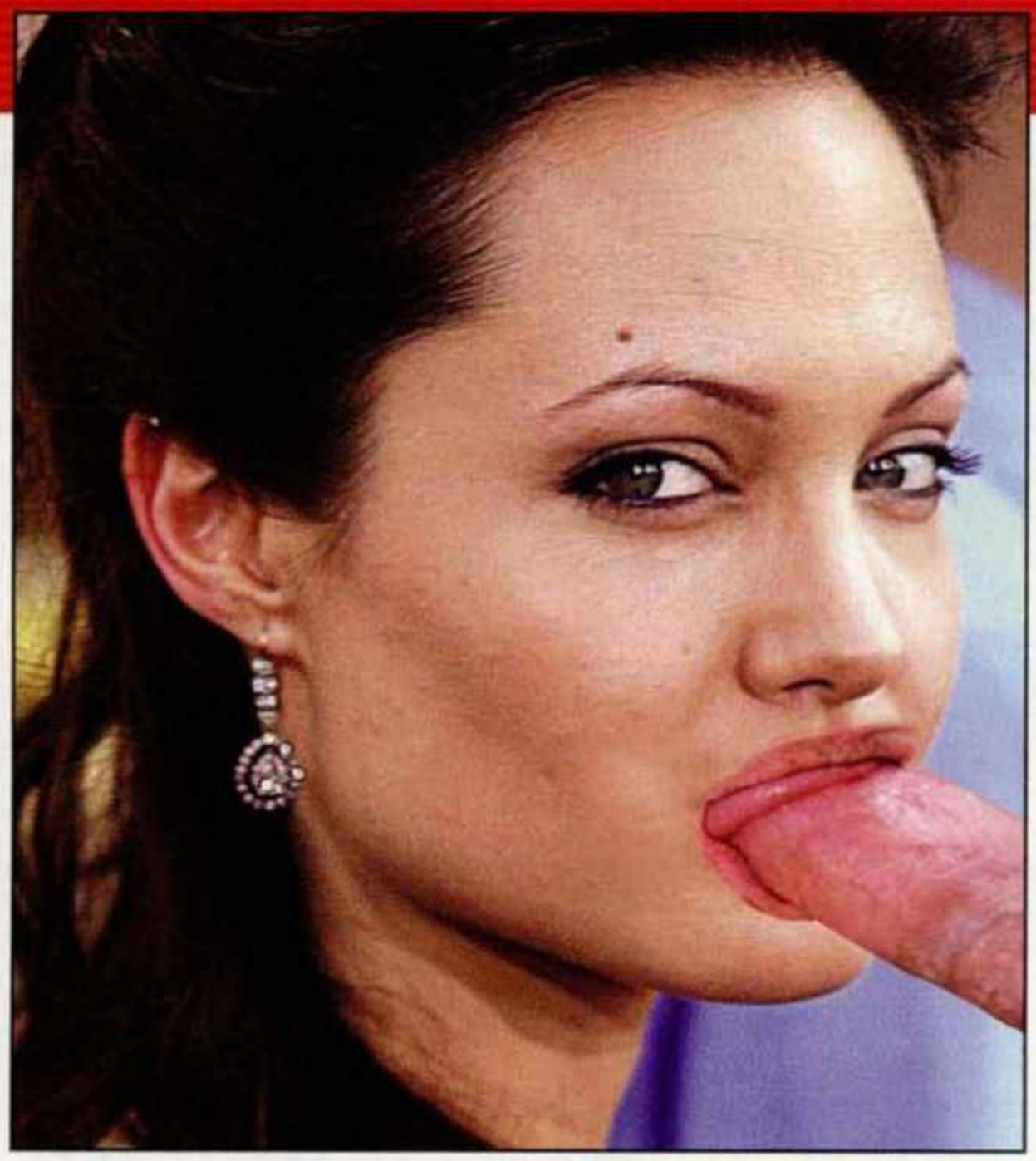
Tommy and Leona aren't your typical sex maniacs trying to make a quick buck by posting their mating habits on the Internet. These horny Norwegians also have a passion for the environment; so they've combined nature and nookie into an innovative Web site. For only $15 a month (all proceeds are earmarked for organizations championing preservation of Earth's rain forests) you can watch these aroused activists screw each other's brains out. (For a peek, see page 74!) If you want to lend your genitals to a good cause, the amorous Norskis also accept X-rated pix from pros and amateurs. To pop a boner for the planet, check out **FuckForForest.com**.

TOONING IN

Lexington, Kentucky, hosted this year's Association of American Editorial Cartoonists convention (also known as George W. Bush's worst nightmare). Attendees included HUSTLER contributors Bob Muleady, Dan Collins, John Billette and George Trosley, seen here (from left to right) with Larry Flynt, who was asked to speak at the gathering. Larry stressed the importance of preserving the First Amendment, while *Doonesbury* mastermind Garry Trudeau gave our boss kudos for helping secure the rights of cartoonists to parodize public officials—a cherished freedom that Bush, Cheney and their henchmen probably despise.

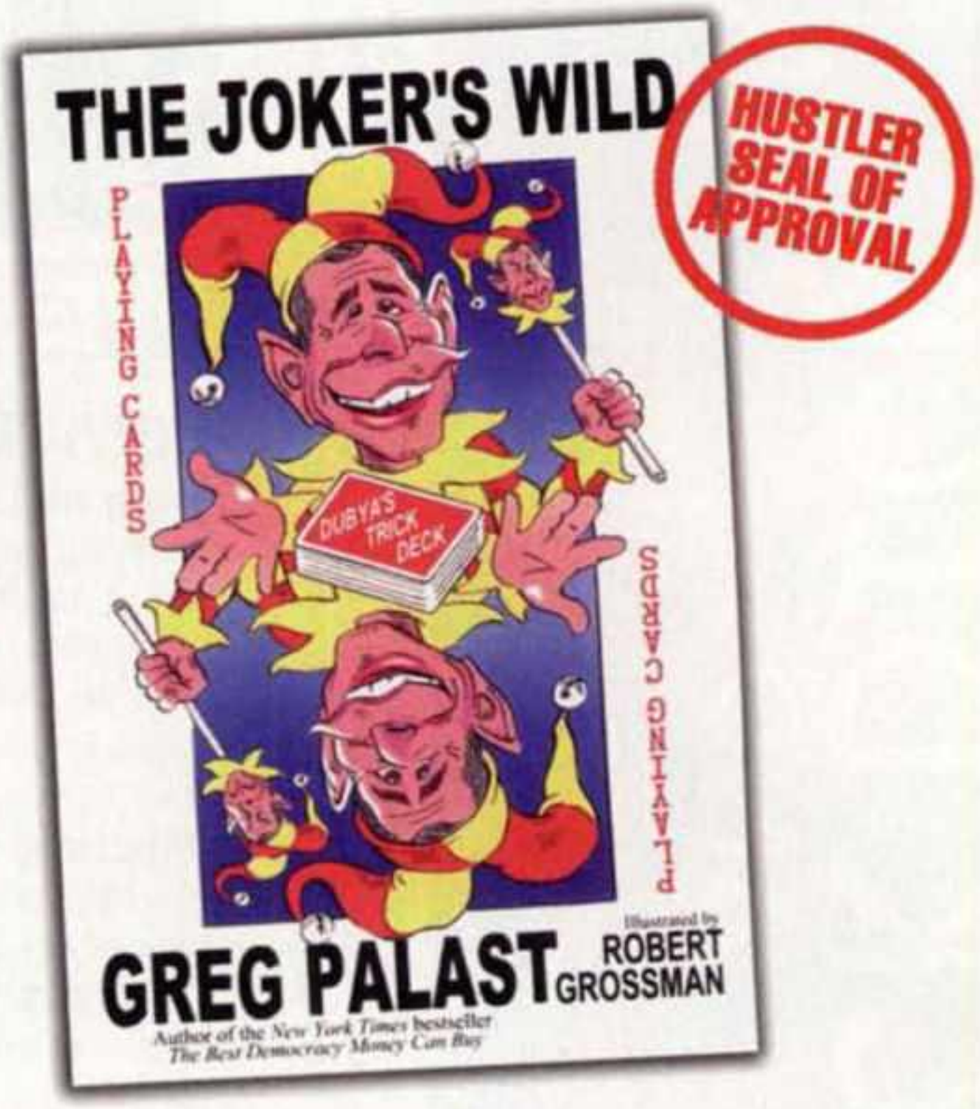
CELEBRITY FANTASY

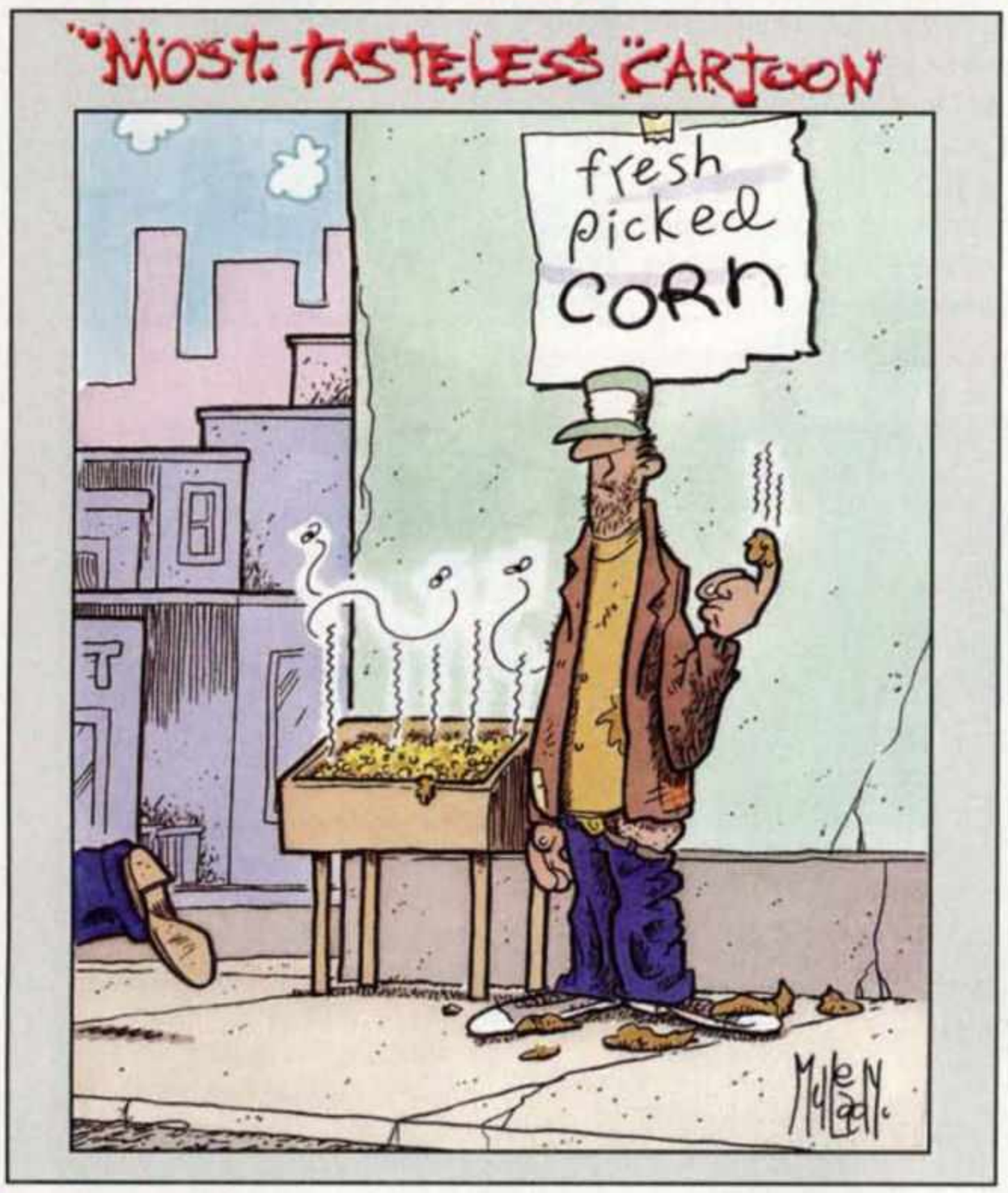
What would Angelina Jolie look like with a dick in her mouth?



If there's a hotter, wackier piece of ass in Hollywood than Angelina Jolie, we haven't found her. The Tomb Raider traded blood vials (and underwear) with former hubby Billy Bob Thornton, had a lesbian fling and once described how being cut with knives was a turn-on. Sure, she's beyond borders at times, but that just makes us want her even more. Plus, with her bizarro taste in men, a HUSTLER editor or reader might someday experience this moment for real (at least that's what we keep telling ourselves).

Disclaimer: No such picture of Angelina Jolie exists. This is a social commentary on an actress who travels the globe as the Goodwill Ambassador for the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. We salute you, Lara Croft, the only way we know how.


THE JOKER'S WILD
HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL
PLAYING CARDS
DUBYA'S TRICK DECK
GREG PALAST
Illustrated by ROBERT GROSSMAN
Author of the New York Times bestseller The Best Democracy Money Can Buy



CARD-CARRYING LIBERALS

This Month: *The Joker's Wild: Dubya's Trick Deck*, by Greg Palast and Robert Grossman

What It Is: Fifty-four playing cards featuring comical (and true) stabs at George W. Bush and his political/corporate back scratchers, including Pat Robertson, Katherine Harris and Rupert Murdoch. But this isn't just Bush-bashing. Such brave souls as radio personality Amy Goodman and Texas commentator Jim Hightower are lauded for their guts to tell it like it is.

Why We Care: Writer Greg Palast doesn't toe the party line; he rips on the Clintons, Al Gore and Democratic bigwigs. Every sacred cow is slaughtered with the truth.

Buzz: Palast, who has reported for the BBC and is a regular contributor to HUSTLER, is the best-selling author of *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy* (excerpted on pages 70-71 of this issue). Robert Grossman's art has appeared in the *New York Observer*, *The Nation* and the *New York Times*.

How to Get It: *The Joker's Wild: Dubya's Trick Deck* is available at local bookstores and online at **Amazon.com** or **SevenStories.com**.

Bottom Line: Learn who the players are *before* you place your bet at the polls this November.

"When I can no longer bear to think of the victims of broken homes, I begin to think of the victims of intact ones." —*PETER DE VRIES*

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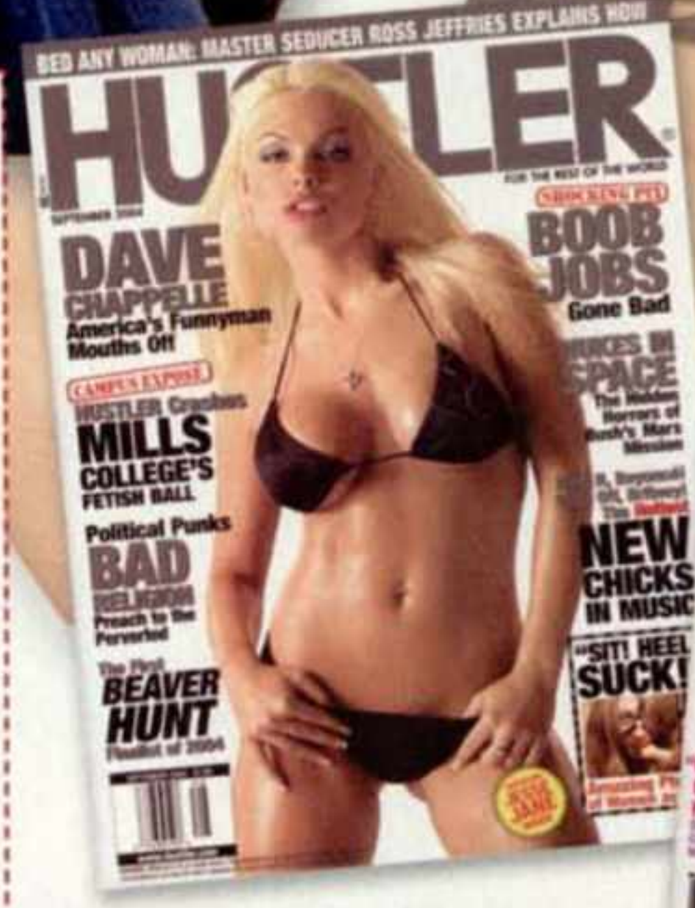

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LIMITED TIME OFFER!

ZOE BRITTON

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Born in Riverside, California, Zoe considers herself a true-blue Texan because she grew up in the tiny Panhandle city of Lubbock. "I couldn't wait to get out of there," laughs the brunet beauty, who now resides in Austin, but spends a great deal of time on the road as a feature entertainer. "Featuring is much more demanding than housedancing," purrs the 27-year-old hottie. "It's not really burlesque, but all the costumes have to be real fancy."

HOTEL

Besides her stripping exploits, the able-bodied Aquarius enjoys snorkeling, tubing down rivers and amateur photography. "I have my own Web site, ZoeBritton.com, that has lots of pictures of nude girls," the industrious feline reveals. "I took all of them, but I only know how to use natural light. That's why I'm going to school someday. I want to be a professional photographer."

TOH

While posing for these shots on top of a downtown Los Angeles hotel, Zoe put on an impromptu show for a construction crew spying on her from an opposite rooftop. "I caught them gawking a few times," she recalls. Did they have their hands in their pants like us?

Easy Anal

The second his tongue touched my rosebud, I felt a tingle. Mark lapped slow circles over my asshole, tongued up and down the crevice, and the tingling spread from my tush to my pussy, then all through me.

For three weeks my husband had been coaxing me to try anal sex. And with me being eight full, awkward months pregnant, it did seem sensible. Straight sex, especially missionary-style, wasn't very comfortable anymore. Then again, my past experiences with anal weren't comfortable either.

I was 18 at the time, had a too-young boyfriend with a too-big cock, and he hadn't a damn clue what to do. Mark promised me it wouldn't be that way at all with him. He promised me I'd actually learn to love a good ass-fuck if I just gave him a chance. Now he was setting out to prove it.

I was floating on a cloud of pillows, my husband rimming my anus. Suddenly that fat tongue pushed inside me! God, that felt fuckin' good! Had me pressing my clit into the pillows. With Mark's tongue jamming in and out of my bung, I started rocking. The more he gave me, the more I wanted. Soon his tongue wasn't enough. I was moaning softly. My clit pulsed, and my heavy breasts ached. I needed to come.

At the exact same time that he was easing his tongue out of my browneye, Mark pushed in a lubed finger—slipped it in right alongside his taster! The man never gave my rosebud a chance to feel empty. Definitely knowing what he was doing, my husband began with small, slow jabs—just a gentle in-and-out rhythm. As he was adding a second digit, Mark reached around to play with my half-inch-long clit.

Holding my trigger between thumb and forefinger, he jacked it like a little cock, milked it as his fingers kept stretching my shitter. Fuckin' incredible! Every now and then his tongue would lap inside my butt cleft. The tingling grew intense.

"Are you ready, baby?" he groaned. "Look how hard you've made me, you and your beautiful, tight ass. God, you're sexy. I want to fuck you so bad."

I love a man who talks dirty, and Mark knows that. I pushed my bottom higher, stuffed a second pillow under my pussy bush and hissed, "Please...dammit...cock!" Still, I didn't dare look.

Suddenly his fingers were gone, and I felt his warm, slick knob pressing against my sphincters—a slow, steady, gentle pressure that made me want to feel him deep inside my bowels. An inch or two in, Mark reached around to tweak my nipples.

Of course, my breasts had changed with pregnancy, especially my boob buds. They were longer now, fatter, and so damn sensitive. I knew for a fact that Mark couldn't wait for them to fill with milk. I'd seen the titty mags stacked up in the back of the closet, the pages dog-eared to photos of naked milkmaids.

So, as his delightful woody eased into my nether region, I started talking dirty back to hubby. I told him how, after the baby, I was going to let him suckle me while we fucked. In detail I described how I was going to spray warm mama's milk over his cock.

Immediately the fuck grew ever more urgent. His thick dick was now jamming into my ass all the way to the base, and his nut sac slapped my swollen pussy lips. Fuck! I'd never felt so full.

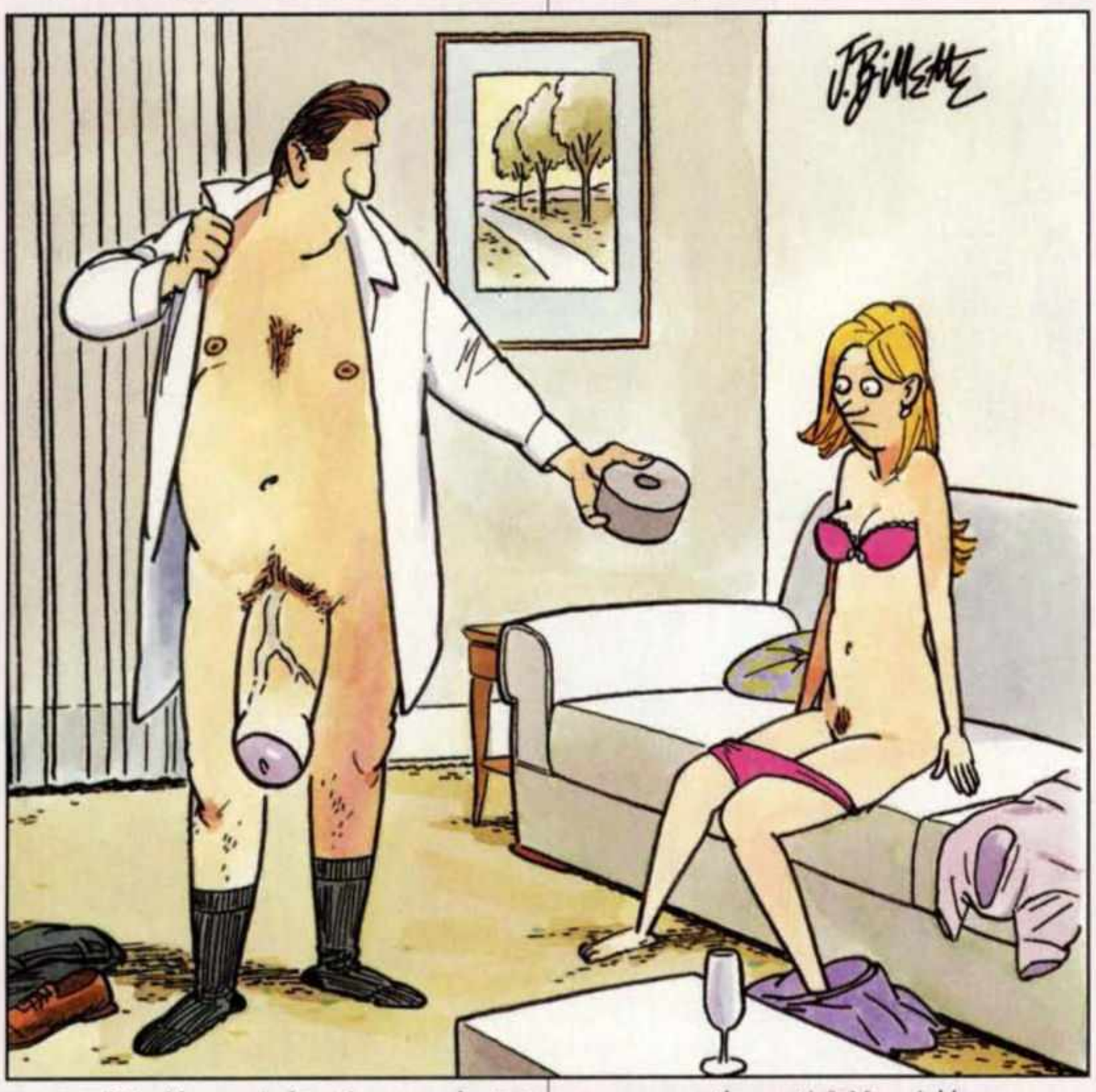
Breathing hard against the back of my neck, Mark waited a second or three to allow me to get used to his throbber. Finally, still twisting my spigots, he started pounding away—short jabs at first, then slow, deep lunges until that shivery, quivery feeling welled up in my pussy, and I was coming.

The climax was a monster—it fuckin' consumed me, had me trembling and clawing at the bedsheets. But Mark kept on thrusting till the orgasm turned multiple, and I was screaming for him to splatter his jizz all over my ass cheeks. Seconds later he sprayed my bum with lines of warm spunk and rubbed them into my skin.

I lay there wallowing for minutes afterward, totally content—absolutely convinced that ass-loving's the best sex ever! Trust me, ladies, you have got to try it! Just read this letter to your boyfriend or husband first.

-W.E.

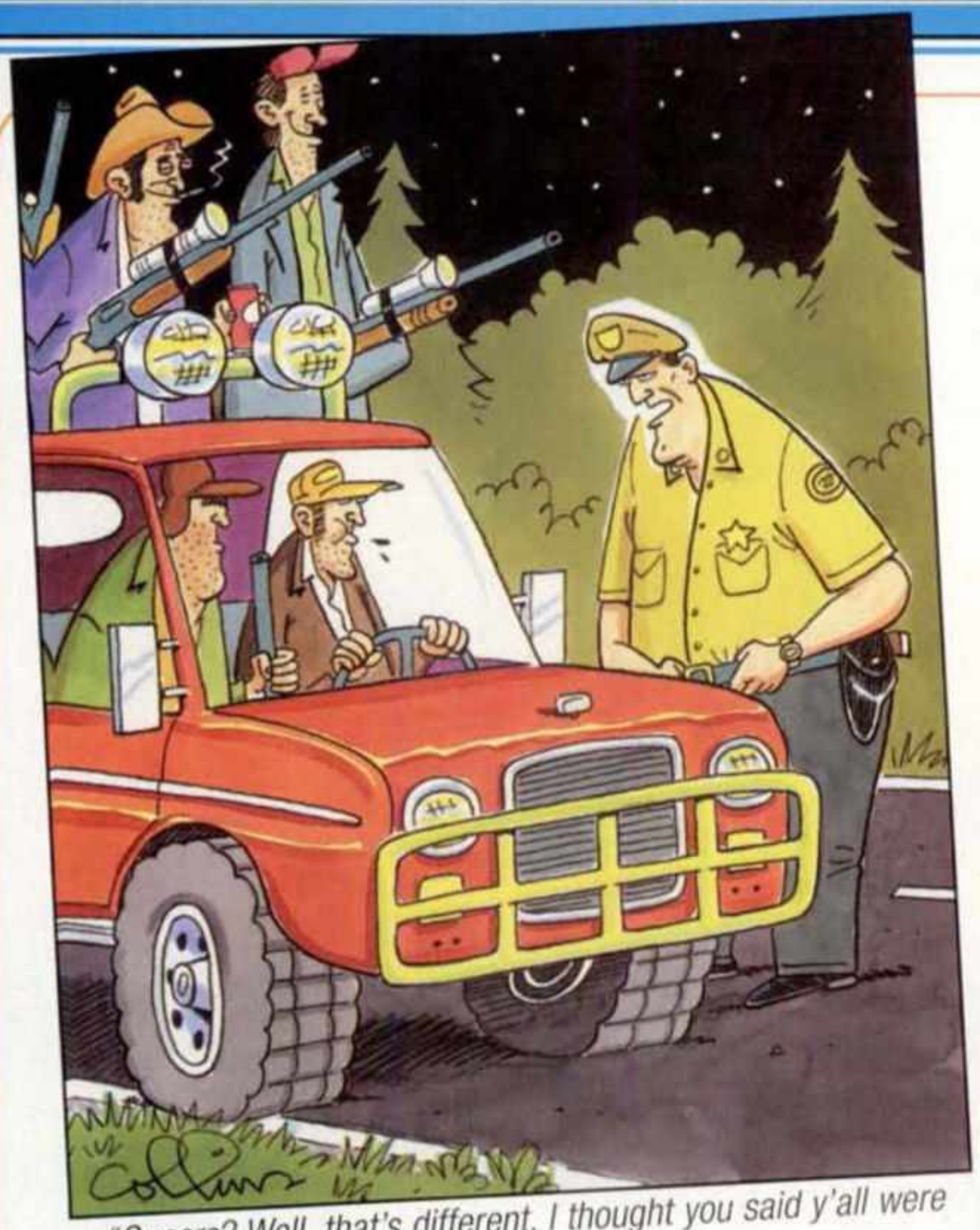
Houston, Texas



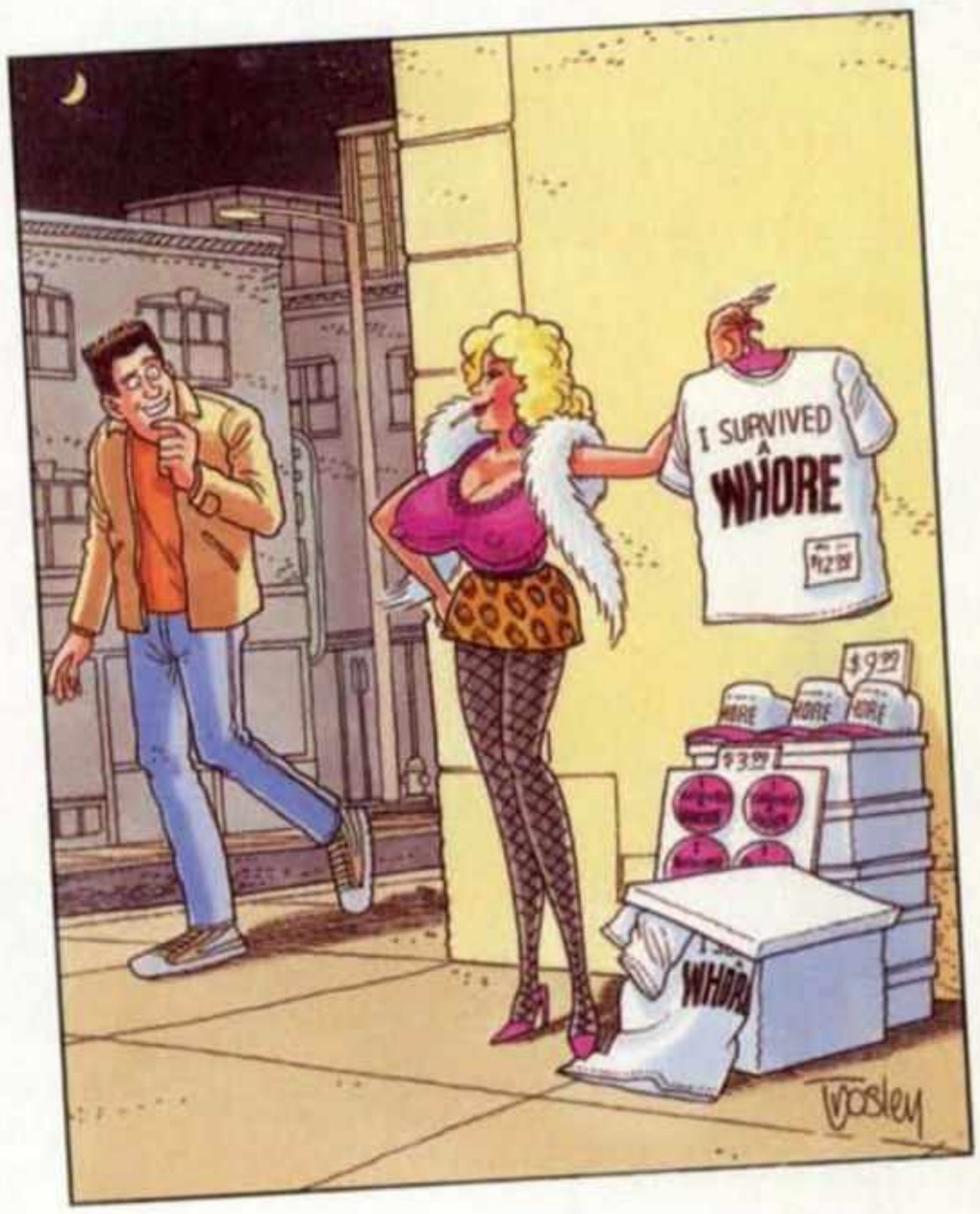
"Would you mind putting some duct tape over your mouth, sweetie? My neighbors get pissed when chicks start screaming!"

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Queers? Well, that's different. I thought you said y'all were spotlighting deers."



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BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim". "I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

Paid Advertisement

BUSH GIRLS *Gone Wild*

A CHRONICLE OF UPPER-CRUST BAD APPLES

The dirty-debutante daughters of President George W. Bush are trying to live up to their scandalous family name, but will anyone take them—or their fellow hard-partying cousins—seriously?

★ EXPOSÉ BY PETER THOMPSON

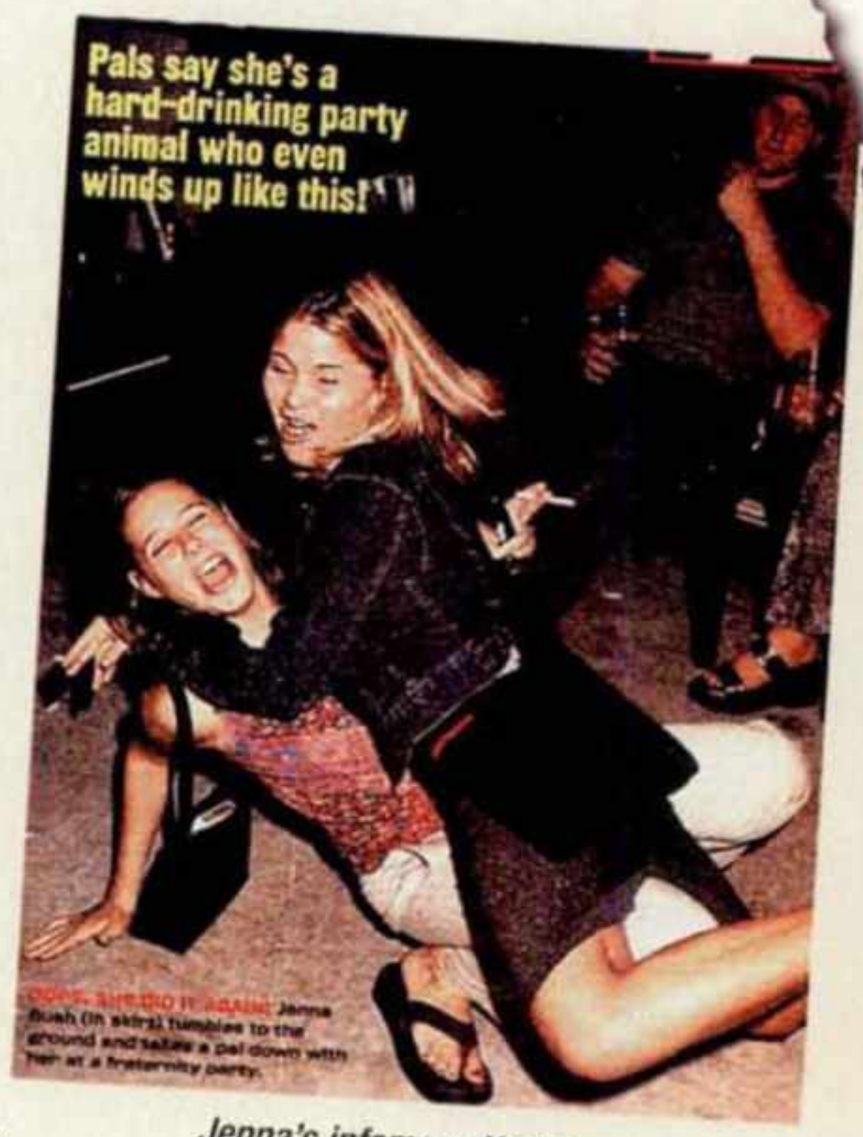
Early in 2001, with the Bush clan still intoxicated from the U.S. Supreme Court's installation of George W. as President, the family's booze-addled swagger had clearly been passed to a younger generation. Over a two-month period that spring, one of his twin daughters—good-time girl Jenna—was reported to be a spliff freak by the tabloids, got popped by the cops in Austin, Texas, for boozing as a minor and then was busted again for presenting another person's ID when carded by a bartender.

"Jenna Gone Wild" made headlines just as the Bushes were coming into their own as a seriously money-eyed political dynasty—American royals, like the Kennedys, only with slightly smaller heads. As with many of our nation's "most exclusive" families, the allegations of improprieties by the Bush brood are drawn from a seemingly inexhaustible trove of legal transgressions, shady business dealings, gross self-seeking and a pathological, almost-ferocious arrogance.

From family patriarch Prescott Bush's World War II business interactions with the

Above: The President's twin Texas tornadoes who love to tear up the town, Barbara (left) and Jenna Bush. Top left: Chemical-induced mug shot of Florida Governor Jeb Bush's daughter, Noelle.

Fashion queen Lauren Bush, George W.'s niece, is sandwiched by the Hilton sisters.



52 Jenna's infamous Kodak moment.

Nazis to his oily grandson Neil Bush, the horseshit coming from the family compound in Kennebunkport quickly reaches critical mass and becomes a rich genetic fertilizer.

The fertilizer works. In addition to the usual Bush stems and twigs (such as Florida Governor Jeb Bush's sons, George P. "The Cross-Eyed Charmer" Bush and Jeb Jr.), actual flowers begin to bloom on the family tree.

Jeb begets a daughter named Noelle. Fraternal twins Jenna and Barbara are born to Laura and George W. Bush, and shady, dyslexic Neil Bush—who cost American taxpayers around a billion dollars with his Silverado S&L scam—somehow produces future Tommy Hilfiger model Lauren, unofficial owner of the title "The Most Beautiful Bush in the World." (Leave it to Neil Bush to swear, in a messy divorce deposition, that he didn't know that the Asian hoochies who appeared nightly at his door during Far East business trips to have sex with him were, in fact, prostitutes.)

Of all the granddaughters of skydiving President George Herbert Walker Bush and his silver-haired, wrinkled-necked wife Barbara, the four oldest girls most eagerly follow the signs toward Easy Street as they make their official debuts into the lofty lairs of leisure promised by their last name. The Bush dynasty and its reputation lie squarely in the palms of almost-pudgy blonde Jenna; her fraternal twin, blue-eyed, elfin-faced brunette Barbara; nappy-headed, dark-hearted Noelle; and picture-perfect Lauren, former intern and extra on the fatuously celebrated TV show *Friends*—collectively, the Axis of Estrogen.

Whether the cruel cosmic joke of a cold, conspiring universe, or merely a huge fucking coincidence, *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Parenting a Teenager* was being pushed to press right around the time George W.'s twin daughters, and prospective socialites, were overrunning the delta of young adulthood.

Taking for granted that children are the most honest reflection of their parents available, things start to come into focus—in a fun-house-mirror sort of way. As a teenager trying to rise into the dizzying stratum of Lone Star State high society herself, Dubya's future wife skipped the pomp and circumstance of traditional formality, fancy gowns, balloons and cotillions. Instead, still known as Laura Welch, she made her mark speeding through a stop sign on Farm Road 868 out of Midland, Texas. Flying through the intersection in Daddy's car, she T-boned a popular classmate named Mike Douglas, his neck snapping like a chilled carrot on impact. Ironically, this stunt gave Laura Bush-to-be more confirmed kills (one) than Dubya had in his F-102 while flying dozens of sorties over the dangerous skies of Texas for the Air National Guard during the Vietnam War.

Because Laura was such a pretty, well-poised debutante, the whole mess was brushed under the heirloom rug, and no charges were filed. It was quite a ghastly experience and reportedly "quite crushing" for the eventual queen bee at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. But what an entrance!

Of course, what's good for Her Highness is good for the princesses. Most of the media treats the Bush girls like sacred cows (no offense, Jenna), even respecting First Lady Laura's wishes that the twins not be photographed. "They would be totally

Who's her daddy? Pops gives Jenna some hands-on parenting.

embarrassed," she reports. So for hubby's term in office, most of the press jig around the precious saplings like Michael "Lord of the Dance" Flatley tiptoeing in a pediatric burn ward.

Deeply impressed by the impact of their mom's unforgettable splash, the twins begin to plot their own memorable debuts down the A-list celebrity fun-chute. On March 20, 2001, Jenna gets a little help from the *Enquirer* when it reports that the toothily wholesome, robustly healthy blonde might be a pothead. Noelia Rodriguez, Laura Bush's press secretary, neither confirms nor denies the allegation: "Our position on the daughters is that they're private citizens."

Hardly the social sensation she had hoped for, Jenna soon tries again. On April 27, 2001, she is busted for underage drinking at a Sixth Street bar in Austin (normally a class-B misdemeanor warranting a trip to jail). Unfortunately for her, she is quickly whisked away by her taxpayer-funded baby-sitters in a black SUV. Can't a girl catch a break here?

Four weeks later Jenna is blithely busted again at a Tex-Mex eatery called Chuy's—this time for using someone else's driver license to obtain tequila shots and margaritas. Not only is poor Jenna again denied the opportunity to become an upwardly mobile Bush debutante, but her blue-eyed, better-looking twin Barbara is also arrested and escorted into the safety of the Secret Service detail. Getting most of the press, Barbara upstages Sis!

But if a picture is worth a thousand words, then Jenna did manage to score a tabloid epic with a now-infamous photograph of her literally falling to the floor with an equally toasted female friend. Apparently snapped at a college rager, Jenna's blotto face is beaming as she topples over her pal in some great, impromptu girl/girl action.

American Media, Inc. bought the sensational photo strictly for one-time publication, but when HUSTLER expressed interest in reprinting it, a surreal story became even more bizarre. An American Media employee said the photo had proved even too hot for the tabloid publisher and that it would be too "dicey" assisting this magazine in obtaining the image. The company even refused to reveal the Jenna photographer's name.

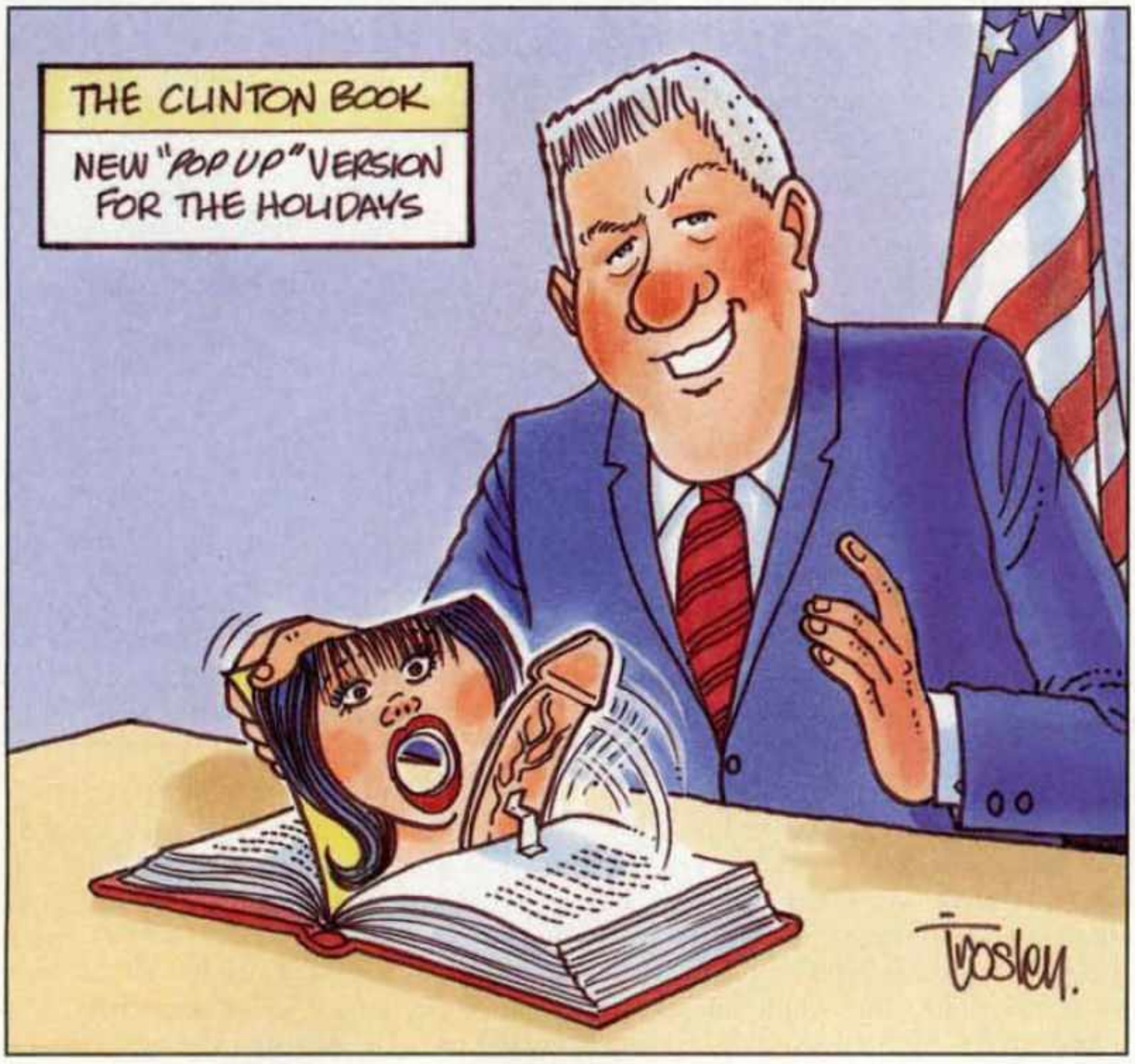
Sober, the twins seem to always have their arms folded in pictures, as if the fact that someone is gazing at them makes them chilly. "It's not fair!" they cry. "Daddy's day job is cramping our style!" The girls' feigned misery is a far cry from that of some other kid their age who's just watched a softball-sized piece of screaming shrapnel tear through his abdomen while he's out in a distant desert looking for weapons of mass destruction.

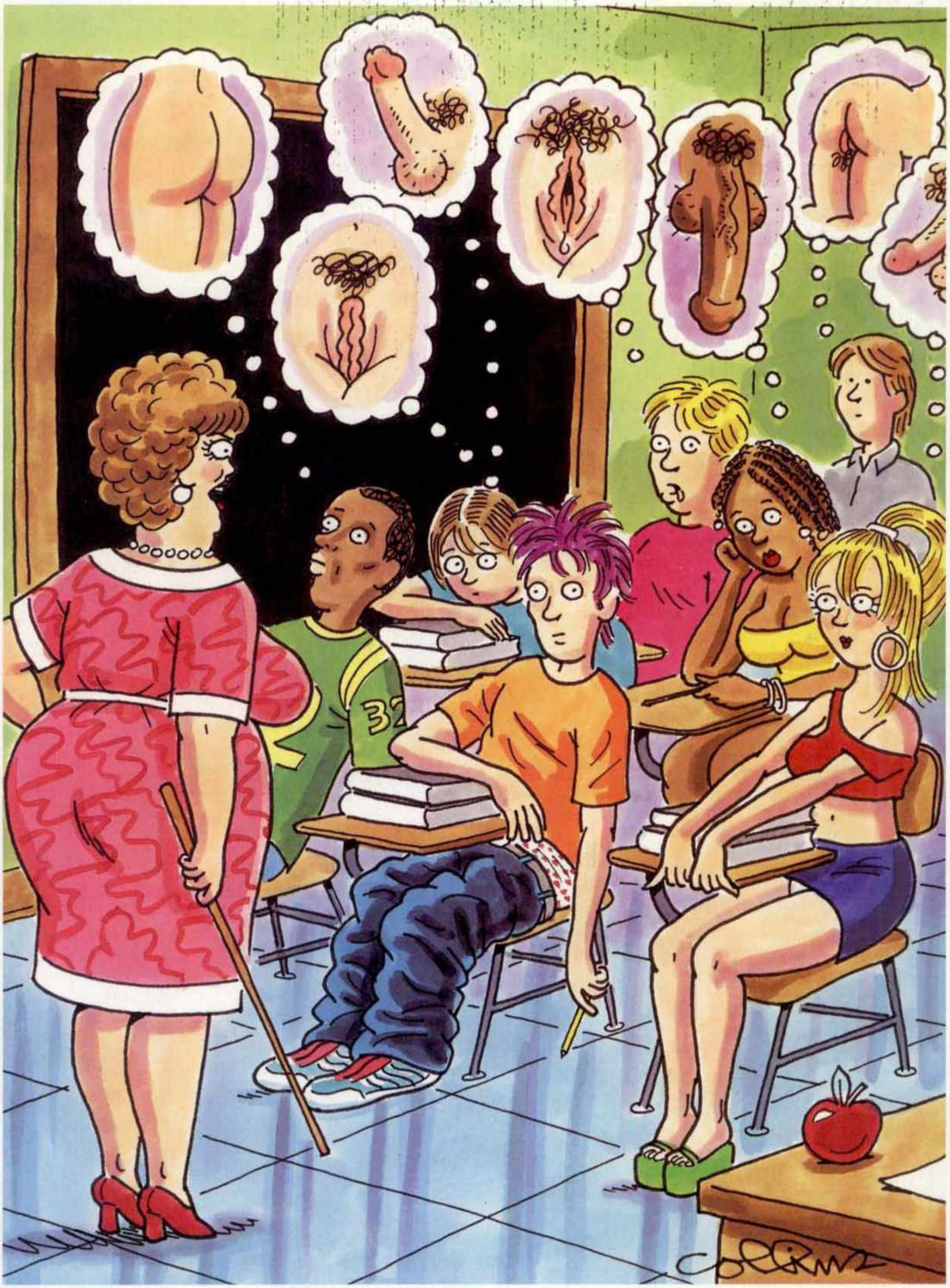
Is another clan gearing up to outshine the Bushes? Let's hope this flashy red-carpet arrival by John Kerry's daughter Alexandra at the Cannes Film Festival is a taste of things to come.

After all, the Bush twins did everything right: They went to the right private schools. They wear expensive, hip clothes and stiletto-heeled, knee-high Jimmy Choo boots. They treat their Secret Service details, those highly trained men and women who literally would take a bullet for them, like three-day-old dogshit. They have a Hollywood posse at the ready. They have trust funds and freedom from any of the problems normal people face a thousand times every day. All that is actually required of them is that they poop, when necessary. Some Presidential staffer is likely there to wipe them.

Yet these two drink-crazed divas still manage to see themselves as victims of their situation. Nothing they can do will ever measure up to the family name. No matter how showy the charities, how mediocre their careers, they will interminably be lock-stepped in a kind of lower living purgatory usually reserved for ex-child stars on some kind of pension.

Barbara, a recent Yale graduate, plans to intern in a pediatric AIDS program at Houston's Baylor College of Medicine. Once the former humanities major gets another sheepskin, she may even end up touring Third *(continued on page 54)*





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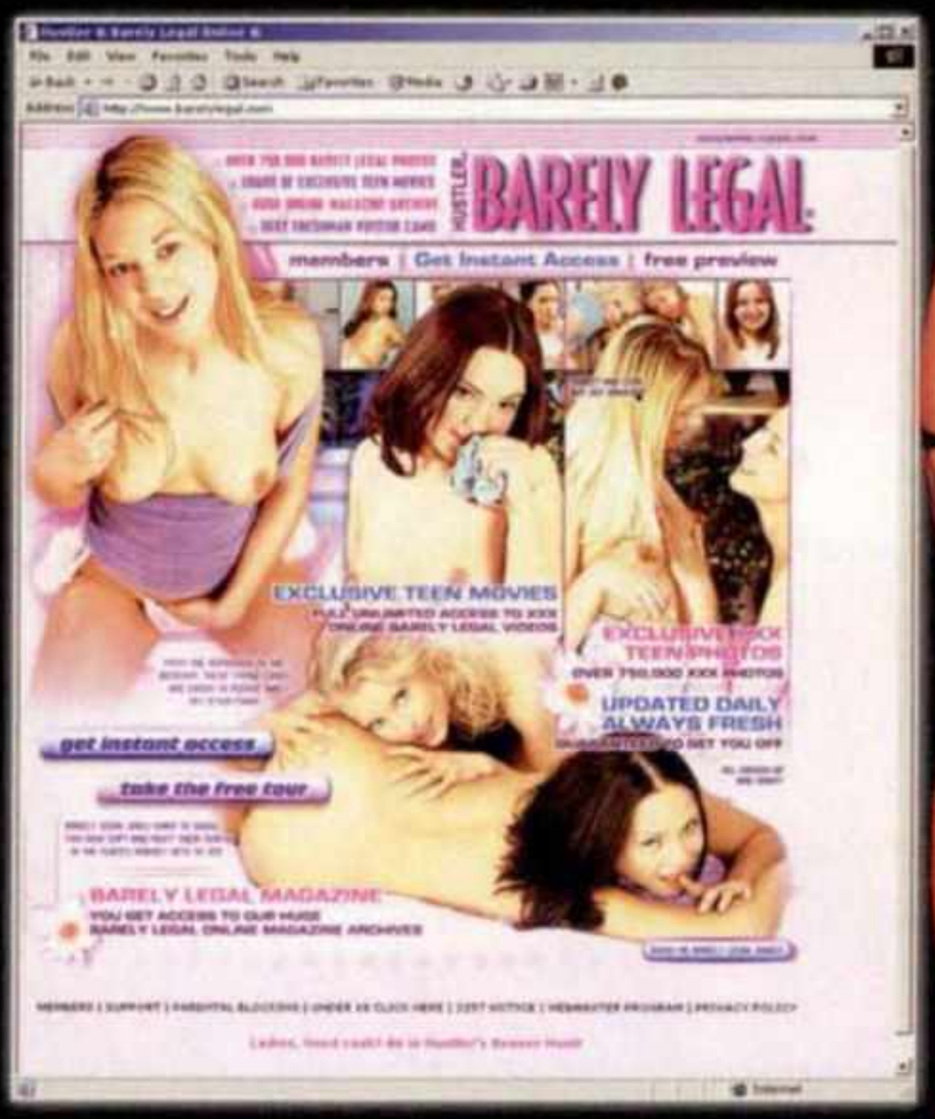
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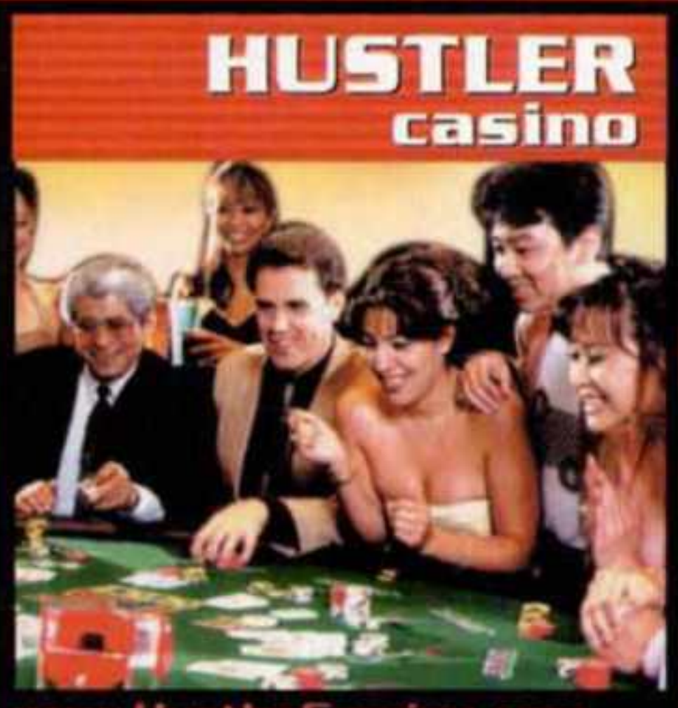

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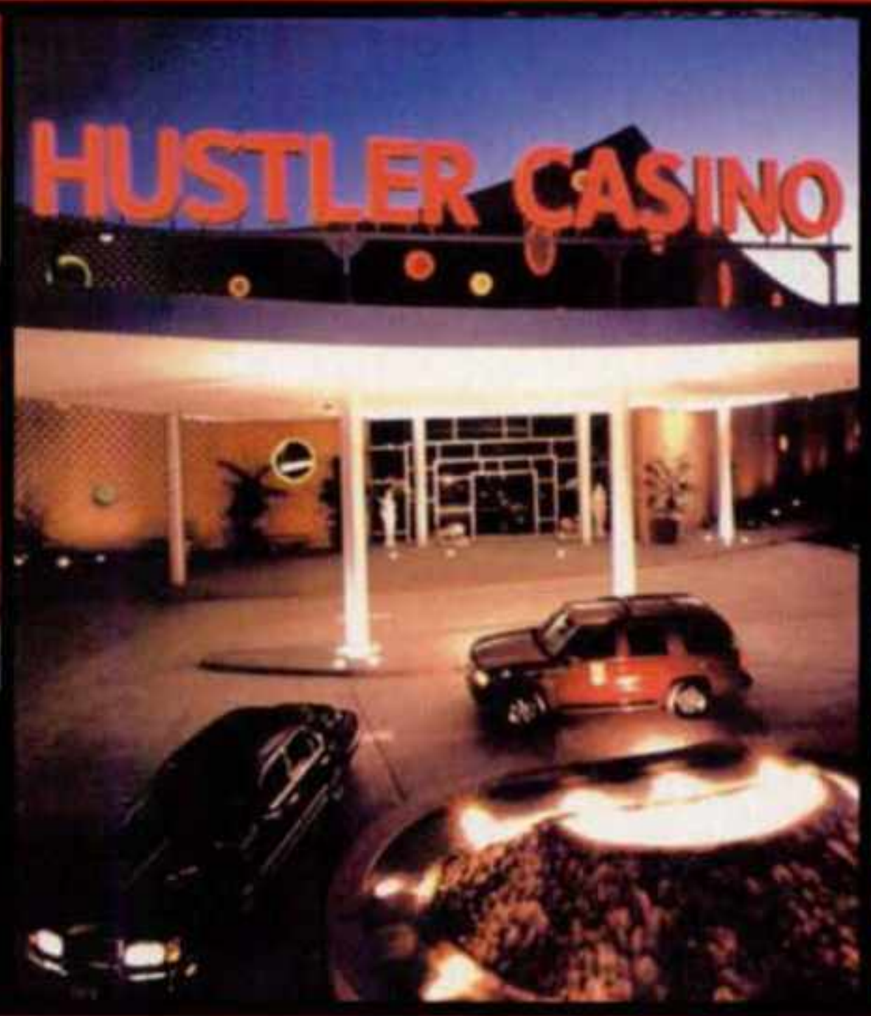

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RANDI & SASHA

PETAL TO THE METAL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Hoping to impress Randi out of her panties, Sasha invites his shapely neighbor for a spin down the highway in his sparkling-new Vette. Soon the playful passenger gets so turned on that she tries to mount the well-hung driver, even though the two of them are traveling 90 miles per hour.

Not wanting to crash his pricey wheels, the speed demon wisely pulls off to the side of the road and gives his horny companion a sexier ride.

While the soaking-wet nymph works Sasha's throbbing gearshift, he revs his engine in her tight tunnel.

Inevitably the smooth operator overheats and blows creamy coolant into Randi's waiting mouth.

William Hartung:

BLOOD MONEY AND THE WAR PROFITEER$

Illustration by Dave Leamon

What are George Dubya and his pals really up to in Iraq? According to an expert on military spending, deposing Saddam Hussein is a cash cow.

★ INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID AND DAN KAPELOVITZ

William Hartung, author of How Much Are You Making on the War, Daddy? A Quick and Dirty Guide to War Profiteering in the Bush Administration, runs the Arms Trade Resource Center. Under the aegis of the New School's World Policy Institute, the progressive think tank scrutinizes America's infamous military-industrial complex. In the following conversation, Hartung outlines how President George W. Bush, Vice President Dick Cheney and their cronies are cashing in on the invasion of Iraq and the War on Terror.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your book.

WILLIAM HARTUNG: What first prompted the book was the rebuilding of Iraq. The fact that, literally, the first contract for the rebuilding of Iraq went to Halliburton, Cheney's former company, and the bidding was secret.

Was there actual bidding?

Halliburton decided to give the contract to itself essentially. It was already working for the Pentagon, helping to get everything in place for the war. The Pentagon asked it to do a study about what would be needed to get Iraq's oil industry up and running after the war. After Halliburton did that little study, it was decided, "Since you've done the study, why don't you do the work?" So essentially, there was no bidding. The Bush Administration decided to just give Halliburton an open-ended, two-year, $7-billion contract to deal with everything regarding Iraq's oil infrastructure, and this was kept somewhat under wraps.

How was it exposed?

Representative Henry Waxman really had to hammer away and ask a lot of questions. Initially, Halliburton claimed that it was only

a contract to deal with oil fires. Waxman essentially countered, "If it only involves oil fires, why a two-year contract? Why does it cost $7 billion?" Halliburton said, "Oil fires, plus running Iraq's oil infrastructure." At that point there were some protests, and the White House went through the motions of having a bidding process, but by the time they got around to doing it, they had speeded up the process so much that most of the work went to Halliburton anyway. Even Bechtel said this thing was rigged.

What do you find particularly egregious on the part of the Bush Administration?

Here was the United States claiming that it had this Coalition of the Willing, and that it was going to work together with other countries, and the first big contract goes to Halliburton on a no-bid basis. The second big contract goes to Bechtel in a very controlled bidding environment where there's only five U.S. companies allowed to bid.

Basically, 6 out of the first $9 billion go to Halliburton, then $2 billion go to Bechtel. So 8 out of $9 billion go to these two big companies, both of which have heavy Republican connections. Cheney is a former Halliburton CEO; Bechtel is the company of George Schultz. They're both big Republican donors in the 70%-80% range in their political giving. It's beginning to look like the rebuilding of Iraq is, among other things, a little money-laundering operation to get cash back into the pockets of Republican candidates.

They reward the administration that has rewarded them.

Yeah, you scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours. Then it gets worse. You have the situation of Joe Allbaugh, Bush's campaign manager in 2000, who ran the Federal Emergency Management Agency. He left in 2003 and decides to start a company called New Bridge Strategies. The whole purpose of this company is to help interested parties get contracts for the rebuilding of Iraq.

Then there's Douglas Fife; he's the guy in the Pentagon who's got the main responsibility for overseeing the rebuilding of Iraq. His former law partner has also set up a firm to help folks get contracts for the rebuilding of Iraq. Jane Mayer writes in the *New Yorker* that [Congressman] Jack Kemp is also helping set up some businesses in Iraq, and when he needs to get stuff done, he has a dinner with Dick Cheney first. Cheney's one of the go-to guys who helps you get set up if you need to do business in Iraq. It's all beginning to look like this incredible kind of crony capitalism run amok under the guise of what they're calling the New Iraqi Democracy.

The only people who don't seem to be getting contracts are average Iraqis, the folks who actually lived and suffered under Saddam Hussein's rule, or any of the Allies whose troops put their lives on the line alongside the U.S.

Wouldn't it have made sense to hire as many Iraqis as possible? How much of that was done?

Very little. There was some money at the very beginning, before the war, that was passed around for intelligence, to buy people off. Once it came to rebuilding the country, most of the money was in the hands of big U.S. companies. It would filter down at the second, third, fourth level to Iraqis, but they were getting paid very little.

Washington didn't change any of the Saddam-era labor laws. A law was passed which said that foreign companies could buy 100% of any sector other than oil, which meant it was going to be very difficult for Iraqi companies to get up and running without getting swallowed up. The Iraqi army and large parts of the government were disbanded, throwing a bunch of folks out of work who had skills and now are going to be resentful of the whole occupation authority. It's almost as if the White House had gone out of its way to create maximum resentment. They couldn't have done better than what they did.

A lot of the guys that Bush has brought in are still kind of pre-Reaganite, Neanderthal conservatives. It's that combination of greed and ideology with these guys that is really where the danger lies.

Has there been much in the way of privatizing of the oil industry?

It's the only area that they're going to leave at least 51% Iraqi for the moment. But most of the decisions about oil are being made by this ministry that's got a U.S. overseer. The first U.S. overseer was a retired executive from Shell Oil, and the new one is from Conoco. Of course, Halliburton's got the contract to actually do much of the work to rebuild Iraq's oil industry. There's a lot of U.S. hands already in the mix in terms of how the Iraqi oil gets developed.

Is any good coming from the rebuilding of Iraq?

It's turning into huge amounts of money now, but not much of it is accomplishing anything the administration claimed it was going to accomplish. We don't have security in Iraq. We don't have peace in Iraq. We don't have democracy in Iraq. We have a big mess in Iraq that's probably only going to make things less safe for Americans. And it's not clear that Iraqis are going to have anything approaching a better life for quite a long time. But, of course, these companies are going to be fine. If they keep putting up buildings that get blown up and have to put them up again, they make more money.

That was one piece of what I looked at—the privatized occupation of Iraq, which is a unique Bush Administration phenomenon. The other thing was the big weapons companies that have been with us for much longer—Lockheed Martin, Northrop Grumman, Boeing. They really got a big boost under Clinton, because Clinton used government money to help them merge into these big conglomerates that they are now. Northrop merged with Grumman, and Lockheed Martin came together at the end of Bush I. Boeing bought McDonnell Douglas. So you had a consolidation of industry to the point where just three companies—Lockheed Martin, Northrop Grumman and Boeing—split $50 billion in Pentagon contracts in 2003.

The figures are astronomical.

Lockheed Martin alone gets over $21 billion a year from the Pentagon, which is about $5 billion more than goes into the biggest federal welfare program for human beings, the Temporary Assistance for Needy Families Program, which is supposed to keep a couple of million people out of poverty.

The result is you've got these companies that are like wards of the state. They get 80% to 85% of their money from the government, and all they know how to do basically is lobby the government for more contracts. But normally they stroke the right congressmen. They make the right campaign contribution.

Do these companies sometimes go too far and get caught?

There was actually a deal where a company finally went so far that somebody got prosecuted. This lease deal with Boeing—it was caught offering a job to Darlene Druyun, who was an Air Force procurement official while she was in the midst of negotiating the deal. Senator McCain had subpoenaed a bunch of documents, and in looking at those documents and other materials, it came to light. This is a case where a company overreaches, and criminal charges are brought. More normal would be that companies use similar kinds of influence, and they would get away with it.

How is all of this different now than before Bush became President?

The companies are always going to pursue their own interests. The biggest difference now is the way the Bush folks are trying to use the military-industrial complex. For example, they have imported a lot of policymakers

from these hard-right think tanks like the Center for Security Policy, which is run by Frank Gaffney.

Gaffney was too right-wing for Ronald Reagan. He was in Reagan's Pentagon, and when Reagan started making nuclear-arms-reduction deals with [Russian leader Mikhail] Gorbachev, Gaffney was kind of pushed out the door. Gaffney couldn't stand the idea of making arms-reduction deals with the Evil Empire; so he left and started his own think tank. He got money from right-wing funders like Richard Scaife and Joe Coors, but also from Lockheed, Boeing and Martin Marietta. For a couple of years he was out in the wilderness. The Cold War was ending; nobody wanted to hear what he was selling, but he hitched himself to Newt Gingrich. He was very friendly with Donald Rumsfeld and gave him an award in 1998 when Rumsfeld chaired a commission that Gingrich helped cook up on the alleged threat from Third World ballistic missiles.

Here we are now, and there's 22 people from Gaffney's group who have been advisors or somehow connected with his group all sprinkled throughout Rumsfeld's Pentagon, Bush's White House and so forth.

These aren't just garden-variety conservatives; these people are borderline insane. There's a guy called Keith Payne at the National Institute for Public Policy. Back in 1980 this guy wrote an essay called "Victory Is Possible" about how the U.S. could win a nuclear war with the Soviet Union. The United States would only lose maybe 20 million people dead, and some millions more wounded, and that it really wouldn't be such a bad thing.

Bush is bringing in a lot of hard-line ideologues who are pre-Reaganites. Reagan was clearly a hard-liner, but once he was sitting in the President's chair, he himself had some doubts about whether he would ever actually want to use nuclear weapons. He had Gorbachev making him offers that he decided maybe he didn't really want to refuse.

A lot of the guys that Bush has brought in are still kind of pre-Reaganite, Neanderthal conservatives. It's that combination of greed and ideology with these guys that is really where the danger lies. If you look at their policy in Iraq, any realistic person looking at what a mess they've made over there would assume that they would be looking for ways to pull back. But there are some key folks in this administration who still don't feel like they've made any mistakes. They're probably still looking for new regimes to change.

Can you pinpoint conflicts of interest within the Bush Administration?

When Bush came in, there were at least 32 individuals who came in from the arms industry—either executives, paid consultants or major shareholders from one of the big weapons companies. They went to the Pentagon, the National Security Council and the Vice President's office, in some cases, to help run the nuclear-weapons complex (which is run by the Department of Energy)—all these key policymaking areas in military and foreign affairs.

Stephen J. Hadley, [National Security Advisor] Condoleezza Rice's deputy, was with Lockheed Martin's law firm. Undersecretary of the Air Force Peter B. Teets is the former chief operating officer of Lockheed Martin, the country's biggest aerospace company. He's now in charge of acquiring all of the military's space assets—weapons for use in space, targeting and reconnaissance.

Then you've got Everet Beckner, who also came from Lockheed Martin, which actually runs the British atomic-weapons establishment under contract with the British government. Beckner went from doing that to now helping the Department of Energy run the U.S. nuclear-weapons establishment. So Lockheed Martin has a deputy to Condi Rice, the guy in charge of acquiring military-space assets at the Pentagon, a link into the top administrator of the U.S. nuclear-weapons program and—just as a bonus, of course—the Vice President's wife, who used to be on the Lockheed Martin board of directors. So they're in pretty good stead.

It's the revolving-door syndrome.

The flow keeps occurring. Pete Aldridge, who was head of acquisitions at the Pentagon under Rumsfeld for the first couple of years of this administration, decided he had done his bit and wanted to get back into industry. The very day he left the Pentagon, he went straight to Lockheed Martin's board. They said that that was no conflict because board members don't make decisions every day; they only meet a few times a year.

Then there's Richard Perle, who ran the Defense Policy Board, an advisory panel to the Secretary of Defense. He was the head of it for the first two and a half years or so of this administration. While he was doing that, he was running an outfit called Trireme, which was investing in military and security companies. He was using his position as an advisor to Rumsfeld to recruit business for this place.

Perle got Adnan Khashoggi, one of the middlemen in the Iran/Contra arms deals of the '80s, to set up a meeting with a Saudi investor. The Saudis wanted to talk about a secret peace deal for Iraq that would have involved Saddam Hussein going into exile. Richard Perle wanted to meet a rich Saudi because he wanted somebody to invest in his fund. So they met in the south of France and had lunch. The Saudi tries to talk about the peace plan, and Perle says, "Before we get to that, how about you and nine of your friends putting $10 million each into this investment

Gosh, Laura, I guess Saddam Hussein was telling the truth this whole time about Weapons of Mass Destruction.
It's a shame you can't say the same thing.
NO WMD's IN IRAQ
MdLeady

firm of mine." They ended up not doing it, but this is the way Perle was thinking and operating.

Once Boeing put $20 million into Trireme, Perle suddenly became an advocate of this controversial program whereby Boeing was trying to get the Air Force to lease 100 of its 757 airliners and convert them into aerial refueling tankers for a cost of $20 billion or more. It seems pretty clear that it was a quid pro quo. Boeing invests $20 million in his fund, Perle suddenly becomes a staunch advocate of this big program of theirs, and he writes an op-ed in the *Wall Street Journal*, which he clears with Boeing to help with fact-checking and so forth.

Tell us about the Carlyle Group.

The Carlyle Group is almost like an institutionalized version of insider trading in the defense field. It invests in defense and security companies, and its principal players are James Baker, who's the senior counsel there; Frank Carlucci, who was Donald Rumsfeld's college roommate, wrestling teammate and also a former defense secretary from a prior Republican administration; and George Herbert Walker Bush.

As a Carlyle Group rainmaker, the President's father goes around giving speeches at $100,000 a pop to entice new investors. The worst thing about it is that George Herbert Walker Bush can get access to inside information about the administration's leanings on defense and foreign policies. Because his son is the President and because he's an ex-President, he can get intelligence briefings whenever he wants.

Carlucci and Rumsfeld speak to each other from time to time. Baker is now almost an appendage to the White House. He's got an office there because he's helping to renegotiate the Iraqi debt. Basically he has this sort of Republican administration in exile that's got all this inside information about where America's defense-and-security policy is heading.

The Carlyle Group can use that information, or the perception that it has such information, to get investors to choose how to earmark money and so forth. So it really is a very distorted kind of picture, one which gives the impression that Carlyle may well be using inside information, only it has to direct investments and to recruit investors. Essentially, riches are to be made because the Carlyle Group happens to have a special relationship to George W. Bush and members of his administration.

What word would you use to describe what's going on?

Corruption. It implies that you'll sell to the highest bidder, but Carlyle guys seem to favor people in their "in" group. They seem to favor Republicans, folks they've worked with before, people who think like them and who share their ideology.

What can be done to correct this?

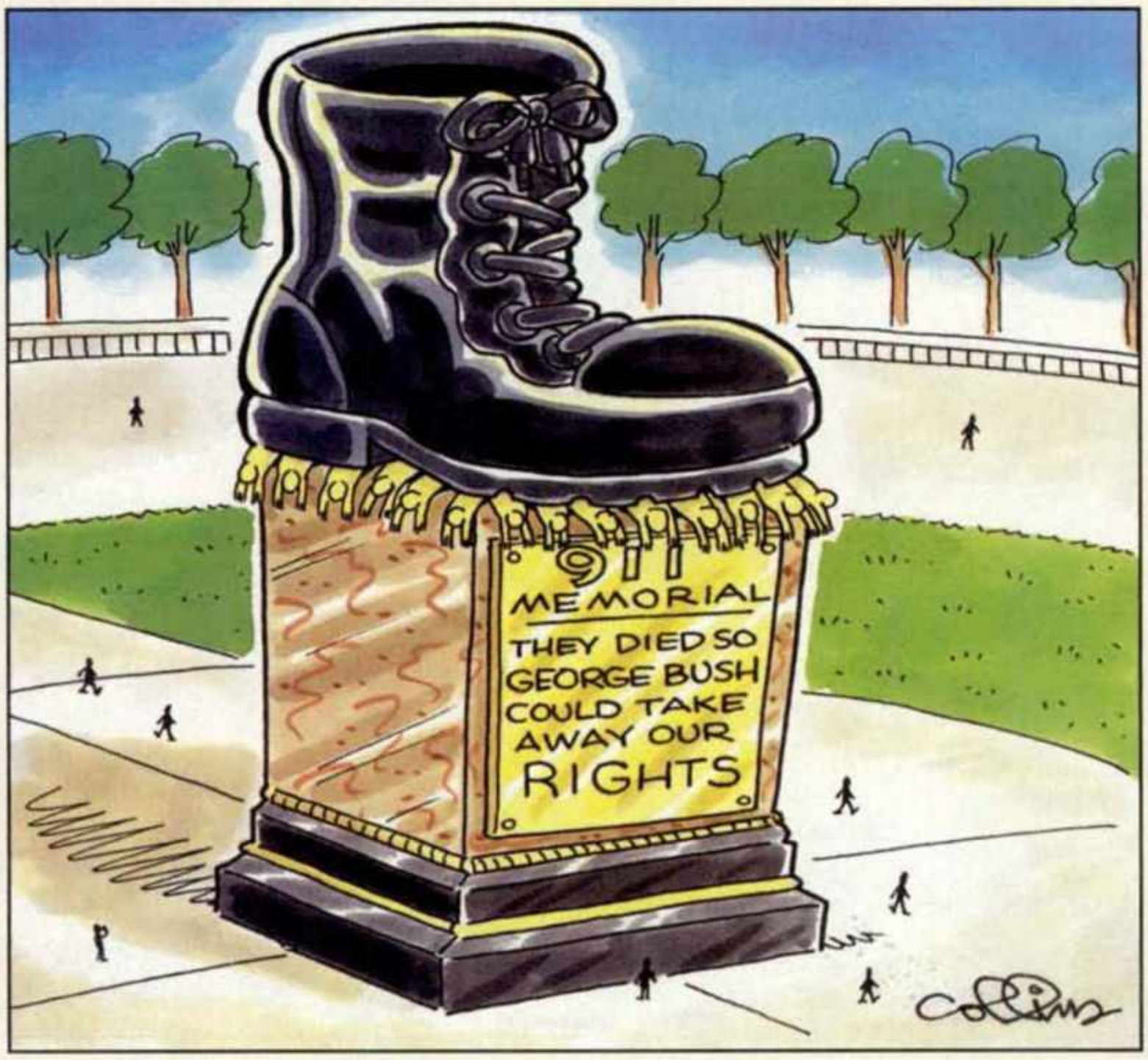
It has to be dealt with on several levels. Bush has shown that it matters who's in the White House, in the sense that he has abused some elements of the system: The way he's done the contracting in Iraq, the way he's favored certain companies and the way he's been almost oblivious to certain kinds of abuses indicate that bad leadership at the top will magnify the preexisting problems. It requires some work on the campaign-financing front.

As for military companies, a lot of their power is not just in the giving of money to politicians; it's also in how defense policy is made. Independent judgment has to play a bigger role. If all the decisions regarding a given threat and what weapons to build are made by a relatively small network of people—many of whom are going to end up at one time or another on the payroll, be it the military or the arms companies—then we're always going to be spending more than we need to defend ourselves.

There has to be a way to inject some independent expertise into some of those advisory panels. Congress has to be bulked up. There has to be better staffing. There's got to be more independent analysis done at the Congressional level. Some of the think tanks that look at this stuff could use an infusion of resources so that they're able to stay on top of this stuff, keep the public informed, play their watchdog role. The press has to go after this stuff a lot more assertively.

If you look at the big stories we've seen lately, a lot of them have been handed to the press. Look at the prisoner-abuse scandal in Iraq. Basically what gave it legs was a couple of guys inside the Army who had the courage to stand up and raise these issues, then eventually leak internal documents and photos. Hopefully, that will stimulate some more critical writing and journalism across a whole range of issues. There's no one issue. You need some sort of military industry if you're going to protect your country, but the problem is you don't want it to become so large, so powerful, that it pursues its own interests to the detriment of the interests of the democracy that it's supposed to be protecting.

We're at one of those points now, especially with this overlay of the War on Terrorism, which is being exploited to scare people into thinking we have to give up our freedoms in order to have freedom. It's time for citizens to speak out: "Wait a minute; what kind of country do I want to live in? How do I want to see my freedoms protected? I don't really want to undermine our democracy as a way to protect it. There has to be a better way here."



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By Bradley

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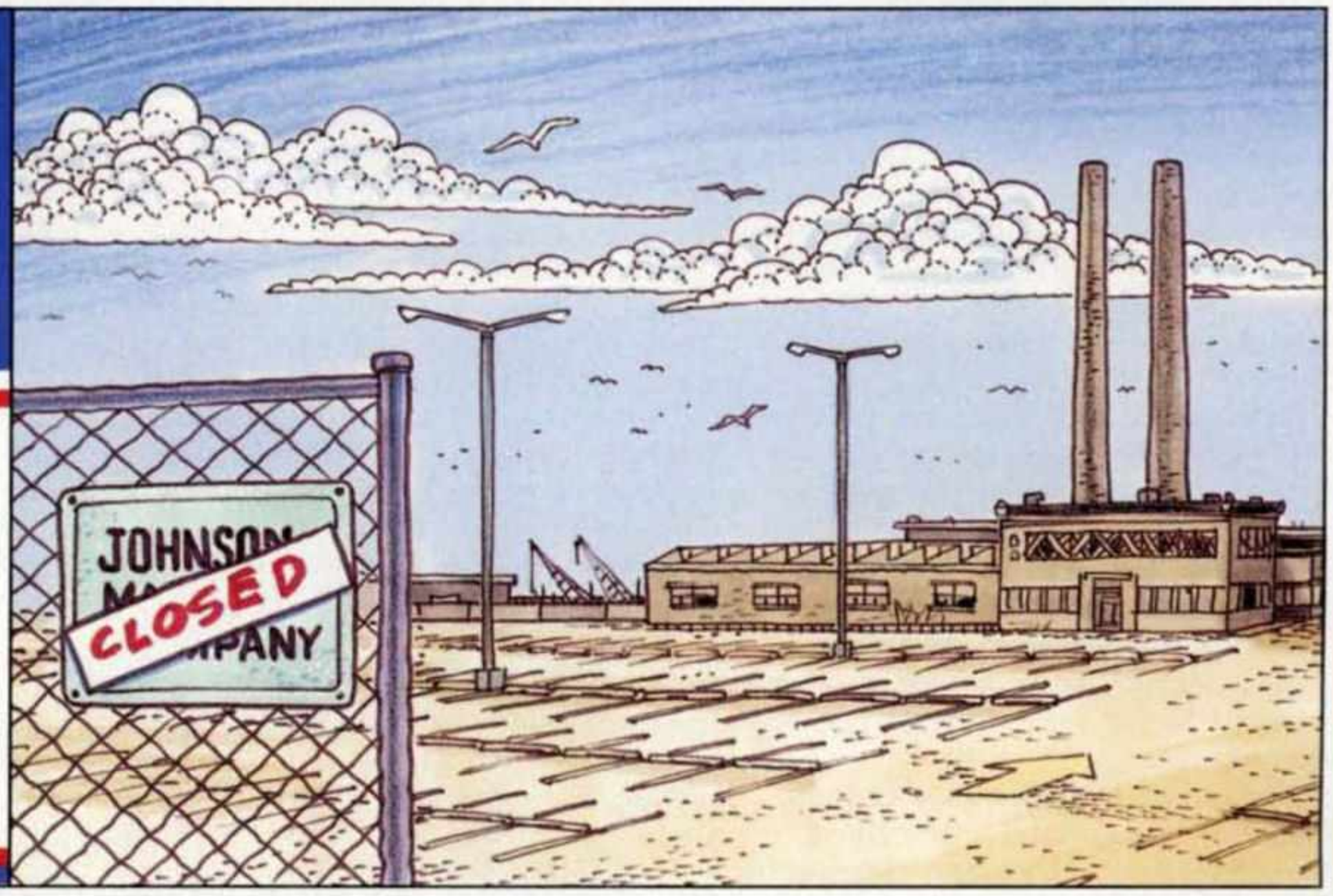

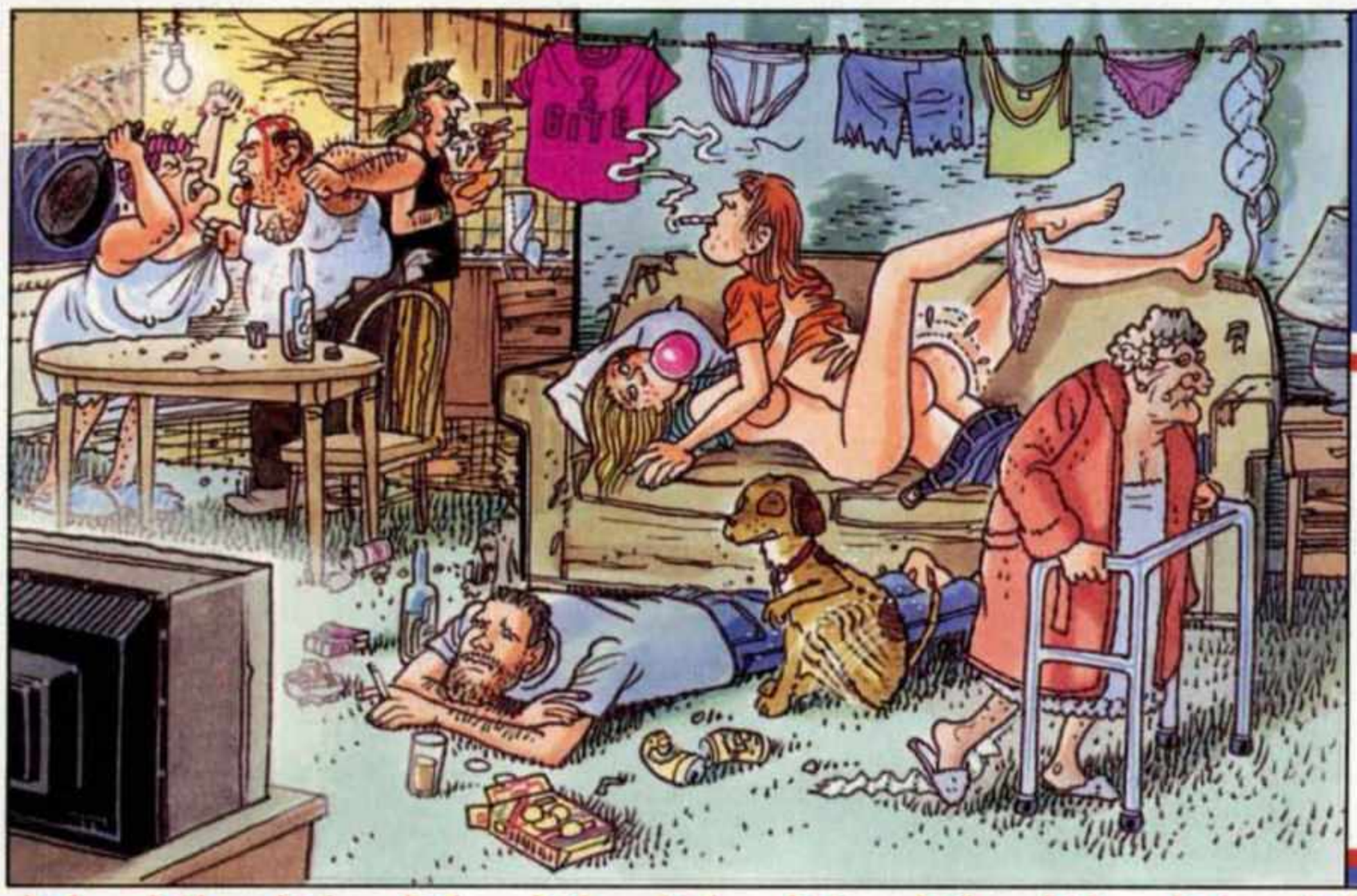

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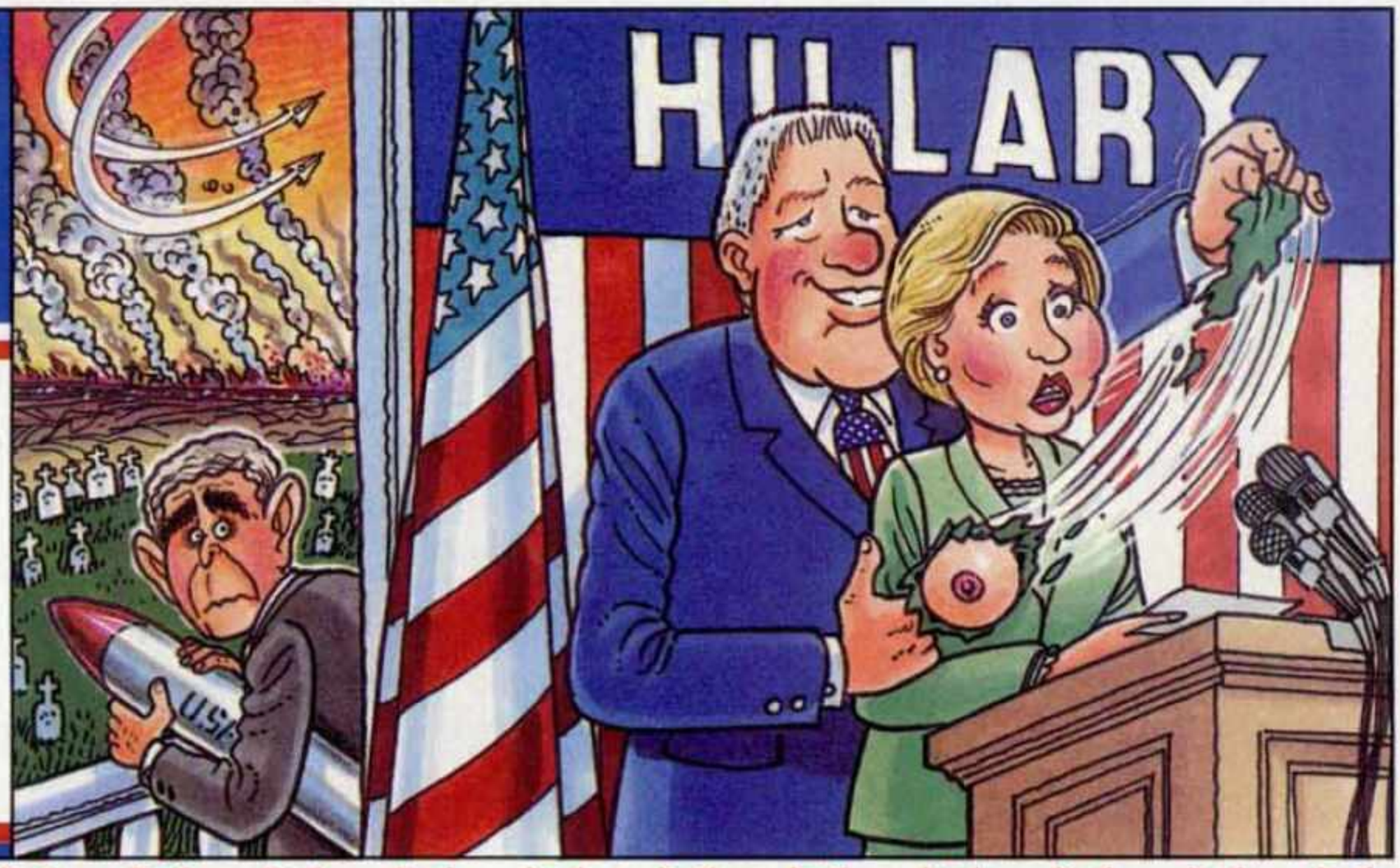

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Lansing Laboratories has created this revolutionary all natural herbal program guaranteed to increase your penis size by 1 to 4 inches in just a few short weeks.

As you take Androenlarge you will achieve **ROCK HARD** erections anytime you want and enlarge your penis size permanently, safely, and painlessly. Our breakthrough product will make your penis grow and grow until **YOU** decide that it is the perfect size.

Imagine being able to satisfy any woman anytime you want. Your lovers will be coming back for more and more. When women here about your **GIGANTIC MEMBER**, and your intense thrusting power, your reputation will be changed forever.

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Does Androenlarge really work?
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Don't be fooled by knock-offs and cheap imitations that don't work.

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Androenlarge is shipped discreetly in a plain package and is completely confidential. All credit cards are also billed discreetly.

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ANDROENLARGE® is natural, safe, permanent and has no side effects. It is a safe alternative to expensive pumps or dangerous surgery, and is unconditionally guaranteed to work. If for any reason you feel that it is not working for you, just send back the empty bottles and tubes or the unused product and we'll give you a complete refund-no questions asked. Therefore in order to achieve the penis size and diameter that you always desired then please call or respond to the order form.

The Original Male Enlargement Program

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Priority Mail add $10.00 (3-5 Days) Express Mail add $20.00 (2-3 Days)

(continued from page 34) World countries, grinning her way through photo-ops amid shriveled, dirt-eating natives whose most nutritious meal in the past month was the HIV virus itself.

Still, the privileged brats can't turn those little sparks of publicity into full-blown Bush wildfires. The twins allegedly smoke dope at Ashton Kutcher's apartment, party with P. Diddy and are adored by billionaire playboy/serial-killer hunks like Iraq's now-deceased Uday (son of Saddam) Hussein; yet their misdemeanors are still seen as "hijinks," their felonies "goof-ups." They get no respect!

Since turning 21, the two bushy-tailed social bunnies have blossomed into night owls, having been spotted at nearly every watering hole from Seattle to Maine, reportedly belly-dancing at a posh Manhattan hangout, getting their swerve on with smarmy South American heirs in Florida, and playing pool with hairy-knuckled, trucker-hat-wearing faux yokels in Aspen. Table-dances at a strip club followed by twilight polo matches in the Hamptons? Sure. But it's not going to give a girl the street cred she needs in this family.

Not so for the twins' social-climbing, apparently Geri-curled cousin Noelle. It is around 1:15 a.m. on January 29, 2002. Just months after successfully steering through the rigorous curriculum of Tallahassee Community College, Noelle Bush—the only daughter of Governor Jeb Bush and his Mexican-born wife Columba—drives up to a Walgreen's looking to score some Xanax. The only problem? The prescription fails to say just how much Xanax. The phone number on the prescription turns out to be for a second phone line at her dwelling. Also, the prescribing doctor hasn't practiced in the area for years. The President's niece is arrested for prescription fraud.

"A very serious problem" for the Jeb Bushes, who immediately "ask the public and the media to respect our family's privacy during this difficult time." Noelle's mug shot reveals a cracky void in her eyes, as if she's been awake for two weeks straight, living in some half-carpeted van, huffing diesel-powered drug-farts through a hose.

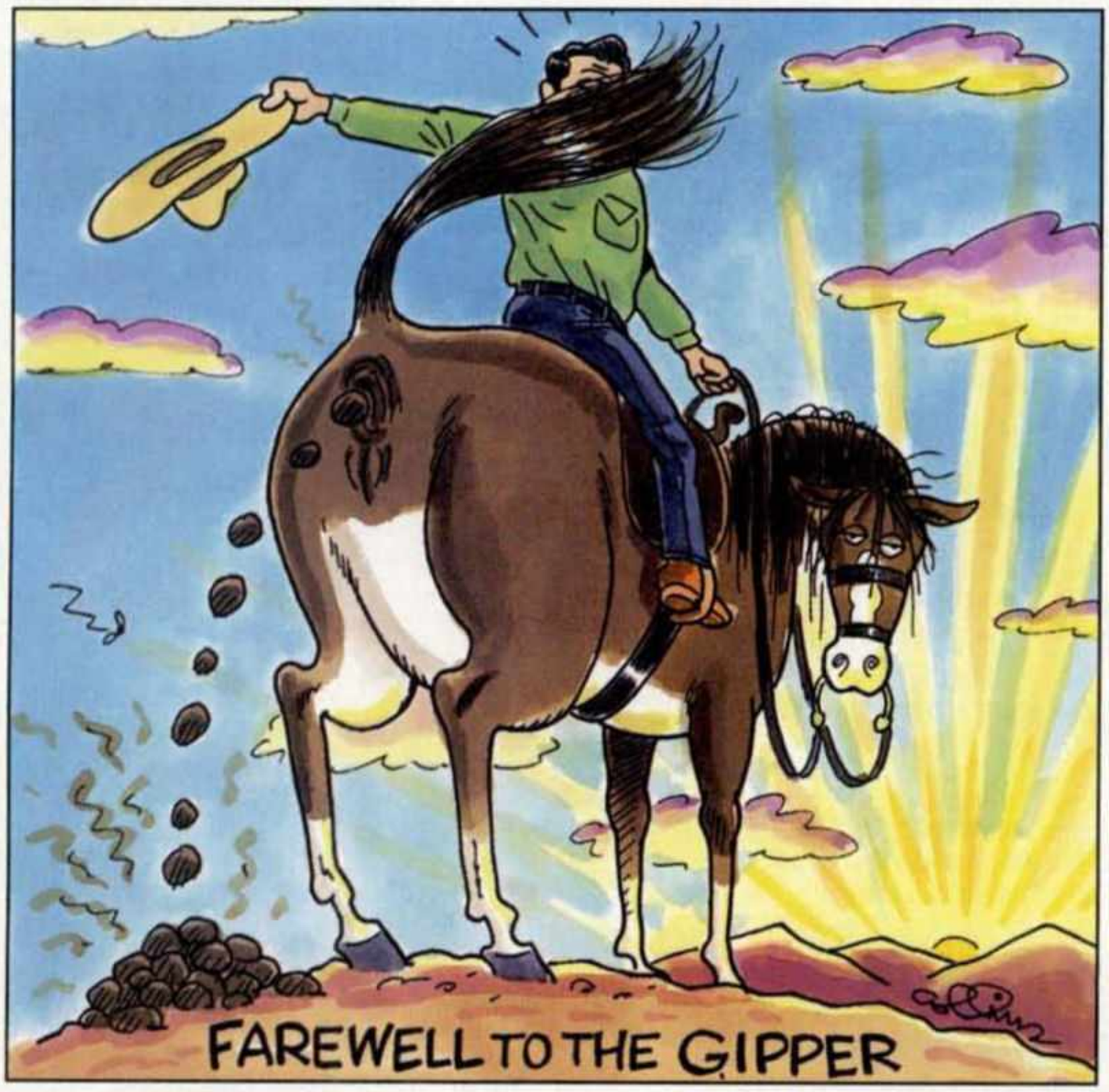
Prescription fraud is a serious crime, especially for someone who's had prior brushes with the law. According to the Associated Press, a female named Noelle Bush (with the exact birthday as Jeb's daughter) was busted for shoplifting at an Arizona mall. Some coincidence! Luckily it wasn't her. At any rate, this obviously wasn't the same mall where her brother Jebby was busted by cops for sexual misconduct (screwing a floozy "with his socks on" in a steamed-up Jeep Cherokee) and then released without consequence.

Sent to the Center for Drug-Free Living instead of prison, Noelle soon discovers that being drug-free ain't exactly living. On September 9, 2002, an employee named Julia Elias discovers 0.2 grams of crack hidden in Noelle's shoe. Interestingly, the very night before this discovery, the Orlando police had received an anonymous call about a "princess" at the rehab facility who'd been caught buying crack "at least five times," but not punished.

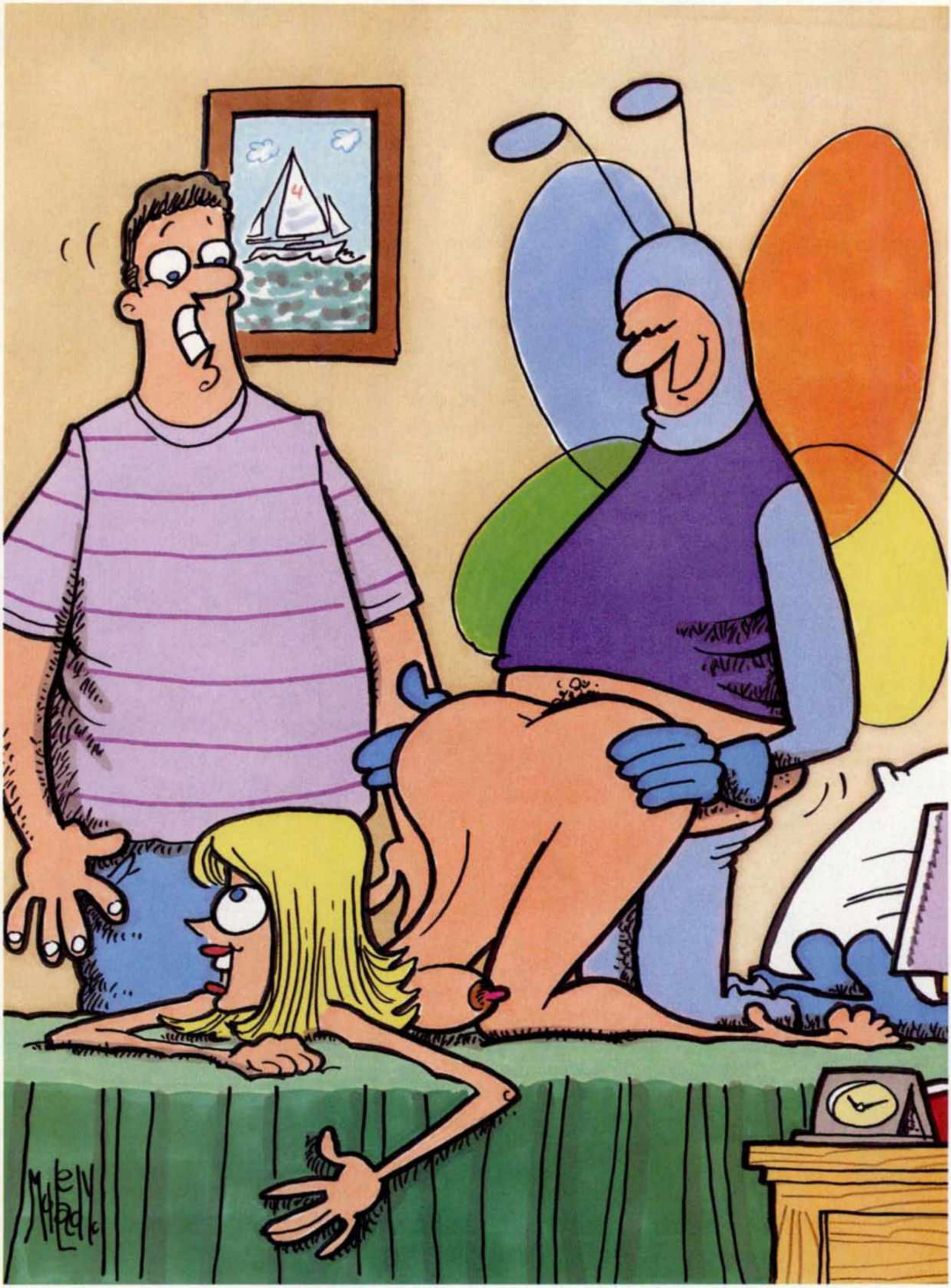
After a lot of legal wrangling over privacy laws, a judge blocks police from questioning the employee who'd found the crack, citing what amounts to something like "crack dealer-to-client privilege." Finally, things are sorted out, and Noelle is sentenced to ten days in Florida's Orange County jail for contempt, apparently more in order to save face in light of her father's "tough-on-drugs" stance than any point of law. Having made a grand entrance into the Bush hierarchy, Noelle is soon handed back to her family on August 8, 2003. No more sitting at the kiddy table on Thanksgiving for her!

When it comes to joining the haughty white-gloved freak show, Neil Bush's 19-year-old daughter Lauren does it the old-fashioned way: with fine bone structure and as Tommy Hilfiger's "All-American Girl." But to become an official ranking member of Bush society, her scandal rating is going to have to be lifted a bit. Posing nude in a magazine like HUSTLER, starring in a Paris Hiltonesque porn flick or showing up at a film premiere in a diaphanous gown (à la Democratic candidate John Kerry's daughter Alexandra) would quickly put her at the top of the list.

Some insight can be gained in a parable George W. once presented to the public. "Families," he said, "is where our nation finds hope, where wings take dream." Sometimes the lowest, most trifling standards can be the hardest to achieve.



Peter Thompson gave up a good job and happy life in New York City to marry a hooker and devote his existence to the craft of writing. Currently he's working on his first book, Pig's Big Win, and occasionally putting down his thoughts at Nirvada.BlogSpot.com, a step-by-step guide to attaining Enlightenment in Nevada, the Silver State.



"Sorry, honey, life really is better with The Butterfly."

PIPER & GIANA

LESSON LEARNED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Piper and Giana have always been into kinky role-playing, and their latest "game" is a muff-diver's dream. After releasing her helpless pal from bondage, Giana demands payment for the rescue, whereupon submissive Piper whines that she has nothing to offer but herself—a currency the devoted dom quickly accepts.

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Armed with a strap-on, the lascivious babe goes to work on her slave's helpless bod, filling Piper's tight box with the plastic probe.

After taking it deep and hard, the sexy sub obediently licks her master's clit, satisfying both her debt *and* her hunger for poontang.

Giana gets wet in all the right places in *Hot Showers #5* and *Barely Legal #27* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video.
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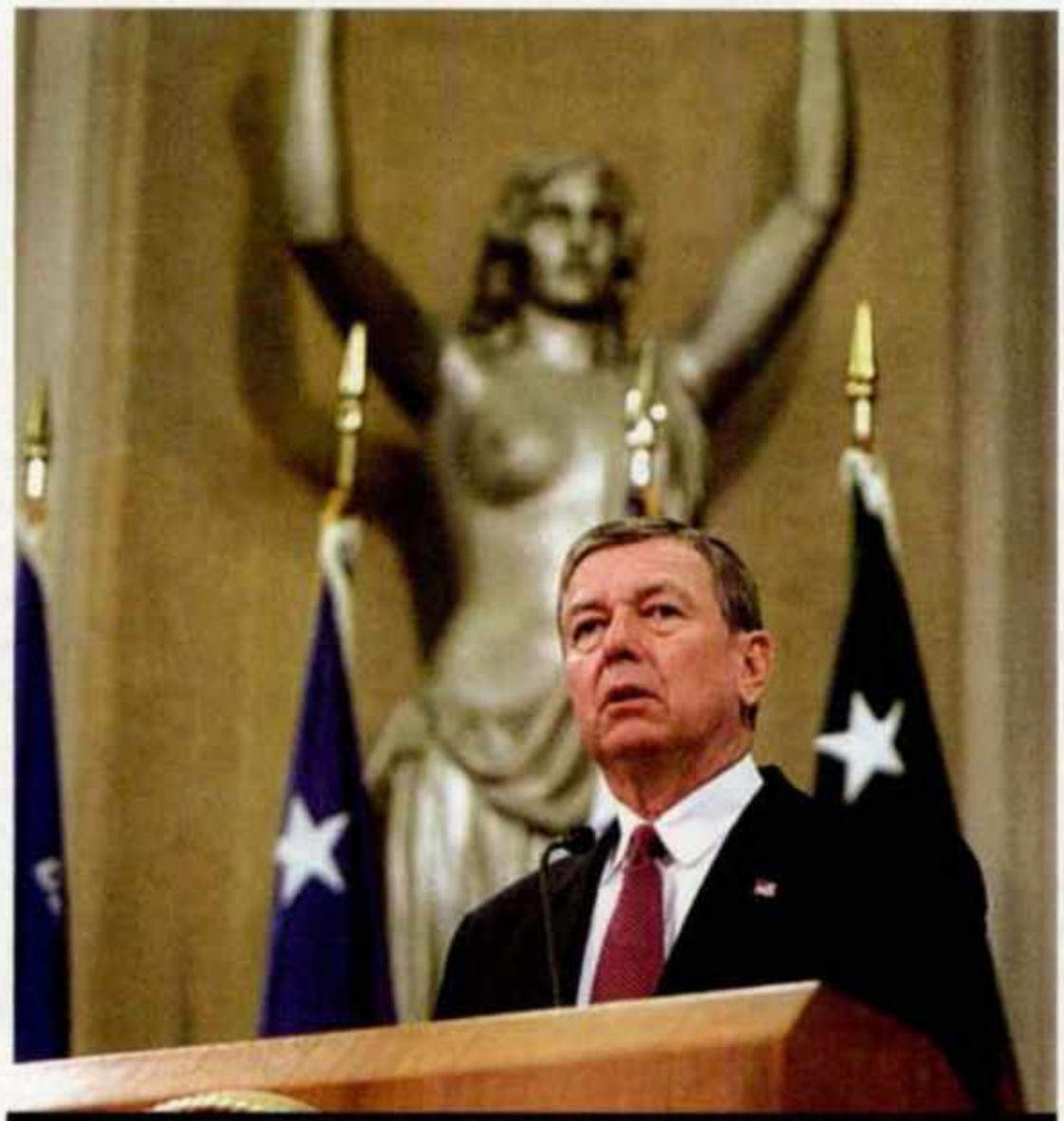
"Two perfectly good wars and not a single sex scandal!"

ASHCROFT'S JIHAD

IS OPERATION ERADICATE PORN ON THE HORIZON?



SPIRIT OF JUSTICE LOOMS LARGE ON CAPITOL HILL

HEY, WHERE'D SHE GO?

Four more years of George W. Bush will undoubtedly bring the Christian Right's war against pornography into full swing. With America inching closer to his sexophobic Attorney General's wet dream of restoring a Puritan society, HUSTLER looks into the eyes of the enemy. ★ REPORT BY MARK CROMER

"Pornography is a battle between good and evil, one in which sides must be taken. Pornography blacks out the goodness and light in our lives. Pornography is part of the evil that is overtaking our culture and undermining the fabric of our lives. Pornography must be destroyed."

—Michelle Emard, Republican Activist

On a late-summer afternoon I find myself on a stage at the swank Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Pasadena, California, tucked between voluptuous Internet mogul Danni Ashe and a former federal prosecutor named Bruce Taylor. We face an auditorium packed with journalists who have assembled for a massive media event called the "critics tour," where broadcast and cable networks and major production companies debut their fall programming for entertainment and news reporters.

It is from this vantage point that I first observe the true blossoming of Attorney General John Ashcroft's dream of waging a total war against commercial pornography in the United States—a strategy aimed at laying waste to virtually all depictions of consenting adults having sex. And it is here that I am treated to the surreal sight of the mainstream media eagerly, if perhaps somewhat unwittingly, striking up the band and enlisting in Ashcroft's holy war.

Only moments before, the producers of the Public Broadcasting Service's legendary *Frontline* had treated journalists to a trailer of its documentary "American Porn" (based on an essay I'd penned for *The Nation*), which was scheduled to air on PBS. Central to *Frontline*'s footage was a scene from a controversial XXX movie in which a woman is kidnapped, brutally raped and then murdered. The narrator's voice ominously ponders whether the camera crew had just witnessed an actual sexual assault. In a few short minutes the jump was seamlessly made from *Debbie Does Dallas* to a snuff film.

When the lights came up, Bruce Taylor was practically salivating, gleeful that *Frontline* had conveniently framed the issue by taking a page right out of the playbook of his old bluenose group, Citizens for Decency Through Law. The message was clear: Porn is rape. Porn is murder. Porn is evil. Thus, porn viewers are deviants.

Taylor hammered that message home as the media dutifully scribbled it all down for regurgitation to the masses. That was three years ago, just weeks before hijacked jetliners slammed into the World Trade Center and Pentagon, irrevocably altering Bush's agenda and derailing Ashcroft's crusade against porn in the process.

ASHCROFT'S JIHAD

Now, with the prospect of a second term looming, Ashcroft has again bolstered the Justice Department's anti-obscenity unit, spending millions of dollars and employing a nexus of federal prosecutors, FBI agents and U.S. postal inspectors in as many as 50 current investigations. Ashcroft has also brought Taylor back into the fold, hiring him to quarterback the impending glut of obscenity cases. Taylor, who has prosecuted more than 700 obscenity cases since the early 1970s, clearly sees the dawn of Ashcroft's jihad as the defining moment in his personal struggle against pornography.

The stakes are far higher for the adult-entertainment industry than they were during the Reagan-Meese prosecutions in the mid-1980s or Bush the First's legal assaults in the early 1990s. Ashcroft, Taylor and their cohorts instinctively understand that a second George Dubya term will possibly be their last, best chance to inflict a fatal blow to a commercial behemoth that now touches nearly every corner of American society.

In the opening salvo, Ashcroft has targeted, not coincidentally, Robert Zicari and Janet Ramano in a ten-count federal indictment. While his prosecutors are confident they'll get a more sympathetic judge and jury in Pennsylvania—the case stems from a postal sting in Pittsburgh, exemplifying a classic federal tactic of venue-shopping—they also know that regardless of the verdict the experience will prove to be a costly one for the defendants.

The couple, who are engaged, make movies for Zicari's company Extreme Associates—with Zicari shooting under the name Rob Black, and Ramano using the nom de lens Lizzie Borden. It was Ramano's XXX opus simulating the rape and murder of a kidnap victim that *Frontline*'s previously mentioned documentary zeroed in on, much to Taylor's delight.

As Ashcroft's prosecutorial war machine unleashes its attacks on sexual depictions, the corporate-owned and self-described mainstream media will dutifully keep score. (Incidentally, film and video aren't the only targets; Taylor has indicated that magazines, Web sites and books are all fair game as well.) The number of busts, the names of the indicted, the venues of every proceeding and, of course, sordid descriptions of the allegedly obscene material will all become a matter of record.

Yet the fundamental question that rests at the core of Ashcroft's war has nothing to do with statistics or the how or who. Rather, it has everything to do with the why—i.e., motive. This primary question has largely been unexplored by the corporate press (a more accurate usage than *mainstream*), whose beat reporters often resemble titter-ing adolescents as they write superficially about a complex billion-dollar industry.

That suits Ashcroft and Taylor just fine. The more refracted the light shining on the Justice Department's true motive for its jihad, the better for them. Given network and cable news divisions' penchant for allotting considerable time to the synergy of cross-promoting entertainment fare at the expense of actual investigative reporting, Ashcroft needn't start worrying anytime soon. If *Frontline* dropped the ball—and it did, badly—don't expect the likes of CBS to dig much deeper.

Ironically, it doesn't take a tremendous amount of digging to reveal the foundation of the war against porn. Attorney General Ashcroft, prosecutor Taylor and their minions in the ranks of enforcement and bureaucratic agencies (not to mention a swarm of paramilitary-like antiporn groups around the nation) all operate from a single premise: They fear sex.

These people are afraid of it, and thus they hate it. Because they hate it, they seek to stamp it out anywhere and everywhere. But because they fear and hate it, they are equally obsessed by it.

Exhibit A is prosecutor Bruce Taylor, a bespectacled, bookish blend of tax attorney-meets-Frank Burns. (Remember the condescending major from *M*A*S*H*?) Taylor's own extremely narrow view of sexuality drives his lifelong prosecutorial crusade—a fact hinted at in rare interviews.

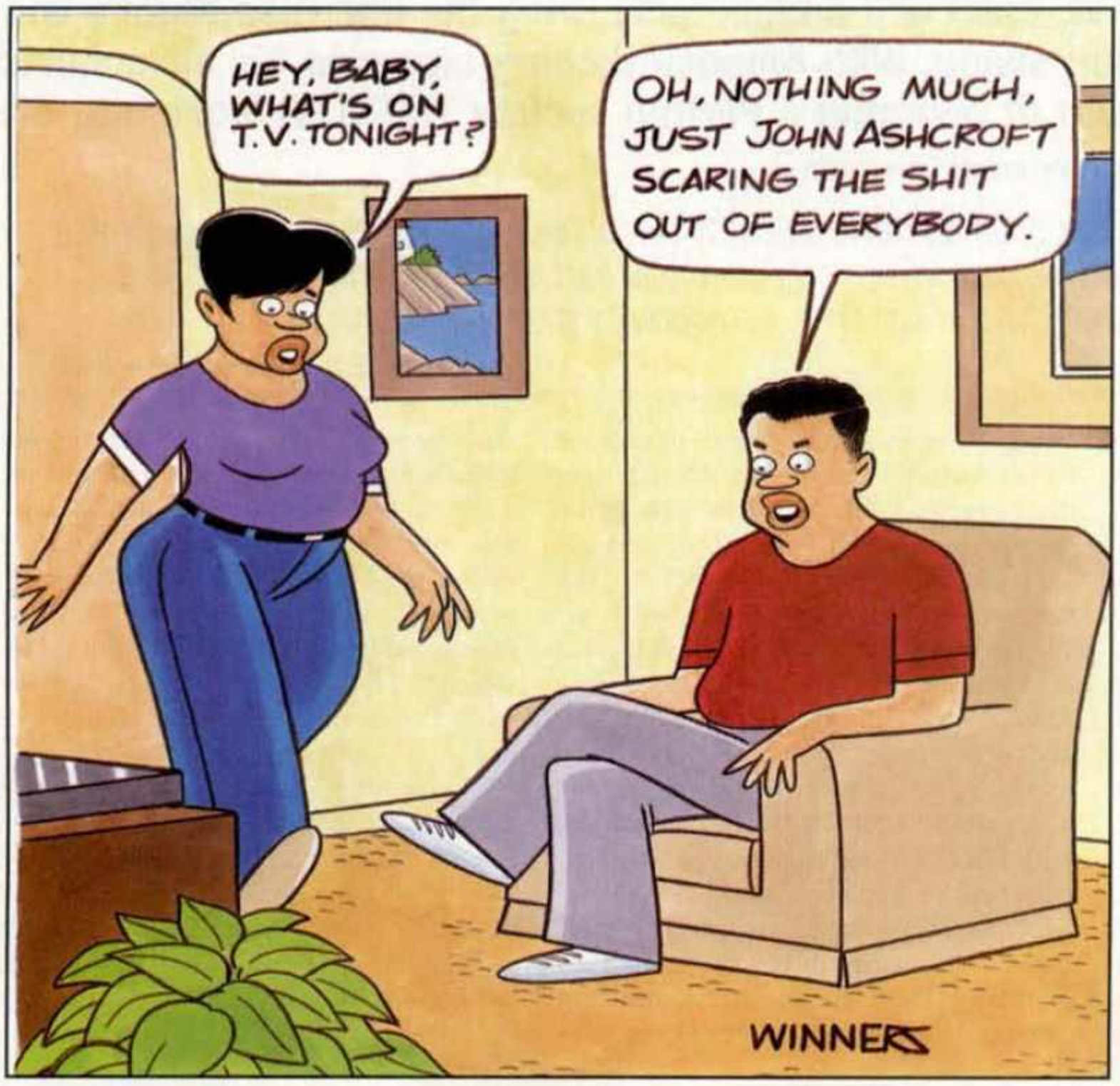
"[Does] the material appeal to the prurient interest?" Taylor asks, warming up to elaborate. "Meaning, does it appeal to that shameful, morbid, lustful, lascivious, erotic interest in sex?"

Shameful. Morbid. Lustful. Lascivious. Erotic. All "prurient" according to Taylor—and thus, all legally obscene.

Depictions of sex between consenting adults, Taylor maintains, are legal only if they appeal to "sort of a normal, healthy, educational, reproductive interest." Apparently, a high-school biology-class film that shows wiggly tailed spermatozoa penetrating an egg for DNA transfer would pass muster.

In case there's any doubt, Taylor matter-of-factly notes that such cable television shows as *Sex and the City* could face prosecution for obscenity, and he more than hints that they should be targeted.

Taylor's cringing reaction to healthy human impulses of lust and erotic sensations becomes even more evident when he drifts into his philosophy on explicit sexual depictions between consenting adults. Echoing the mantra of archfeminist Andrea Dworkin (who once famously declared that heterosexual intercourse was an act of rape



in and of itself), Taylor states: "Pornography...is like the training manual for how guys get to be chauvinist jerks. I mean, you don't treat a woman well if you treat her like she is treated in a porn movie."

Taylor's view is essentially the same as Dworkin's, since his blanket statements on pornography cover all "hard-core" depictions of a penis entering a vagina—not bothering to discern between storylines, plot or environment. Both believe depicting a penis in a vagina or a mouth—or a tongue on a nipple or clitoris—is a crime.

And that is precisely why John Ashcroft has tapped Taylor to be his top commander in his war on porn—the Attorney General feels the same way. The mere idea of depicting sex for pleasure inspires an utterly visceral reaction in Ashcroft. While many people know of his decision to cover the exposed breasts of the Spirit of Justice statue where he works, fewer know that the man does not believe in dancing with his own wife. It is against his beliefs.

"Pornography invades our homes persistently through the mail, phone, VCR, cable TV and the Internet," Ashcroft told supporters in 2002. "It has strewn its victims from coast to coast."

Apparently, not a single mainstream reporter has asked the attorney general just how a videotape "invades" a VCR without a consumer putting it there. Evidently, not a single reporter has asked Ashcroft why dancing with his wife is wrong.

As for President Bush, who does indeed dance with the First Lady, unleashing Ashcroft and his dogs of war on the producers of commercial pornography is likely a pragmatic matter of shoring up his Christian Right base. Troubled that Dubya waffled on gay marriage and wasn't as vocally enthusiastic on abortion as they'd have liked, Pat Robertson, Lou Sheldon, James Dobson and Jerry Falwell are demanding total action against porn this time around.

While Ashcroft and Taylor plot their attacks from the nation's capital, their shock troops from coast to coast will provide ground cover for the war. Listening to them expound on pornography, the fanaticism of their views comes into full relief.

Foot soldiers like Michelle Emard perhaps best exemplify the absolutist, kamikazelike zeal brought to this battle. A Southern California television news producer, she was a campaign staffer for Republican Presidential candidate Alan Keyes and served eight months as media-relations director for Orange County District Attorney Tony Rackauckas. Emard embodies the most dangerous type of Ashcroft-Taylor warrior, as she's attractive, intelligent and disarming enough to not immediately raise alarm bells. At least until she starts spouting off her feelings about porn and what should happen to its masterminds and consumers.

While I have only had lunch with Bruce Taylor, my relationship with Michelle Emard spanned the better part of a year and was much more involved. Smiling and with her eyes sparkling, she details how pornography is, by definition, "evil" and simply must be destroyed. Creators of porn (which, in her opinion, includes everyone from Larry Flynt to the producers of soft-core fluff like *Red Shoe Diaries*) are worse than drug dealers who peddle heroin to children—and should be dealt with accordingly.

People who find enjoyment in viewing consenting adults having sex for pleasure are, in her same vernacular, "sick addicts" who "use" pornography like a drug. These people (probably numbering well over 100 million adults in the U.S.), she reasons, need psychological treatment and "recovery."

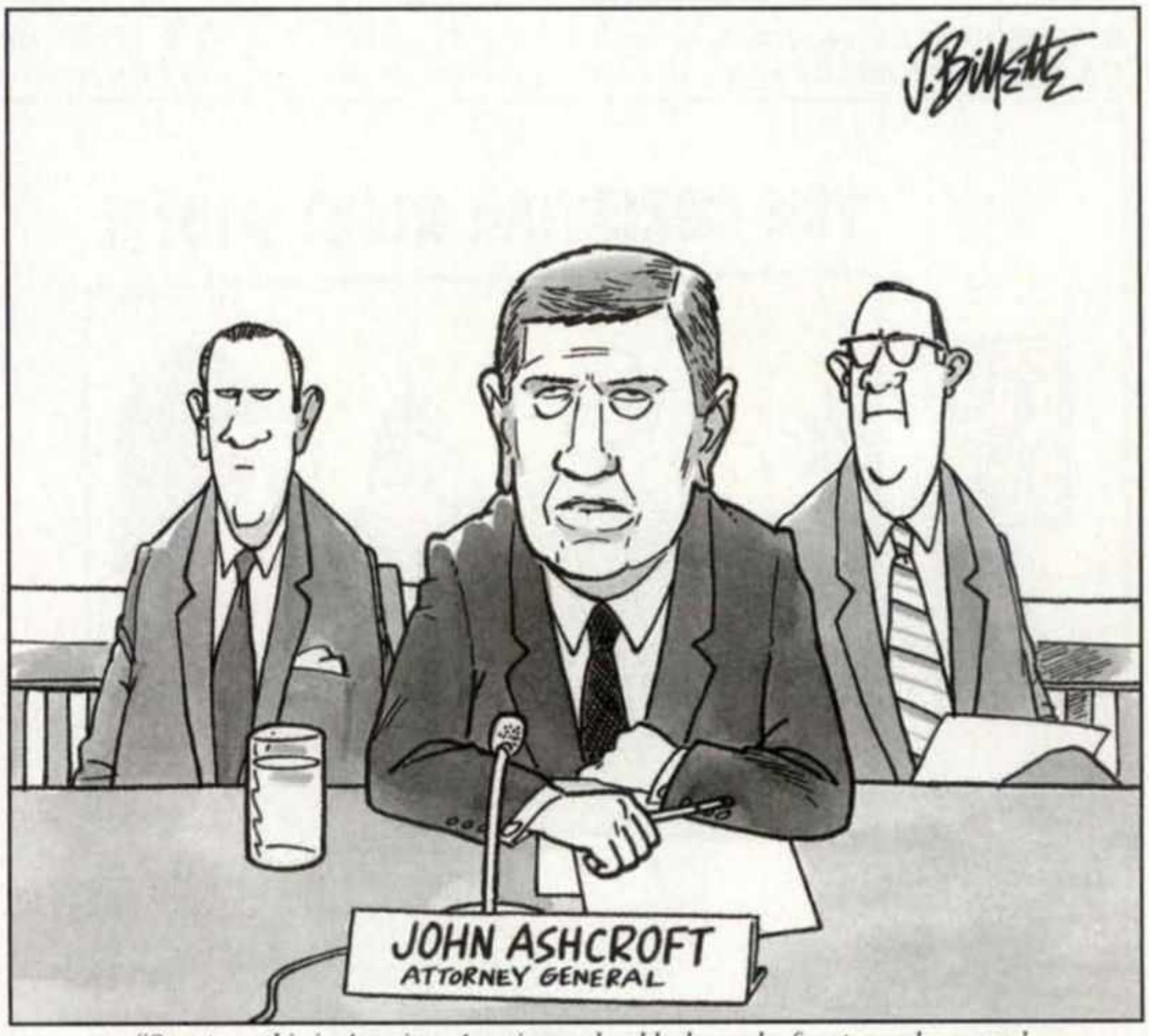
As she waxes unabashedly, one senses the quasi-Zen of a blindly devoted Manson family member as she advocates "eradicating this filth" from our planet. And how does one explain Emard's hauntingly beatific smile? It could only stem from a blissful embrace of Total Certainty and the serenity that comes in knowing your corner on truth is absolute and irrevocable.

When asked whether the fabled nude scene in the 1968 Broadway smash musical *Hair* would qualify as flotsam in this "sewer of filth," Emard sours slightly. She states that such questions amount to "philosophical hair-splitting" designed to "avoid the real issue"—that porn must be destroyed.

Pushed, Emard finally makes a concession: Yes, *any* depiction of nipples, pubic hair or human sexuality portrayed in a manner outside the perimeters of a biblically sanctioned union for the purpose of procreation is "dirty" and should be legislated out of the culture.

That day may be closer than most people suspect. The reelection of President George W. Bush would provide Ashcroft, Taylor and their minions with enough momentum to fully engage in a war against pornography. But they will not stop at prosecuting the likes of *Debbie Does Dallas* off the shelves. It is clear that they have every intention of going after *all* sexual depictions that they deem offensive. The front line of porn is simply phase one.

A recent addition to the HUSTLER staff, Mark Cromer has written about all aspects of pornography for nearly 20 years. His byline has graced The Nation, the Los Angeles Times, the New York Daily News, LA Weekly and many other influential publications. He can be reached at MrCromer@aol.com.



"Senators, this is America. Americans should always be free to read, say and do anything I allow them to."

The WALLACE REPORT

Free Speech With Laurie Wallace

AMERICA'S VOTING PARADOX

For those of you who feel disenfranchised from the political process, here are some good reasons to continue ignoring your right to vote. First, your vote is worthless. For your vote to matter in the upcoming Presidential election, it would have to break a tie in the state that pushes your candidate into an Electoral College majority. With odds like that, it's more likely that Mary-Kate and Ashley will call you up for a threesome.

Second, your vote may not even be tallied. According to a statement from the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, less than two months after George W. Bush seized power in 2001, "It is not a question of a recount or even an accurate count, but more pointedly those whose exclusion from the right to vote amounted to a No Count."

Acclaimed investigative reporter Greg Palast agrees: "We're running apartheid elections in America, and they're going to make it worse in 2004. That's the point of computer voting...to make sure [Democratic-leaning black votes are] technically voided."

All the candidates lie. Are you actually supposed to believe the words they spew before election day? Bush emphasized during debates with Al Gore that he would not engage in nation-building, and yet he has since overthrown two foreign governments and is attempting to rebuild their infrastructures.

When running for President in 1988, his father also broke a vow. A centerpiece of George H.W.'s campaign was that there would be "no new taxes," but once elected he authorized the largest tax increase in U.S. history. It doesn't matter which side of the fence you're on either. Didn't Bill Clinton tell us that he never inhaled and that he never had sexual relations with that woman?

Herein lies the paradox of voting. Your single, worthless vote costs you time and money and may well hinge on false information. Yet it still has life-or-death consequences.

Let's say you are upset with the direction the country is headed. Maybe you don't like the intolerance of John Ashcroft and his theocratic agenda. Maybe you don't like the dime-store-cowboy foreign policy of George W. Bush and the way he has isolated us from the international community. Maybe you believe that Michael Powell's FCC has gone too far in attacking freedom of speech. Maybe you don't like how our environment has been sold out to the biggest campaign contributors. What are you supposed to do—vote?

If only it were that simple. In our quaint notion of democracy we believe that voters control the government. In reality it is voters who are controlled by money. Voting is not enough. To help make a measurable difference, you must dig into your wallet and send at least $100 to a trusted organization so that it can continue functioning successfully. If you can't afford $100, send something—and get like-minded friends to chip in as well. That's what makes the political process work.

For those of you who would like to help oust Bush and put John Kerry in the White House, contributions can be forwarded to the senator's campaign through a link on the home page of my Web site. The Kerry campaign will keep track of the funds sent in by my column's readers, which number in the millions. If we generate enough support, you may hear about this effort in the press—leveraging your contribution.

In addition to contributing to the Kerry campaign, I would also urge you to assist my favorite political entity, MoveOn.org. Headed by Joan Blades and Wes Boyd, this grass-roots organization has made it possible for hundreds of thousands of people to speak with one voice on current political issues. Its competition for the best 30-second anti-Bush commercial was a stroke of genius. You can view these powerful ads on the Internet at BushIn30Seconds.org.

This election is all about convincing the middle 2% of voters. These are folks who can be swayed by last-minute advertising, and we need to make sure our message is heard at this critical time. So visit the above Web sites and contribute as much as you can afford. Also tell your friends about the links and ask them to do the same.

Oh, and don't forget to vote!

Laurie Wallace graduated summa cum laude from Maryland's Loyola College and studied law at George Washington University. She has since appeared in mainstream films and publications, in adults-only movies and mags (particularly HUSTLER), and on various television programs. More from the rapidly emerging spokesperson for the preservation of individual liberties and freedoms can be found at LaurieWallace.com.

"Yes, we have cable porn, but all the movies end with the actors burning in hell!"

BOOK SIGNING TODAY

MEET THE AUTHOR OF THE NEW CHILDREN'S BOOK

WENDY BLOWS HER PUPPY

J. Billstein

GONE WITH THE WIND

1 MILLION BLACK BALLOTS MISSING

Questionable procedures and high-tech wizardry have disenfranchised one of America's key voting blocs—and in 2000 opened the White House door to George W. Bush.

★ BY GREG PALAST

Four years ago Florida officials scrutinized ballots. Will 2004 be another voting fiasco?

The following is an excerpt from the Election Edition of Greg Palast's The Best Democracy Money Can Buy, published by Plume.
© 2004 by Greg Palast.

On October 29, 2002, Mr. Bush signed the Help America Vote Act. When the Bush family tells us they're going to "help" us vote, we should worry. You should too. Let me tell you what's in the law, because the establishment media won't.

"Help America Vote." Hidden behind the apple-pie-and-motherhood name lies a nasty civil-rights time bomb.

First, the purges. In 2000 tens of thousands of black citizens were eliminated from Florida voter rolls—wrongly tagged as criminals. You can argue all night about the number ultimately purged, but there's no argument that this electoral racial pogrom ordered by Governor Jeb Bush's operatives gave the White House to Jeb's older brother.

The Help America Vote Act (HAVA) not only blesses such purges, it *requires* all 50 states to implement a similar search-and-destroy mission against vulnerable voters. Specifically, every state must, by the 2004 election, imitate Florida's system of computerizing voter files. The law then empowers 50 secretaries of state to purge these lists of "suspect" voters.

This is a radical change in our democracy. Until recently, with the notable exception of Florida, voter rolls throughout America have been maintained by county officials watched over by bipartisan committees. Under HAVA the job of deciding who can and who can't vote will fall to a single official—the "Katherine Harris" of each state. Secretaries of state are notoriously partisan. Besides Florida's cadaverously painted Harris, for example, there's Illinois's office of secretary of state, whose former director was convicted last year of running what prosecutors called "one of the most corrupt Constitutional offices in Illinois history."

Swampland 2004: In 2004 Florida has again become the electoral Gettysburg, and the black body count is already high. The purge is back, big time. Where we last left our story, NAACP lawyers had won a written promise from Governor Jeb and Harris's successor to return wrongly "scrubbed" citizens to the voter rolls. According to records given up to the courts by ChoicePoint, the company that generated the original lists, the number of Floridians questionably tagged totals *91,000*.

Willie Steen is one of them. Last year I caught up with Steen outside his office at a Tampa hospital. Steen's case was easy. You can't work in a hospital if you have a criminal record. (My copy of Harris's hit list includes an ex-con named O'Steen, close enough to cost Willie Steen his vote.) The NAACP held up Steen's case to the court as a prime exhibit of the voter-purge evil.

The state admitted Steen's innocence. Yet a year after the NAACP won his case, Willie Steen still can't register. Why is he still under suspicion? What do we know about the "potential felon," as Jeb called him? I learned that Steen, unlike our President, served four years honorably in the U.S. military. There is, admittedly, a suspect mark on his record: Steen confesses he remains an African-American.

Millions of Ballots Spoiled Rotten: If you're black, voting in America is a game of chance. First, there's the chance your registration card will simply be thrown out. About 7 million minority citizens registered to vote on what are called Motor Voter forms. And Republicans know it. You would not be surprised to learn that the U.S. Civil Rights Commission found widespread failures to add these voters to the registers. My own sources report piles of dust-covered applications stacked up in election offices.

Second, once registered, there's the chance you'll be named a felon in Florida, besides those fake felons on Harris's scrub lists, over half a million Floridians (600,000 or so) are *legally* barred from voting because they have a record in that state. That's just one state. In total, 1.4 million black men with sentences served cannot vote, 13% of the nation's black male population.

At step three the real gambling begins. The federal Voting Rights Act of 1965 guaranteed African-Americans the right to vote—

but it did not guarantee the *right to have their ballots counted.*

In one in seven cases they aren't. Gadsden County, Florida's blackest, had the highest "spoilage" rate—that is, ballots tossed away on technicalities. How do votes spoil? Are they left out of the refrigerator too long? Apparently, any odd mark on a ballot will do it. In Gadsden, some voters wrote in "Al Gore" instead of checking his name. Their votes did not count.

Harvard law professor Chris Edley, a member of the Civil Rights Commission, didn't like the smell of all those spoiled ballots. He dug into the pile and reported this deep inside the commission's official findings: 14.4% of black votes—one seventh—was "invalidated" in the state of Florida, never counted. By contrast, only 1.6% of white voters' ballots spoiled.

Hmmm. Pull out your calculators, class. Florida's electorate is 11% African-American. Florida refused to count 179,855 spoiled ballots. A little junior-high algebra applied to commission numbers indicates that 53%—or 95,000—of the votes spoiled were cast by black folk, who voted over 90% for Gore. The combined white and Hispanic vote divided about evenly between Bush and Gore. Based on these facts, had Harris allowed the counting of these ballots, Al Gore would have racked up a plurality of about 77,000 votes. Golly, that's 143 times Bush's official margin of victory.

But that's just Al Gore's race. *Hundreds* of contests, given these hard stats, are decided by the systematic spoilage of black ballots. In all likelihood, Janet Reno won the most votes in the 2000 Florida gubernatorial primary—excepting that the dumping of black ballots denied her the official victory.

That's Florida. Now let's talk about America. In the 2000 election our 50 states report that 1.9 *million* votes cast were never counted, spoiled for technical reasons, like that Gore write-in business, machine malfunctions and so on. The reasons for ballot rejection vary, but there's a suspicious shading to the ballots tossed into the Dumpster. Edley's team of experts at Harvard discovered that, just as in Florida, the number of ballots spoiled matches, county by county, precinct by precinct, in direct proportion to the local black voting population.

Hmmm. Florida's racial profile mirrors the nation's: About 11% of the U.S. electorate is African-American. The codirector of the Harvard study, Professor Philip Klinkner, confirmed the statistical validity of extrapolating the racial profile of ballots spoiled in Florida to the rest of the nation.

To put it into cold, chilling numbers, approximately 1,007,000 black voters cast ballots in 2000 that no one counted.

One million votes.

The issue is larger than Al Gore's sorry campaign. As African-Americans gained the right to vote, they lost the right to have the vote counted. Does it matter? Let's get in a time machine and count spoiled ballots. In all likelihood, Hubert Humphrey won more votes than Richard Nixon in 1968.

Of deeper concern, this destruction of black ballots is likely to reselect George W. Bush in 2004, or at least put a big fat election thumb on the electoral scales, undetected, unchallenged.

Digital Klansmen and Vote-Bots: How can the Republicans keep their racial head start on the count? Go digital! The Help America Vote Act includes half a billion dollars of scarce Treasury money to push states into computerizing the ballot box.

What rare mentions there are of the dangers of "touchscreen" voting focus on "miscounting by tampering"—hackers transforming a "D" vote into an "R." The cause for suspicion: The Bush gang resists every attempt to require a verifiable paper receipt of the vote. But vote tampering is the "McGuffin," a true threat, yet distracting from the real game for Republican gain: maintaining that big fat million-ballot racial blackout, the racially bent spoilage rates. That's where robo-voting pays off for the Bushes' partisans: Contrary to the hype, computers *increase* ruined ballots compared to paper.

But the Bush operatives had to make sure. So, just as the Republicans test-drove registry scrubs in Florida, in 2002 they used the Sunshine State to try out wide-scale computerized polling. The changeover to touch-screen voting machines was made on orders of Secretary of State Katherine Harris. No points for guessing the outcome: Computer voting in black precincts in Broward County was a straight-out disaster. Delays, locked machines with no password to unlock them, votes lost, wholesale spoilage. Governor Jeb solved that "problem," not by halting the expansion of computerization, but by firing the local elections supervisor, a black woman.

Undoubtedly, our computer-pushing President was heartened by results of the new computer voting machines in Comal County, Texas, where three Republican candidates won upset victories, each with exactly 18,181 votes. "Isn't that the weirdest thing?" County Clerk Joy Streater asked at the time. "We noticed it right away, but it is just a big coincidence."

Just down the road in Scurry County, Texas, two unexpected landslide wins for Republican candidates struck election clerks as just one coincidence too many. That county's clerk, Joan Bunch, investigated and found that a faulty computer chip had caused the county's optical scanner to record Democratic votes as Republican instead. After two manual recounts and one electronic recount using a replacement chip in the scanner, the Democratic candidates were found to have won by large margins.

Computer sciences professor David Dill at Stanford University and teams at the Information Security Institute, Johns Hopkins University, have issued studies that are as close to panic as I've ever seen from academia. They warn that computer chips, not people, will decide our future elections. In a White House run by those who have lost the human vote, the robots' decisions are just fine.

The Hopkins experts, having reviewed the code of one vote-bot company, Diebold, raised alarms about the child's-play ease in "miscounting by tampering," "deleting votes," even reading the votes of particular voters. Diebold's response to the debate was a vicious legal assault on journalist Bev Harris to withdraw publication of internal company documents cataloguing the program's diseases and dangers. (Therefore, do not read these at BlackBoxVoting.org.)

Computers are wonderfully easy to crash, susceptible to bugs, glitches, gremlins and simple "delays in opening the polls," as Johns Hopkins professors note. The Klansmen won't have to wear hoods to scare off black voters. They can just pet their cats, pick up some static electricity, then knock out a black precinct total.

So there you have it. In the last Presidential election approximately 1 million black people voted, and their ballots were thrown away.

They will be tossed again in November 2004, efficiently, by computer. But you read about that in the *Times*. No? In the *Miami Herald*? Hey, the *Herald* won a Pulitzer Prize for finding a dozen illegal votes. So far there's not a word in U.S. media about *1 million votes—gone*, in a puff of very black smoke. An electoral holocaust. And when the smoke clears, there's the Bush clan, grinning, stoking the ballot bonfire. HAVA nice day.

Greg Palast is an award-winning investigative reporter. For more of his journalistic exploits check out GregPalast.com.

Editor's Note: On July 1 a Florida state-court judge ordered the Board of Elections to cough up copies of the list of nearly 50,000 suspected felons to news organizations that had sued for access. Florida Secretary of State Glenda Hood said she'd comply with the ruling, but at HUSTLER's press date it was unclear whether those citizens unjustly purged would be able to be reregistered in time to vote this year.

AND HERE COMES BRITNEY SPEARS RECOVERING FROM HER RECENT KNEE SURGERY...

LLYWOOD

Tosten

LIL JON

Versatile Crunkmeister

Photo by Michael Richardi

Boyz being boyz, this on-the-fast-track rapper and his crew are energizing audiences with hype lyrics, a hip beverage and HUSTLER's choice of viewing material.

Interview by Hans Feuersinger

Atlanta rappers Lil Jon & the Eastside Boyz are living proof that crunk definitely sells. (Southern slang for cocaine, *crunk* refers to the hyped-up-on-drugs-and-alcohol vibe of a wild hip-hop club.) Their 2003 porn DVD, *Lil Jon & the Eastside Boyz: American Sex Series*, has already moved more than 10,000 units. Their aptly titled 2003 album, *Kings of Crunk*, is certified double platinum, and comic Dave Chappelle has immortalized Lil Jon with a hilarious impersonation. Not bad for a guy spinning reggae records in a Miami club seven years ago.

Lil Jon has agreed to meet for this Q&A between takes of his Coors Light commercial. After an excruciating, hour-long wait in the sun (with no one but a Clear Channel rep to keep me and a photographer company), we are relieved when Lil Jon finally arrives. Wearing baggy khaki shorts, a matching, short-sleeve collared shirt and black Oakley sunglasses, the rap star saunters out of an SUV and into the studio. He flashes a mouthful of diamonds and gold, drinks a Red Bull and sits down for the following interview.

HUSTLER: What's your earliest recollection of seeing porn?

LIL JON: The artist I grew up watching was Vanessa del Rio. She was the number-one bitch back in the day.

What's your favorite porn series?

I like *Chocolate Cream Pie*. Them shits be cool.

What do you think of Larry Flynt?

I got a lot of respect for Larry Flynt because he sticks up for shit he believes in. He's like, "Fuck y'all." That's how I am. I don't let nobody tell me I can't do something. When people try to fuck wit'chu, you fuck with 'em right back. You gotta have a lot of balls to do that shit—a lotta nuts.

How did you evolve from promoting rap music to promoting skin flicks?

Everybody likes to fuck, especially rappers. You got groupies around. It's an obvious connection.

Did you get busy with any of the girls appearing in your *American Sex Series*?

No. I was spankin' 'em and telling 'em to suck pussy and shit.

How does your girlfriend feel about your hanging out with porn stars?

She's cool, but every woman is gonna be like, "You hanging out with fuckin' porn stars." She's very understanding of my business endeavors; so she's cool.

Any other interesting business ventures on the forefront?

I got my Oakley sunglass line coming out. We got the Lil Jon "What, Yeah, Okay" T-shirts comin' out. We got a label with Warner Brothers, the [porn] movie and our energy drink called Crunk. And I got a radio show, *Crunk Radio*, that's syndicated in like 30 markets.

What exactly is Crunk Juice?

Crunk Juice can be made two different ways: You can take Hennessey and mix it with our energy drink called Crunk, or you can take Grey Goose [vodka] and mix it with our energy drink.

What are you currently working on musically?

The new Lil Jon & the Eastside Boyz album is called *Crunk Juice*. My artist, Oobie, is like a female R. Kelly. Her album is comin' too. Right now me and Ice Cube are workin' on a song for *Crunk Juice*. He's one of my favorite rappers. I grew up listenin' to N.W.A. and Cube's solos and, of course, watchin' *Friday*. To have him in the studio listenin' to my opinion about how he does his rap is just incredible.

How has your life changed in the past five years?

I got more money. I'm never at home, and I live on the road. And I guess I'm a lot more popular. People recognize me now, especially since Dave Chappelle put me on his show, imitating me. He really catapulted me into homes I never would've got in with music.

Are you pals with the comedian?

Yeah, we was actually hangin' out last night. I went to see his show. We real cool. He's a real humble, down-to-earth cat, and he did so much for me. I feel like I owe him the world. You can't just say *yeah* no more; you gotta say *YYEEAAHH!*

Did you know Dave Chappelle was gonna clown you, or was it a surprise?

His people called to get clearance to use the music on the show; so I knew it was gonna happen. One of my homeboys is the show's DJ—Cypha Sounds. He called me and was like, "Yo, man, Dave Chappelle got this skit on you, and it is the funniest shit in the world." I'm like, "WWHHAATT!?" Then I watched the show, and that shit came on, and I was just like, "Oh, my fucking God!"■

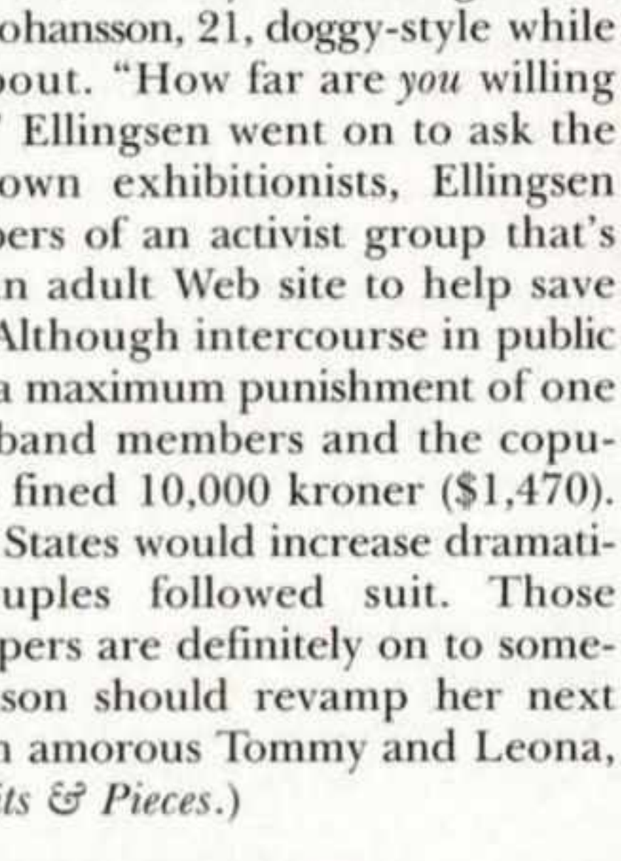
NEWS

Crusty Eco-Couple Raunches Up Cumshots Gig

The crowd of 4,000 at the Quart music festival in Kristiansand, Norway, definitely got their money's worth. During a performance by the Norse grind band Cumshots, lead singer Kristopher Schau beckoned an uninhibited couple onstage to do more than sing along. As the crowd went totally bananas, Tommy Hol Ellingsen, 28, proceeded to bone Leona Johansson, 21, doggy-style while her dreadlocks flailed about. "How far are *you* willing to go to save the world?" Ellingsen went on to ask the titillated throng. Well-known exhibitionists, Ellingsen and Johansson are members of an activist group that's raising money through an adult Web site to help save the planet's rain forests. Although intercourse in public is illegal in Norway—with a maximum punishment of one year in prison—the five band members and the copulating Norskis were each fined 10,000 kroner ($1,470). Perhaps ticket sales in the States would increase dramatically if other bold couples followed suit. Those Scandinavian hippie humpers are definitely on to something...maybe Janet Jackson should revamp her next concert tour. (For more on amorous Tommy and Leona, check out this month's *Bits & Pieces*.)

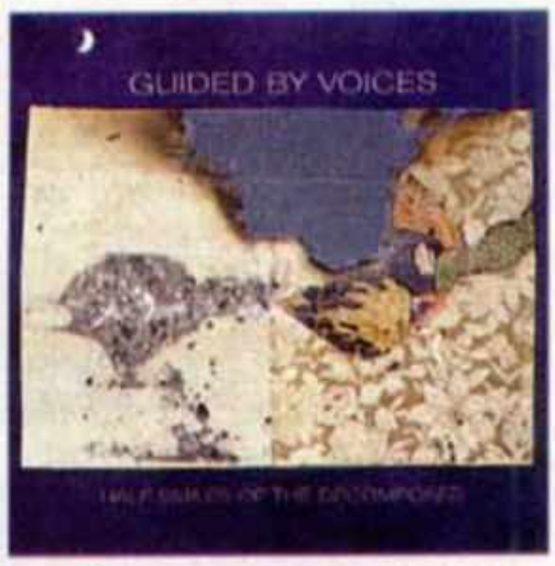
Something's in the Air

U.S. Air Guitar Championship winner Sonyk-Rok, a/k/a MiRi Park, will go on to compete in the World Championships in Finland. Park's rendition of Van Halen's "Hot for Teacher" beat out dozens of energetic competitors from coast to coast. With her schoolgirl uniform and pubie-and-panties exposure the air-guitar virtuoso wowed the horny judges.

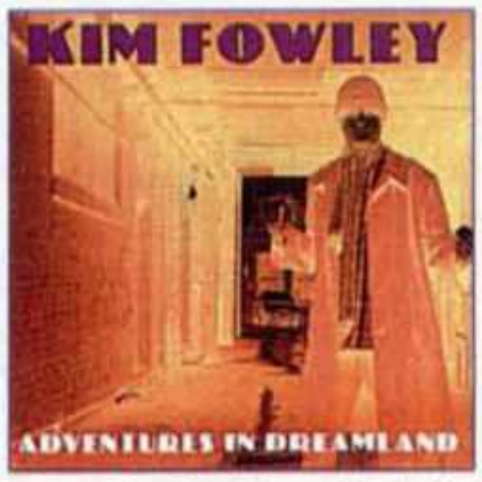


REVIEWS

Guided by Voices
Half Smiles of the Decomposed
(Matador)



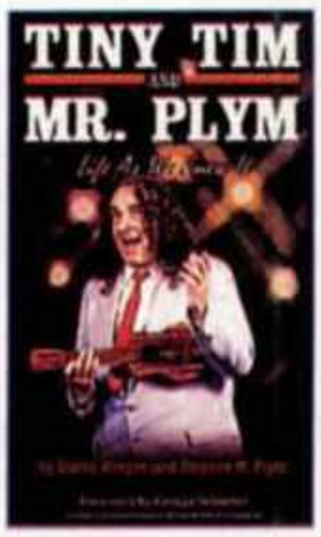
GBV mastermind Robert Pollard has always asserted that once having recorded what he considered the perfect final album, he'd pull the plug. Well, folks, this is the end of the road, the last drops from the keg, the swan song. *Half Smiles of the Decomposed* takes a few listens to fully digest, but like fine wine, it needs time to breathe and resonate. Standout tracks include "Everybody Thinks I'm a Raincloud (When I'm Not Looking)," which is pure vintage GBV with catchy hooks and a poppy undercurrent; "Girls of Wild Strawberries"; and "Window of My World" (with a melody that even the Who would have been proud to say was their own). *Half Smiles* is anything but.



Kim Fowley
Adventures in Dreamland
(Weed Records)

Has the rock 'n' roll genius who created the Runaways (launching the careers of Joan Jett and Lita Ford), cowrote two classic Kiss songs and produced the Germs' debut album finally flipped his lid? If you think the 21 tunes on *Dreamland* sound like the rantings of a 64-year-old madman locked up in a recording studio in Redlands, California, you wouldn't be far off. The legendary singer/songwriter/producer/publisher describes the record as "a musical diary of life in my self-imposed exile." On one such "diary entry"—a techno track titled "Young Flesh City"—Fowley sings, "Diggy diggy dub diggy diggy rub-a-dub diggy diggy rub-a-dub dub diggy diggy dub."

Tiny Tim and Mr. Plym: Life As We Knew It
by Vivien Kooper and Stephen M. Plym
(Edee Rose Publishing)



Most famous for his ukulele rendition of "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" and his wedding to Miss Vicki on the *Tonight Show*, Tiny Tim's behind-the-scenes behavior is even more fascinating. He showered after every bowel movement, wore adult diapers even though he didn't need to and spelled out words such as S-E-X. While Vivien Kooper and longtime Tiny Tim associate Stephen M. Plym's book isn't as well written as Henry Stein's out-of-print 1976 biography, the new tome not only updates the story of the legendary musician who died onstage in 1996, but also offers many always-entertaining Tiny Tim tales.

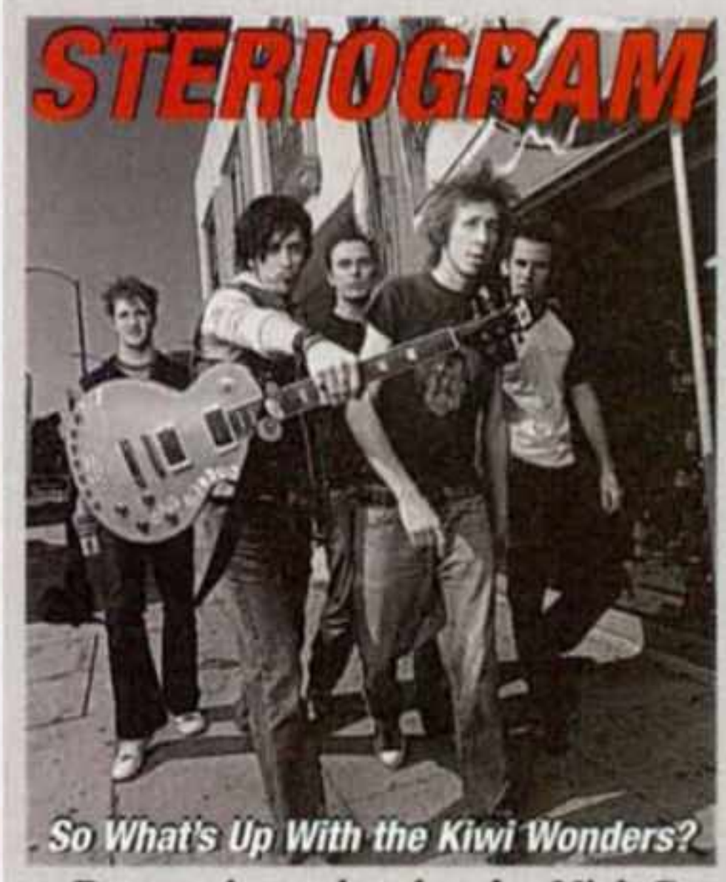
GRATUITOUS COOZE

Trouble, Seattle teen Bonnie McKee's debut album on Reprise Records, is aptly titled. It seems that most of the songs were written by the artist before she turned the tender age of 15 while she was dating guys almost twice her age. Although some might call *her* Trouble, the sobriquet Jailbait is far more appropriate. Now at the legal age of 18, this choir-girl-turned-sexy-siren is ready to take the world by storm with an antidote to the cookie-cutter bubblegum pop of today's teen sensations.

THRIFT-STORE SCORE!

Heino
Seine Grossen Erfolge
(EMI)

While Heino is not a household name in America, he's a true celebrity in Deutschland. In fact, the Teutonic crooner has been called "the Lawrence Welk of Germany." Of course, unlike television's straitlaced polka legend, cult hero Heino is blond, still breathing and always wears sunglasses—plus he possesses one of the deepest baritone voices ever put to vinyl. In English, *Seine Grossen Erfolge* roughly translates as "His Greatest Hits," which explains why each number is a classic. Actually, any Heino record is worth buying, even if just for the cover.



So What's Up With the Kiwi Wonders?

Q&A by Chris Nieratko

Steriogram isn't just another rap-rock fusion band. Its members hail from New Zealand, which means they all talk funny and probably eat Vegemite sandwiches. Also, Michel (*Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*) Gondry directed the video for their single "Walkie Talkie Man," shooting figures and motifs made from yarn. Now listen in as guitarist/vocalist Brad Carter cuts loose on bingo, dingoes and old bags.

HUSTLER: **Are you guys the new *NSYNC?**

BRAD CARTER: I think we're the new Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch. No. We're like a mix between the Foo Fighters and the Beastie Boys.

But aren't you boy-bander Nick Carter's brother?

No. I've been asked if he's my cousin, but as far as I know, we're not related.

You guys are said to have met at Bingo Night. What's that all about?

Bingo is our favorite thing to do in New Zealand. We saw this hot chick across the room. We were like, "Man, somebody has to go meet her." We went after her, and it was actually Jared's [Wrennall] mom, and Jared later became the drummer of our band. That's how we met Jared. Once the band got going, we didn't really get to see his mom anymore because we're always away.

Do you really go to Bingo Night to pick up girls?

In New Zealand there's not a lot of places to go to pick up girls, and Bingo Night is definitely one of the big ones.

In America most bingo nuts are pretty old. Were you trying to get a gummer?

It's the other way around in New Zealand. All the old people go to strip clubs, and all the young people go to Bingo Night.

Have you ever seen a leathery 80-year-old vagina dangled in front of you?

Not personally, but I'll tell you something gross I saw the other day in Columbus, Ohio. This lady is about 50, and she has a white miniskirt on. She says, "Will you sign my butt?" I say okay, thinking I'd just be signing her skirt. She sits down on the merchandise table and lifts up her skirt. The old bird is wearing this small, black G-string, and there's already all these other autographs on her ass cheeks from the other bands. I didn't want to see that, and I didn't feel like eating for the rest of the night.

Speaking of eating, did a dingo eat your baby?

I actually don't know anyone who has had a baby stolen by a dingo [*Australia's native dog*].

Have you, like Larry Flynt, ever fucked a chicken?

I beg your pardon?! No, not personally. I've heard stories about Thailand, where they have ducks you can fuck. They cut the necks off to get them really going.

How about a kangaroo?

No, none of the guys in the band have ever fucked a kangaroo.

Do you think Aborigines are into freaky circus sex?

I've actually never met an Aboriginal person myself. I just like how they can play the didgeridoo so well. [*A long wooden flute, the didgeridoo may be mankind's oldest musical instrument.*]

Have you ever put a didgeridoo up your butt in band camp?

Not that I can think of. Not while I was awake. Maybe in my sleep.

Is it hard hooking up with groupies in this country since no one has a clue who the hell you are?

No matter what kind of band you are in America, there's always a set amount of girls at each venue who are there to meet the band. But you probably don't want to end up being with a girl that's been with every other band in America.

What's with your band's name? Is there a hidden meaning?

It doesn't really mean anything. We spell it the way we do because, when we typed *Stereogram.com*, it went to a porn site; so to get a domain name, we had to change the way we spelled it.

The New Zealanders' debut album Schmack! (Capitol Records) is in stores now. Determined to answer all e-mails, their Web address is Steriogram.com.

AVERY ADAMS

SHIPSHAPE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Hailing from Tulsa, Oklahoma, Avery is a free spirit who lives by the seat of her pants—but only when she's wearing any! After spending two years as an exotic dancer in South Carolina, the "professional exhibitionist" moved to Las Vegas to practice her trade.

Mom knows what she's been up to, but Dear Old Dad is totally in the dark. "I told him I work at a nightclub," giggles the mischievous Midwesterner, who pictures herself as a "boring girl" because she enjoys video games, bicycling and writing. "I keep a journal about all the crazy stuff that happens to me at strip clubs," she remarks.

One of Avery's wackier exploits involved a disfigured patron. "This guy had his tongue hanging out the whole time I was giving him a lap dance," she recalls. "He kinda looked like the Penguin [from *Batman*] and was muttering, 'Yeah, baby, I want you to play with yourself.' I kept thinking, *Omigod!*" Garish or suave, nudie-bar customers constantly hit on the 22-year-old Virgo. "They usually ask me to come back to their hotel room when I get off work," unassuming Avery snickers. "The guys only want it because they can't have it. If they were to actually get some from me, they'd probably think I was no big deal." We'd like to test that theory out—in the name of science, of course.

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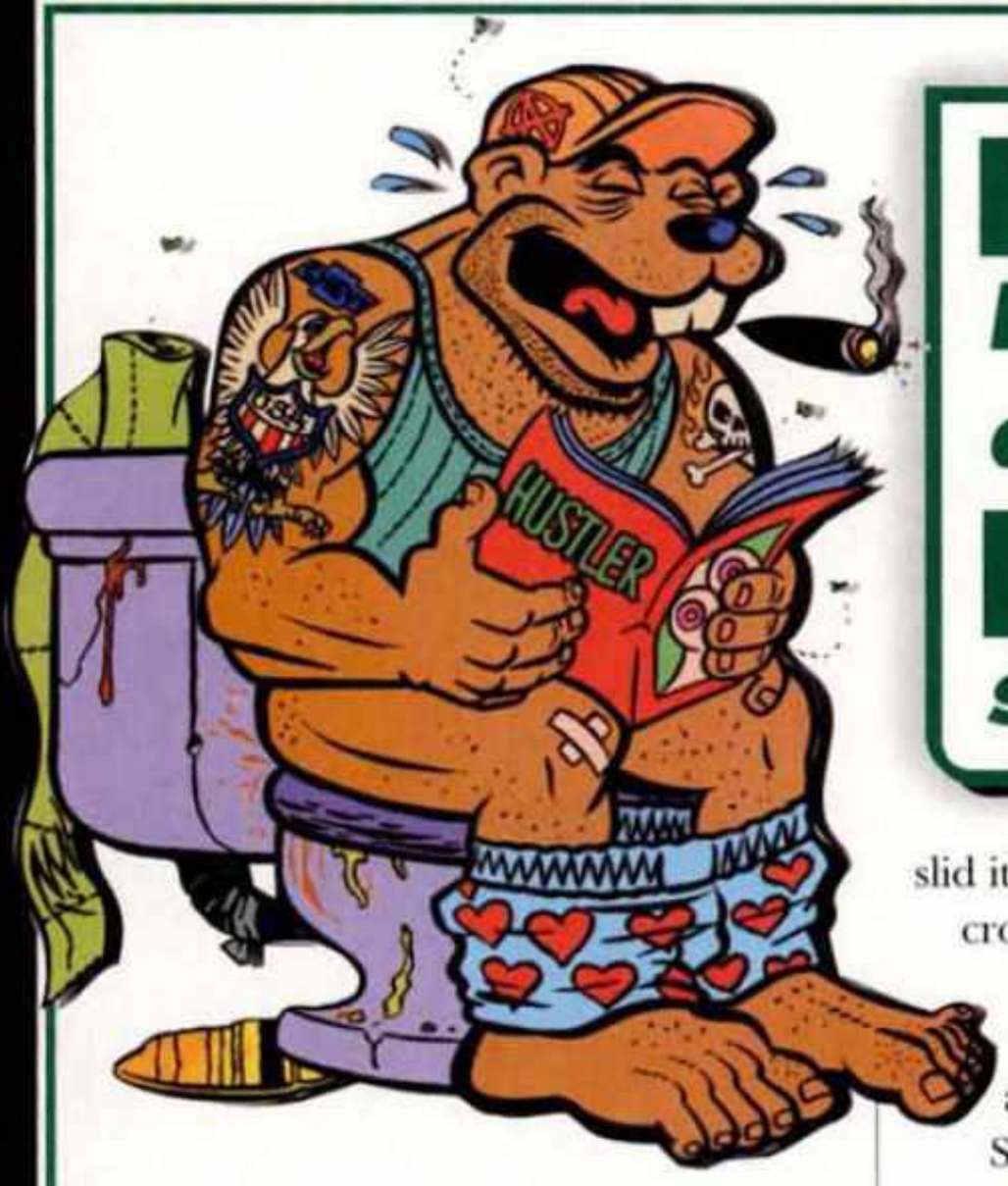


Question: What does First Lady Laura Bush do right after she shaves her pussy?

Answer: She sends him straight to work.

A tall woman met a midget at a party. The fellow was barely three feet in stature, but the two were instantly attracted to each other. After a few drinks they went back to the lady's apartment.

"I can't imagine what it will be like making love to a midget," she sighed. "I mean, with the size difference and all."

"Don't worry about a thing, baby," the little guy muttered. "Just take off your clothes, lie back on the bed, spread your thighs wide and close your eyes."

The gal quickly complied, and soon felt her cunt being stuffed by the biggest protuberance of her life. Fucked silly, she had a string of climaxes. Then, as the small fry kept thrusting, she heard him exclaim, "Hey, if you think that was good, just wait till I get *both* legs in there!"

Question: How do you make five pounds of fat look really inviting?

Answer: Stick a nipple on it.

Three thirtysomethings were drinking together at a bar. After a while the conversation turned a little naughty, and soon they were arguing about how wide their snatches were.

The first woman climbed up onto the bar, lifted one of her legs, grabbed a baseball bat and slid it home. Seeing what she'd done, everybody in the joint started hooting and hollering and even throwing money at her.

The second woman mounted the bar, lifted a leg, grabbed a bowling ball and slid it all the way in. Watching that, the crowd went even more ballistic.

Finally, the third woman nonchalantly stepped up onto the bar and asked someone for a quarter. Smiling, she slid the coin into her twat...and the jukebox started playing.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Australian kiss* as: The same as a French kiss, only down under.

A friendly, but bothersome dog constantly ran loose around a small town. One day the pooch snuck into the local butcher shop and snatched a roast.

Knowing who the thieving canine belonged to, the butcher dropped in on the burg's only lawyer and politely asked him, "If an unleashed dog steals a piece of meat from my establishment, do I have a right to demand payment for my loss from the animal's owner?"

"Definitely," the attorney answered.

"Then you owe me $18 and change," the butcher declared. "Your dog was loose and stole a roast from me today."

Without a word the lawyer wrote the butcher a check for the sum requested. Satisfied, the butcher bid the other man good day and strolled out the door.

Three days later the butcher got a surprise in the mail: a bill from the lawyer demanding $100 for consultation.

A man walked into a drugstore with his ten-year-old son. As they passed the condom display, the boy asked, "What are those, Dad?"

"Condoms, son," the father replied. "Men use them for safe sex."

"Oh, yeah," the youngster crowed. "I heard about that in health class at school." The curious kid picked up a small box of rubbers and asked, "Why are there three of them in this package?"

"Those are for high-school guys," Dad answered. "One for Friday, one for Saturday and one for Sunday."

"Cool," said the tyke. Spotting a six-pack, he wondered, "Who are these for?"

"Those are for college men," his father dutifully explained. "Two for Friday, two for Saturday and two for Sunday."

"Wow!" the son roared before grabbing a 12-pack of sheaths. "So who uses these, Pa?"

"Married men," the youth's father answered dolefully. "One for January, one for February, one for March...."

Question: Why is the space between a woman's tits and hips called a waist?

Answer: Because you could fit another pair of tits right there.

A gorgeous grammar-school teacher was concerned about one of her pupils. Taking him aside after class one day, she asked little Larry, "Why has your schoolwork been so poor lately?"

"Because I'm in love," he replied.

Holding back an urge to smile, the teacher asked, "With whom?"

"With you!" he admitted excitedly.

"But, Larry," she said gently, "don't you see how silly that is? It's true that I would like a husband of my own someday, but I don't want a child."

"I know," the boy assured his pretty teacher. "But don't worry; we'll do anal."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"I would like a word with that no-good-ass husband of yours!"

Photography by Lady von Jansky

HOW TO APPROACH THE

MILLENNIUM WOMAN

A COMPENDIUM OF SUREFIRE TIPS FOR NERDS, ADONISES & REGULAR JOES

★ BY MONIQUE RAPHEL HIGH

A famous romance novelist and Cosmo writer gives expert advice on seducing women.

My guy friends tell me that women are a mystery, that it's hard to know what to say to us. Women play games and don't tell you the rules. Or else we change the rules midgame. We want to be goddesses and expect you to worship us. But when you do, we treat you like bugs beneath our Manolo Blahnik sandals. We want you to rescue us from a multitude of woes, to fight our battles for us. Yet when you do, we say you've overstepped your bounds.

We want you to be the strongest, the smartest, the most gorgeous specimens in creation—Brad Pitt with a Bill Gates portfolio, but no one is ever that perfect. Although it may seem that we want you to make all the decisions, in reality *we* expect to make them. And, worst of all, we don't want to share any of these thoughts with you; we just expect you to know what makes us tick—by osmosis as it were. If you can't guess what we're about, hit the road, Jack.

What planet have you guys been living on? Not Earth, I'll bet. Because we of the so-called opposite sex aren't like that. Millennium Women—my friends and I—want to make it easy for you to understand us. We *want* a relationship. We *want* to meet a good guy, and we're not into mystery and convoluted rules and games. Not at all! Our mothers may have taught us that a tad of mystery is enticing, but most of us just don't have time to play games anymore. We're too busy living our lives, which—in 2004 A.D.—means juggling a career, friends, activities, sports and sometimes even kids.

Unlike the overtaxed Superwoman of the '70s (who was mother, entrepreneur, chef and decorator rolled into one), the stiletto-heeled career girl of the '80s (who wanted her half-million-dollar condo more than a relationship), the tired-out '90s version (who, wondering whether Monica had it right, looked for a sugar daddy with a big cigar), the Millennium Woman is comfortable just being human.

What exactly, you ask, does this mean to you? First off, she's fully female. She wears sexy, lacy lingerie, like the four gals in television's *Sex and the City*. No matter how hard-hitting her job may be, she's proud to be female. She likes looking nice, however she defines it. This may be any of a dozen different styles. Recognize hers, and don't fail to compliment her. She's taken time out of her busy day to put herself together and create an image. Don't take it for granted. Even if it's just stonewashed jeans and a T-shirt, it's *her* look.

Being human also means overcoming obstacles. She's created herself. She's earned a degree, or she's built a company out of whole cloth. Or she works for a corporation that, until now, has hired few women, few minorities, few non-MBAs—you get the picture, guys. Or on the side she's started a mail-order business in which she dabbles after work. Ask her questions about how she's accomplished what she's accomplished.

Maybe this new woman you've just met has a personal triumph that makes her proud. She's just run all 26 miles of a marathon, or has finally learned to stand up to her boss or to her mother. Perhaps she's just decorated her apartment from thrift-shop finds. Maybe she just bought her first home. Or maybe she's won a huge custody battle. Whatever her cause for joy, be supportive and attentive. And whatever you do, don't let your eyes wander when she speaks. Listen up! And don't forget what she's told you by the next date. You wouldn't want her to forget your "stuff."

Women hate being kept a prisoner in limbo. If you like a new acquaintance, ask her out imme-

diately. Don't just say you'd like to go out "sometime." Tell her you'd like to see her next Friday at 9. Otherwise she'll be waiting endlessly by the phone, wondering when you'll call. Remove the question mark by resolving the issue here and now.

No woman likes a man who doesn't have self-respect. This is best reflected in the way you present yourself. Make sure your clothes are spotless and well-pressed. Never, ever show up for a date without being well-groomed. Smell nice.

And always be polite. Hold the door for her, pull out her chair, rise when she leaves the table, rise again when she reappears, help with her coat, pay the check. If she wants to share in the expenses, tell her that there's plenty of time for such trivialities later. The first date should always be on you. (The truth is, when a woman wants to invite you out, she'll make that clear ahead of time; so expect to foot the bill.)

While you're at it, don't be cheap. Tip well. Women notice a cheap date, and believe me, we hate that. Be nice to the serving staff and parking valet. We like our men to be nice guys to *everyone*; it means they'll be nice to us.

So why are Millennium Women nice? For starters, we're easy to talk to. We want to know all about you. Please open up. Tell us what turns you on—and I don't mean sexually; there's plenty of time for that discussion later. Get to know us first before you broach the subject of sex. This isn't the Age of Aquarius anymore. Women won't jump into bed on the first date, and rarely on the second. First we want to be appreciated as full human beings. We want proof that you care about us as people and are going to call us back before we strip down to our La Perla bras and panties.

Moving on, gentlemen, what is it we want you to tell us? We want to know about your passions. What in your life excites you? Is it your job? A sport? A book you've been reading? Music? We love men who are really turned on by something. If you love making cabinets, fixing cars, investing in commodities or writing poetry, share it with us. Make us want to participate. My friend Susan is learning to fish with her new boyfriend.

Don't go on and on about the ex-wife or the ex-girlfriend. Still, we do want to hear what went wrong. Please take responsibility for your part in the breakup. "The bitch took all my money" won't get you very far. One of my beaux said to me, "I wasn't a very good husband. She was great, but I cheated on her." I thought, *Wow! A-plus for honesty!* This man was obviously not into the blame game.

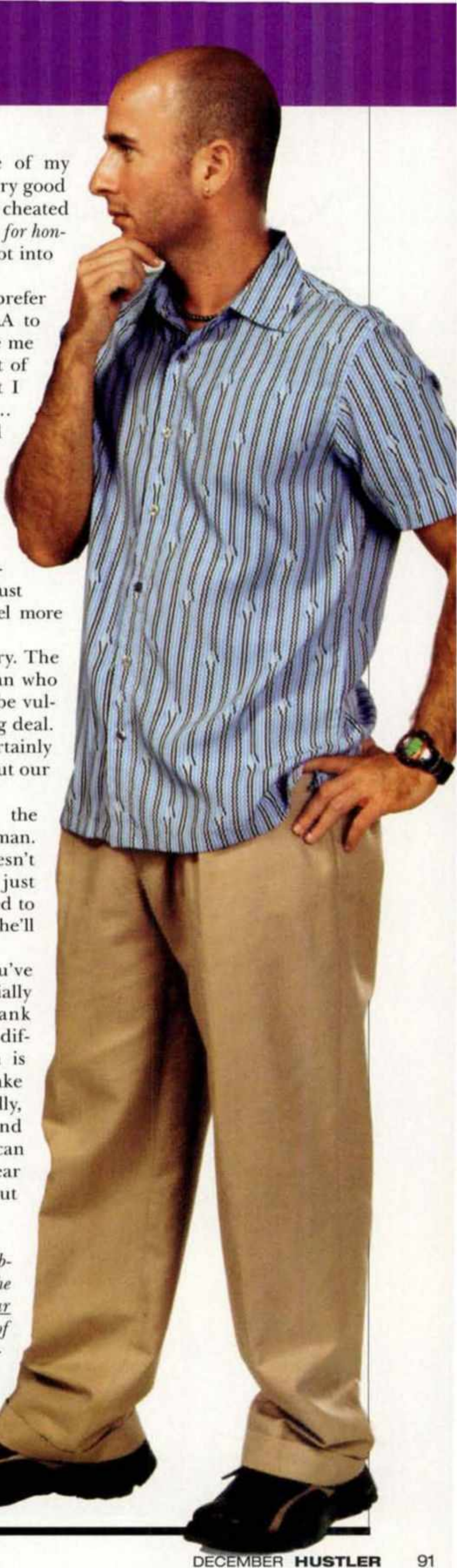
Same for substance abuse. I prefer a man who's gone through AA to one who may or may not cause me a huge embarrassment in front of my friends and family. At least I know he's worked through it... on somebody else's ticket. Good for him. And good for him for being upfront about it.

When you're out with us, don't ogle other women. You can look; all men do that. But don't stare and fall all over yourself because Miss 38DDDD just swished by. Make your date feel more important than Miss Bodacious.

We don't like men of mystery. The Millennium Woman likes a man who opens up, who's not afraid to be vulnerable and who 'fesses up. Big deal. We all have a past. And we certainly are willing to tell you guys about our mistakes.

That's what I mean about the Millennium Woman being human. She isn't a goddess. She doesn't want to be worshiped. She just wants to be appreciated, listened to and respected. And, in return, she'll treat you the same way.

Isn't that exactly what you've been waiting to hear? Superficially we may look different (thank God!), but inside we're not so different after all. Each woman is looking for a man who will make her feel that she alone is really, really special—that inside and out she deserves the best you can give her. And she's dying to hear what you've got to tell her about yourself.



Monique Raphel High has published six romance novels, notably the international best-seller The Four Winds of Heaven, and one work of nonfiction, Red Gold. She is currently penning a new novel as well as a self-help book for novice writers. Besides Cosmopolitan, Ms. High has contributed to Shape and numerous other magazines.

WHY ANN COULTER NEVER GETS LAID

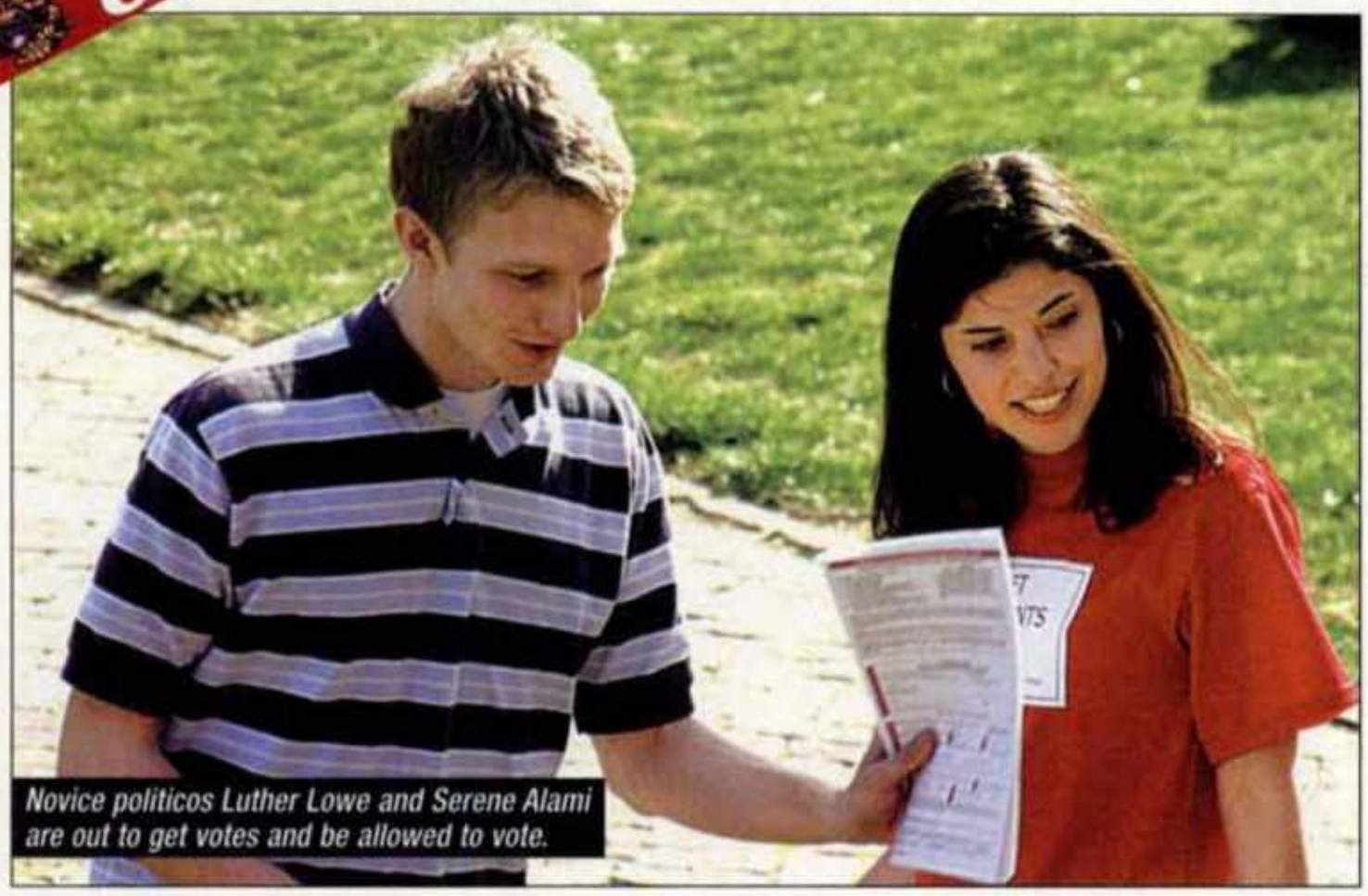
"YOU CALL THAT STRIP OF GRISTLE A DICK? I'VE SEEN BIGGER EQUIPMENT ON A FUCKIN' COCKROACH, YOU COULDN'T FUCK A THIMBLE WITH THAT WART-COVERED UN-AMERICAN, PINKO-COMMIE LIBERAL BUSH-HATING, CLINTON-LOVING, TRAITOROUS EXCUSE FOR A PUSSY-PACKER, YOU PANTY-WAISTED, LEFT WING WEST COAST WANKER."

Terry

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

Virginia's Advocates for Student Rights

★ **News From W&M** by Jason Macri



Novice politicos Luther Lowe and Serene Alami are out to get votes and be allowed to vote.

His friends were abruptly evicted. Cops were breaking up low-key parties. For having the "audacity" to park on neighborhood streets, students were being ticketed, their cars towed. Luther Lowe—a junior at The College of William & Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia—was fed up. Local government, he felt, had forgotten that collegians outnumbered the general population.

Williamsburg is best known for its colonial attractions, and William & Mary itself was founded in 1693. With an enrollment just over 7,500, the school (whose alumni include Thomas Jefferson) provides economic stability for a municipality that relies heavily on tourism.

Lowe argues that local ordinances, particularly those involving housing, hurt students. In Williamsburg no more than three unrelated individuals can reside under the same roof. When friends of Lowe became homeless as a result, the self-proclaimed "rabid Democrat and political junkie" set up a grass-roots organization to fight back. "The original goal of Your Williamsburg was to use the students' anger at the city to register thousands of them and recruit a slate of three candidates to run in the May elections," the activist says. "Historically, the highest voter turnout for Williamsburg City Council races is 1,100; we'd have needed only 2,000 students to turn out, and we could have won by a landslide."

Lowe and two close friends, senior Robert Forrest and junior Serene Alami, announced their intentions to run for City Council. If the three were victorious, they'd have a majority, allowing them to appoint a mayor and vice-mayor. A week after registering to vote in the city (a requirement for candidacy), Lowe, Forrest and Alami were notified in writing that they had been denied the right to register. Why? "We were listed as dependents on our parents' tax returns," Lowe explains. "The voter registrar said we had to vote in our hometowns. It was bullshit."

Lowe immediately called the ACLU, which went to a federal court, seeking a temporary restraining order to overturn the voter registrar's edict. Disagreeing with the merits of the ACLU's argument, the federal court redirected the case to a lower circuit court. There Lowe won, but only because he was a member of the Virginia National Guard. Even so, he wasn't added to the ballot because some of the required petition signatures had been collected by a student whom the registrar deemed ineligible.

While Serene Alami's case is currently pending before the Virginia Supreme Court, Rob Forrest was actually placed on the ballot—after dropping out of school and severing all financial ties to his folks. Nevertheless he failed in his bid for a Williamsburg City Council seat.

Over the years, William & Mary students had never encountered problems registering. "It wasn't until students started talking about getting involved in their local democracy that they started disenfranchising us," Lowe says.

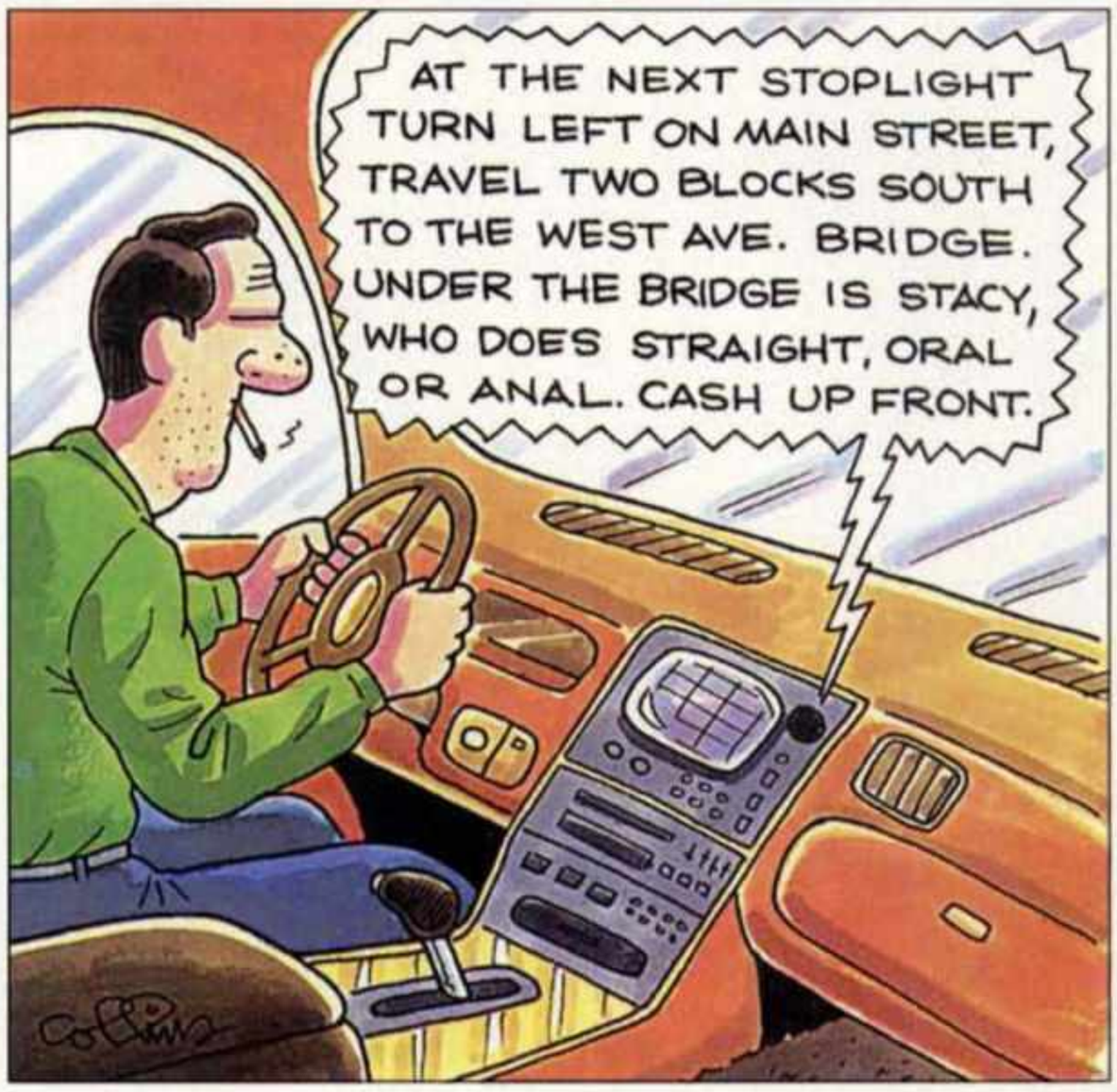
In fact, such disenfranchisement is prevalent nationwide. In 2002, students at Ouachita Baptist University in Arkansas successfully sued for their right to vote. More recently, students at Texas's Prairie View A&M had their right to vote restored as well. Despite these triumphs, the problem remains widespread.

Peter Maybarduk, an activist based in the District of Columbia, is putting together a national organization called the Student Voting Rights Campaign (StudentSuffrage.com). "Any locality that stands to be influenced by students has an incentive to disallow students to register," says Maybarduk. "The problem is seen mostly in small to midsized college towns where state election laws rely mostly on the local registrar's discretion or are inconsistent."

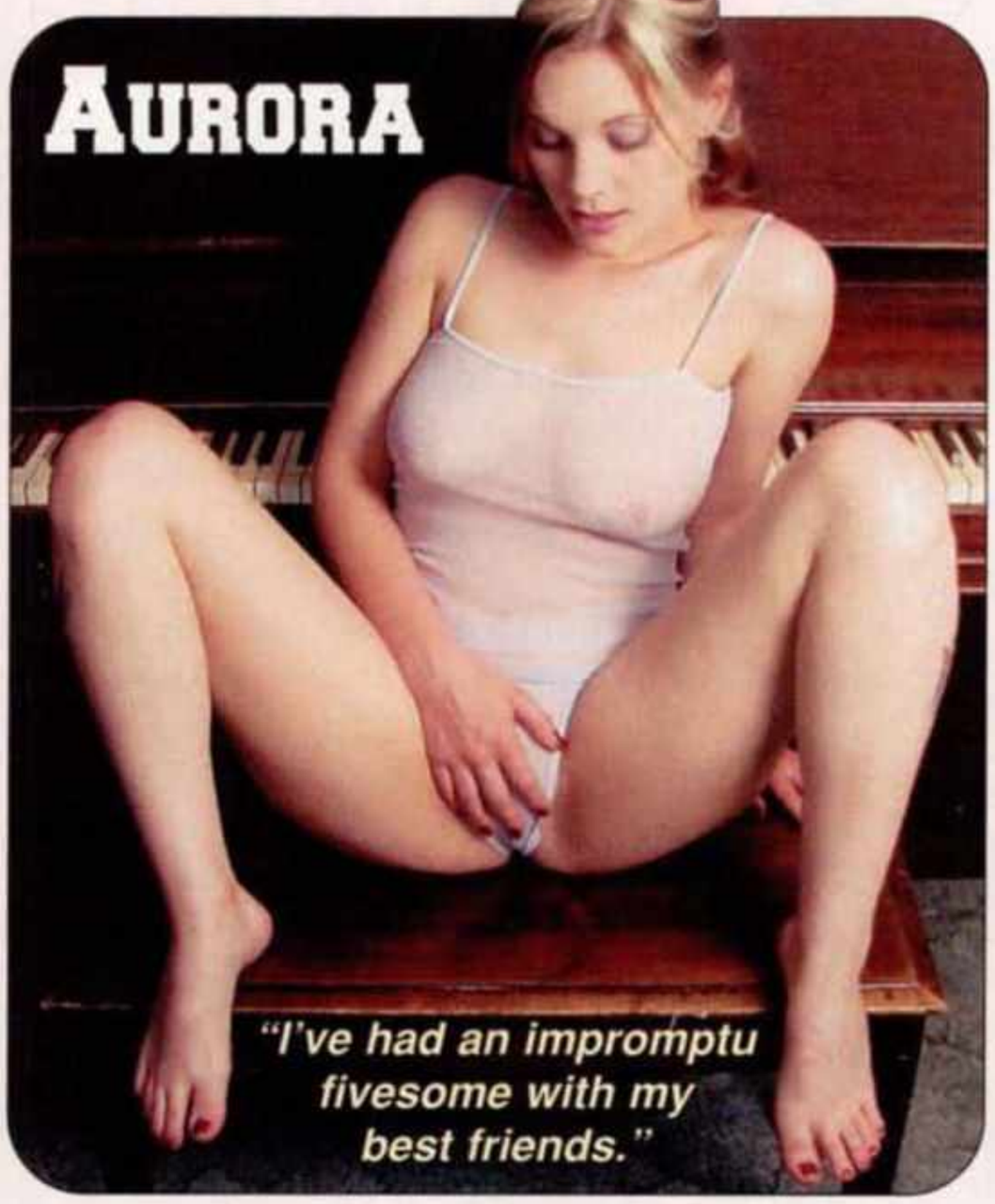
There's no denying that student-voter suppression could have repercussions for the 2004 Presidential election. Since young people tend to lean Democratic, preventing collegians the right to vote will most likely help President Bush. Lowe contends that the 26th Amendment, which was ratified in 1971 and lowered the voting age from 21 to its present 18, needs to be clarified. "Congress failed to ask the question, Where do 18- to 21-year-olds live?" In a small to midsized college towns like Williamsburg, Virginia, requiring elections officials to answer that question could change the makeup of local government from coast to coast.

Author Jason Macri from Durham, Connecticut, is a junior majoring in economics and finance at The College of William & Mary. Also a freelance journalist, he can be contacted at jrm1290@aol.com. The Web address for Luther Lowe's political-activist group is YourWilliamsburg.org.

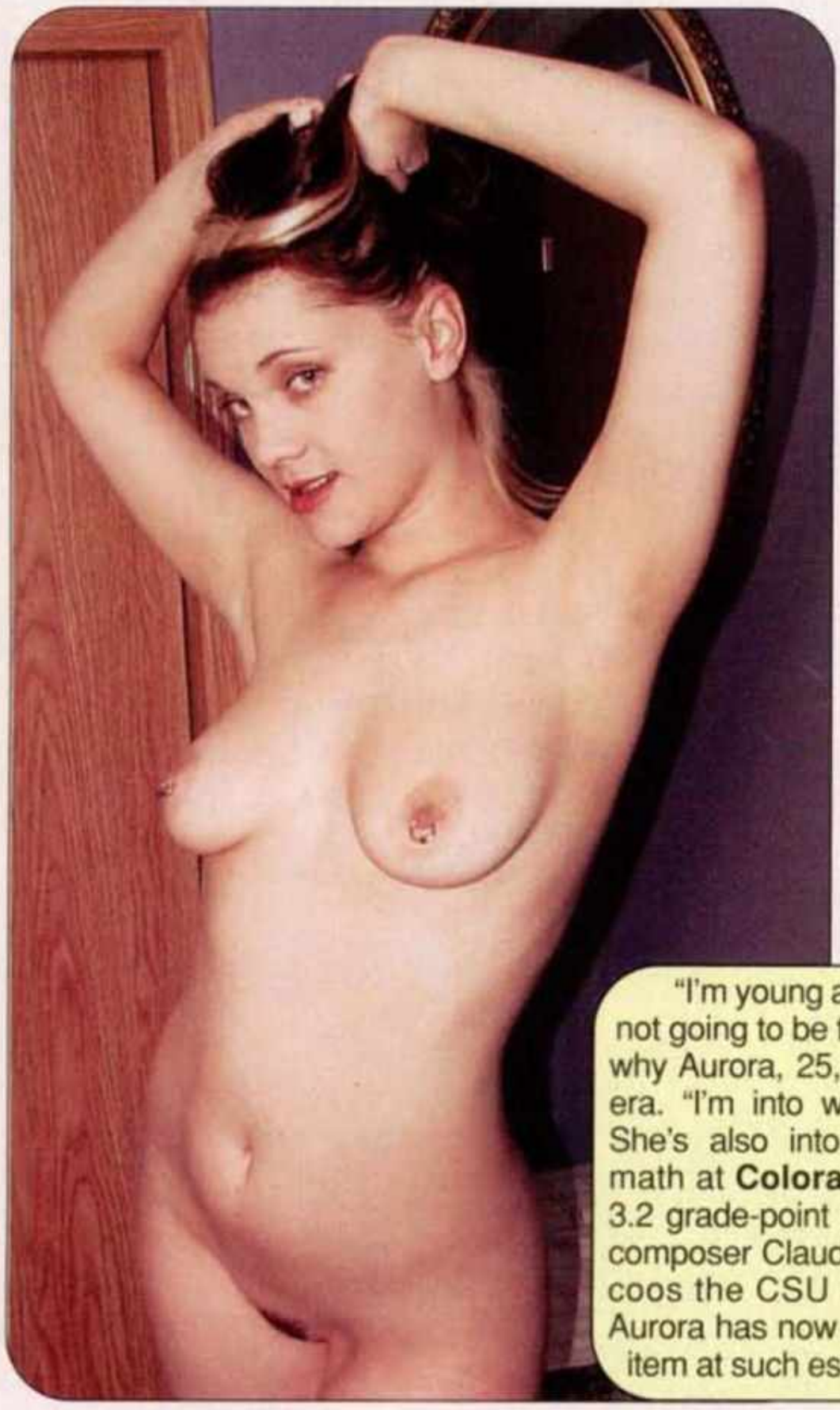
Attention budding college journalists: If you have an idea for a newsworthy report from your institution of higher learning, please contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com*.


AT THE NEXT STOPLIGHT TURN LEFT ON MAIN STREET, TRAVEL TWO BLOCKS SOUTH TO THE WEST AVE. BRIDGE. UNDER THE BRIDGE IS STACY, WHO DOES STRAIGHT, ORAL OR ANAL. CASH UP FRONT.

AURORA



Since the very beginning, HUSTLER has been a haven for uninhibited sweethearts, but bookworms who love showing skin are a special breed indeed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of your naughtiest photos and garner $350 in financial assistance!



"I'm young and pretty, and I'm not going to be this way forever" is why Aurora, 25, peels for the camera. "I'm into weird, random things." She's also into computers and applied math at **Colorado State University**, has a 3.2 grade-point average and is a piano whiz big on composer Claude Debussy. "I have magical fingers," coos the CSU senior. Briefly a porn-store clerk, Aurora has now wriggled into the pages of a popular item at such establishments. —Photos by Friend

Momentarily skipping her studies at **Northern Illinois University** is an adventurous senior from Chicago. "I once got caught having sex at a train station on my way to a blues festival," fesses the painting-and-ceramics major. Scholastically Sonia carries a 4.0 GPA, but we like how she carries herself naked and how she carries on amorously. "Depending on my mood," purrs the 27-year-old, "I most like giving blowjobs and getting it from behind." Sonia, a Native American of Nez Perce ancestry, also stands behind Larry Flynt's favorite magazine. "I wear a HUSTLER shirt at school all the time!" But nothing at all becomes her!

—Photos by Friend

SONIA

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
H
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

ELIGIBILITY: Candidates must be 18 years of age or older and currently enrolled in an accredited school. To be exposed here, follow instructions on model-release/entry form that appears on page 161 of this issue and indicate *Real College Girls* on submission envelope. All RCG applicants have a shot at the

$5,000 Grand Prize!

If I had a nickel...

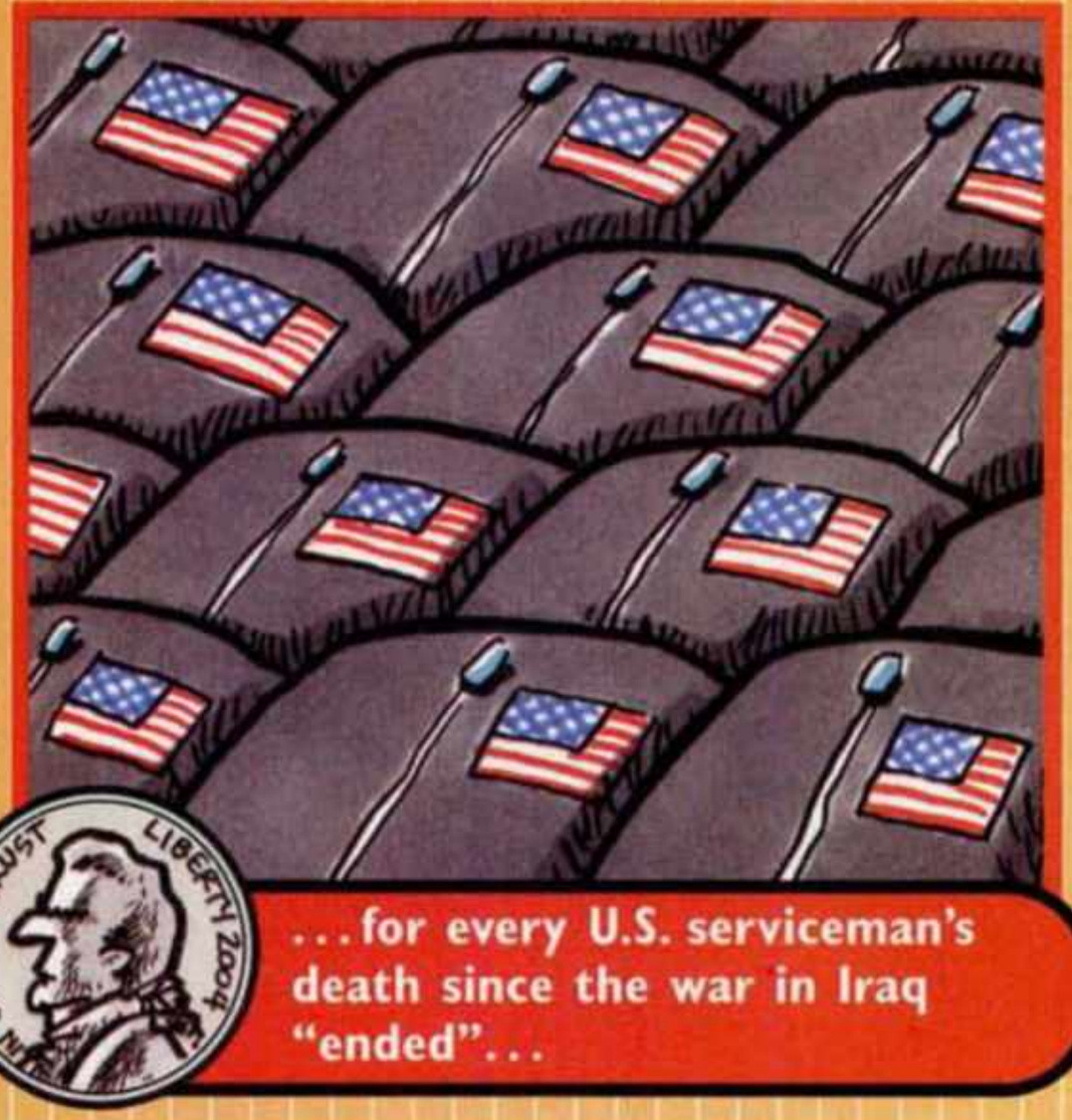
by Bob Muleady

...for every Al Gore vote not counted in the 2000 Presidential "selection"...

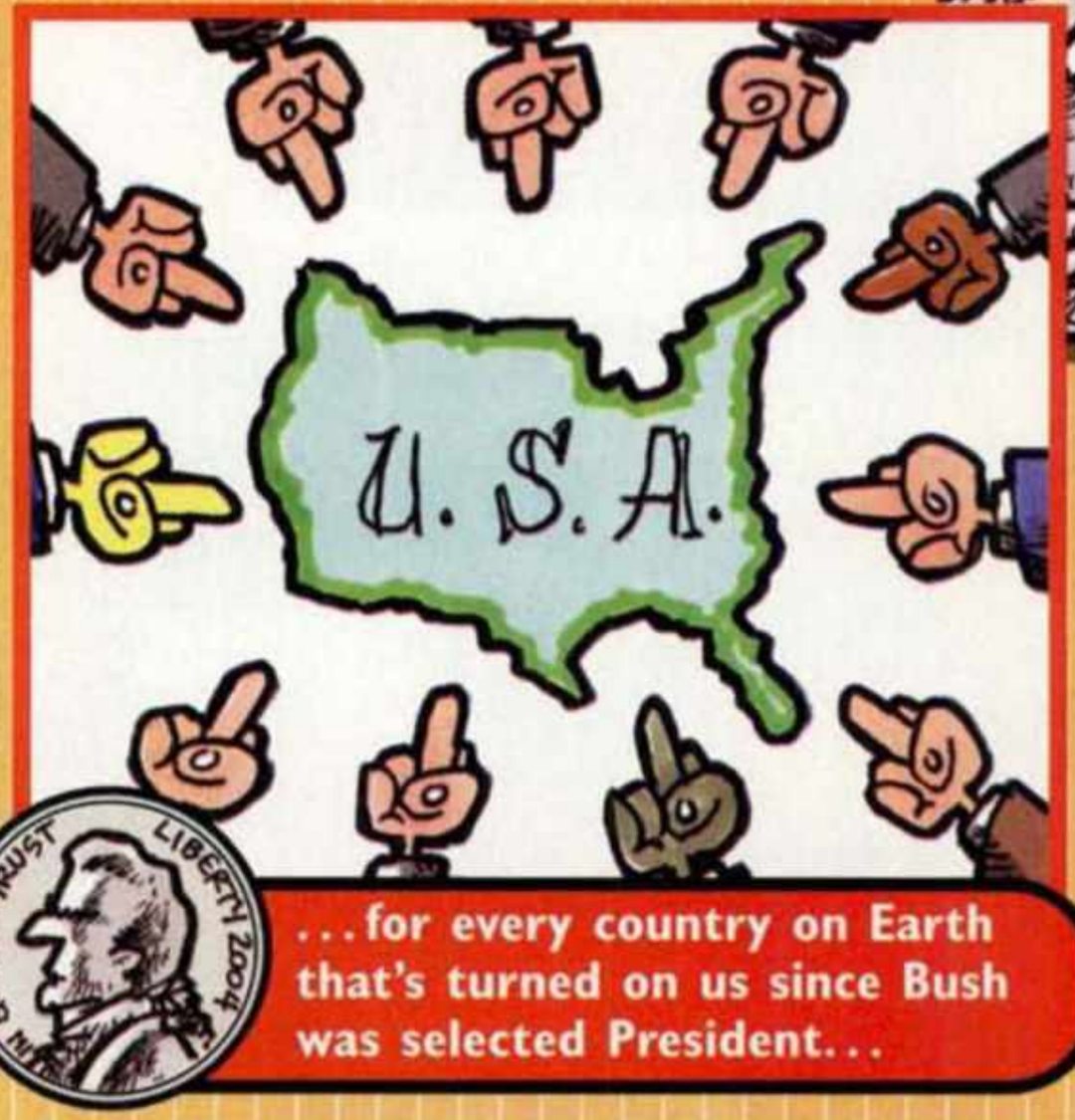
...for every day of vacation Bush spent in Crawford, Texas...

...for every brewski the Bush twins chugged before their 21st birthday...

...for every American job lost during Bush's Presidency...



. . . for every U.S. serviceman's death since the war in Iraq "ended"...

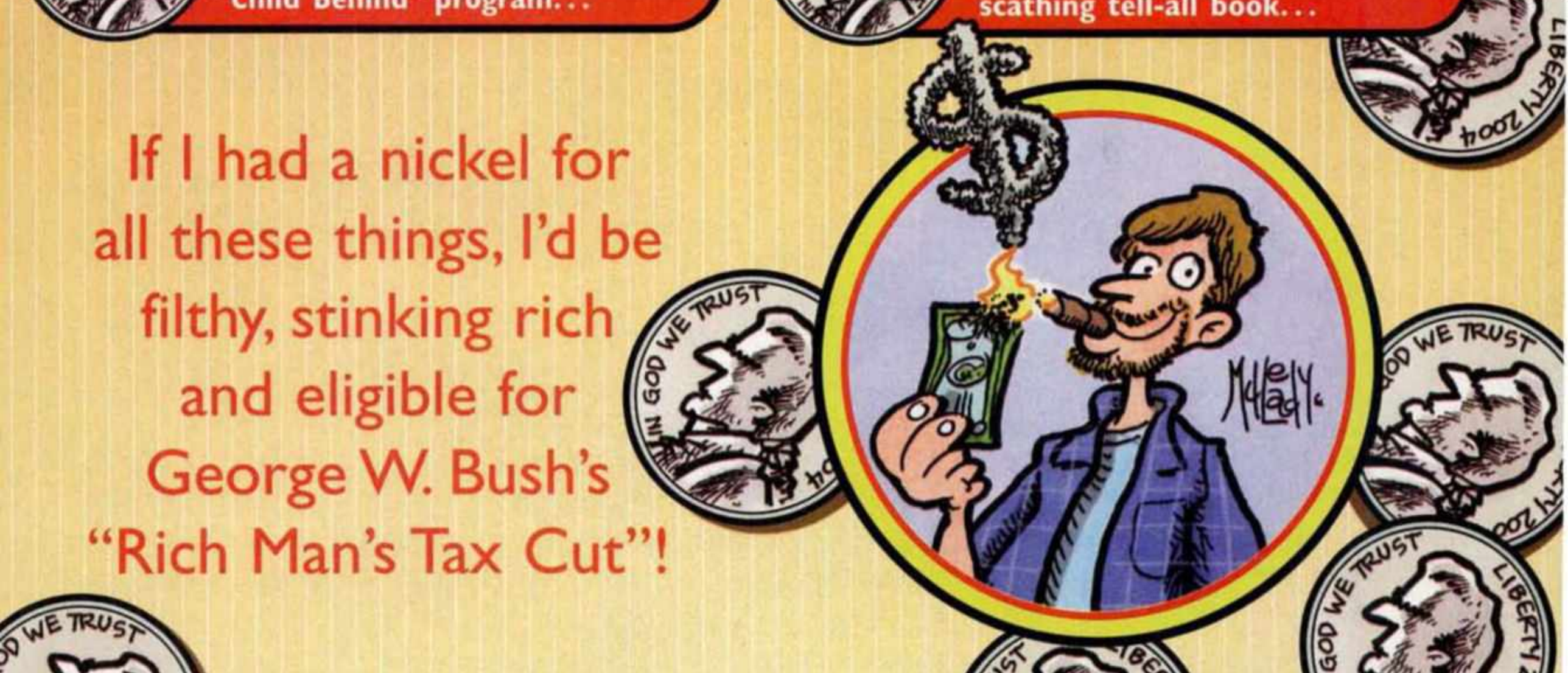


. . . for every country on Earth that's turned on us since Bush was selected President...

. . . for every lagging schoolkid left behind in Bush's "Leave No Child Behind" program...

. . . for every Bush Administration official who quit and wrote a scathing tell-all book...

If I had a nickel for all these things, I'd be filthy, stinking rich and eligible for George W. Bush's "Rich Man's Tax Cut"!



CRISSY & RIK SCHTUP SEARCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

As Crissy glides through the airport terminal's metal detector, her hot bod sets off a piercing howl and rent-a-cop Rik's silent alarm. Totally aroused, the uniformed lug steps closer and announces that the PATRIOT Act empowers him to conduct a thorough probe. Liking what he sees, Rik waves a security wand up and down the traveler's nubile figure, eliciting a stream of sighs from the captivating vixen. Next, the slimeball asks the perky miss to submit to a cavity search. She not only complies, but also orally inspects the guard's throbbing wand.

X-RAY

X-RAY

BAG
X-RAY

AIRPORT
POLICE

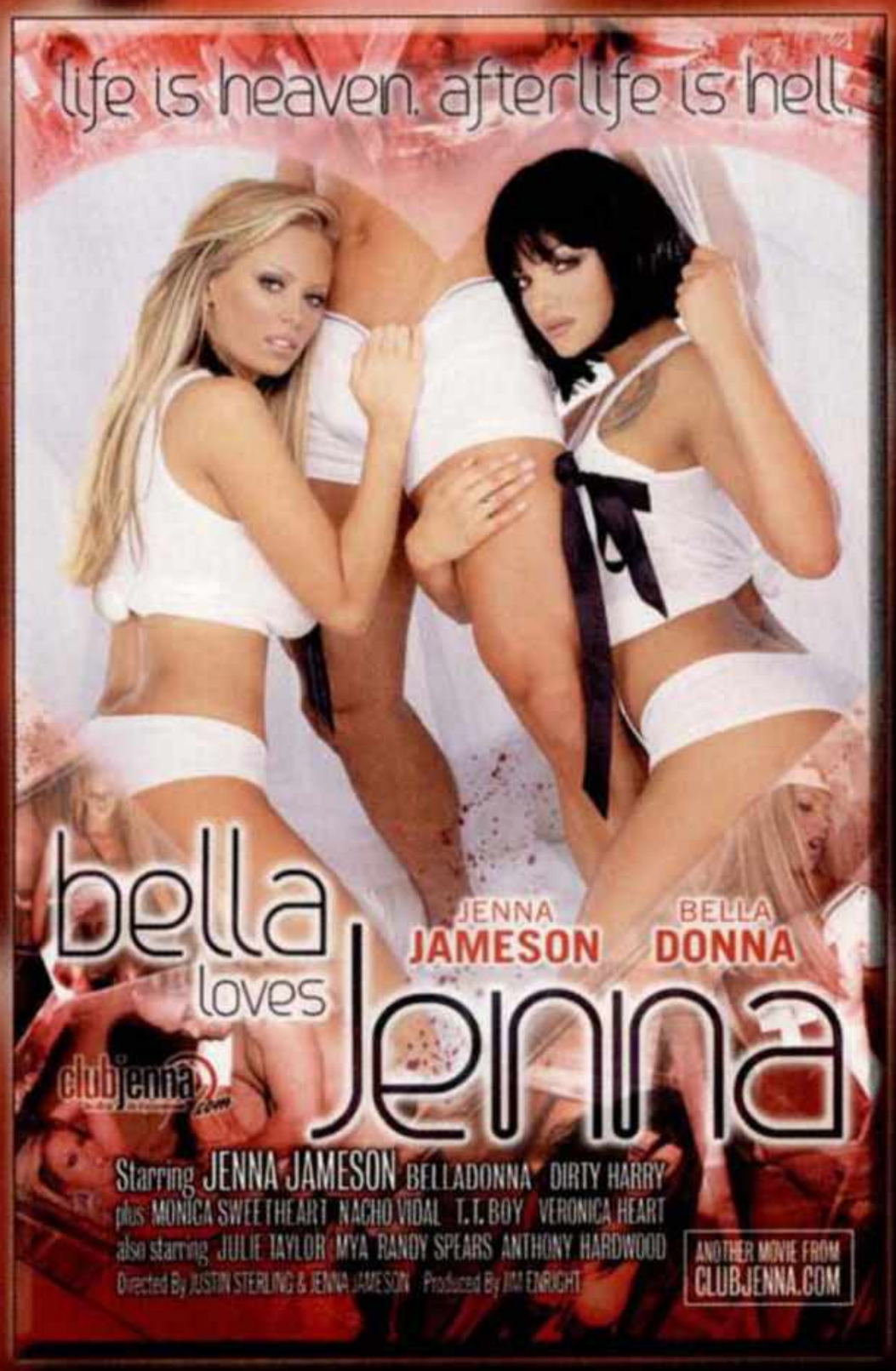
Impressed with the dude's package, Crissy grants him permission to board, and moments later he's plunging to the back row of her sleek fuselage.

FLT DESTINATION TIME GATE STATUS
320 GRAND RAPIDS 2:35 10 ON TIME
348 GREENVILLE 2:50 12B ON TIME
1720 HOUSTON 3:10 17 ON TIME
210 JACKSON 3:25 21A ON TIME
438 LAS VEGAS 3:40 8B ON TIME
3110 LITTLE ROCK 4:05 14 DELAYED
450 LOS ANGELES 4:50 16C ON TIME
560 LOUISVILLE 5:10 9 ON TIME
820 MIAMI 6:30 12 ON TIME
210 MINNEAPOLIS 5:45 19A ON TIME
4304 NEW ORLEANS 5:50 13 ON TIME
312 NEW YORK 6:15 9A ON TIME
DELAYED
DELAYED
DELAYED
DELAYED
DELAYED
LAY BAGS FLAT

When Rik finds nothing suspicious, he finally withdraws, thanks the tawny tart for being so cooperative and gives her a parting gift she'll never forget.

Crissy spreads her wings in *HUSTLER Centerfolds #2* and *Barely Legal #49* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call 877-325-6464 or click on HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.

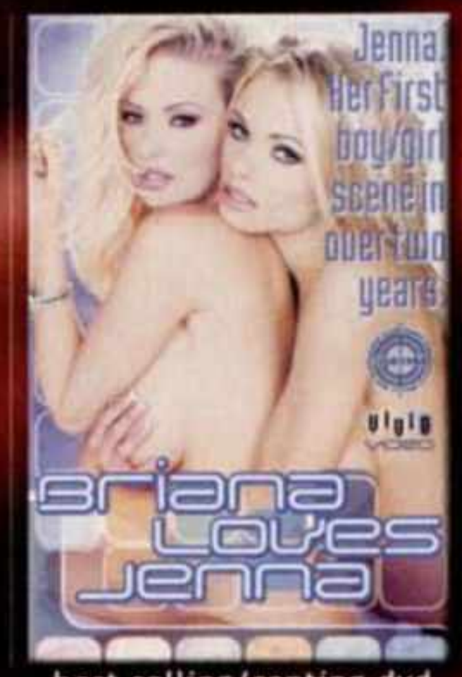
:::jenna is back:::


life is heaven. afterlife is hell.
bella loves Jenna
JENNA JAMESON
BELLA DONNA
clubjenna.com
Starring JENNA JAMESON BELLADONNA DIRTY HARRY
plus MONICA SWEETHEART NACHO VIDAL T.T. BOY VERONICA HEART
also starring JULIE TAYLOR MYA RANDY SPEARS ANTHONY HARDWOOD
Directed By JUSTIN STERLING & JENNA JAMESON Produced By JIM ENRIGHT
ANOTHER MOVIE FROM CLUBJENNA.COM

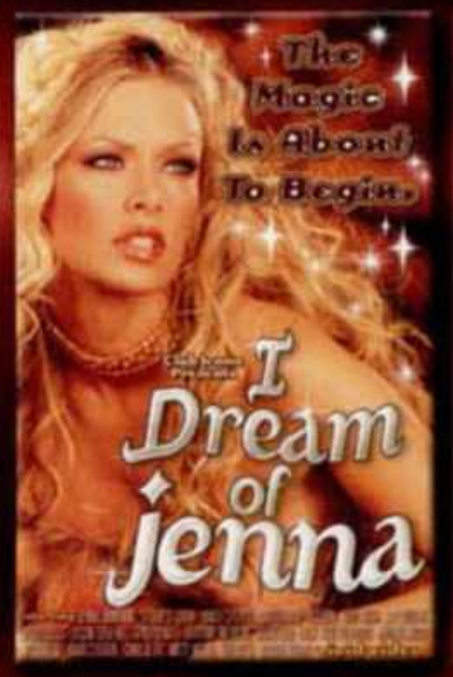
It's the most shocking film of Jenna Jameson's career. With more Jenna scenes than ever, the long awaited follow-up to *Briana Loves Jenna* - the top-selling adult video of last year - pairs sex's greatest superstar with its fiercest, most breathtaking sexual acrobat, Belladonna.

Bella loves Jenna is the most anticipated title in the history of adult film, it has it all and then some. It's the largest adult release of all time, outselling the infamous Pam and Tommy Lee tape! The boy/girl scenes in this movie are beyond explosive and the Bella/Jenna scene is without a doubt, award winning sex at its finest from the Queen of Porn.

:: also from clubjenna.com ::



best selling/renting dvd for 2003



best sex scene for 2003

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watch hot streaming video

the hottest site online

have access to 17 bonus sites

see jenna and her pornstar friends

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Tom Farrell**

Lily Thai gets banged like a screen door during a hurricane in ***Barely Legal #48.***

Barely Legal #48: *Ever since 9/11, driver-license photos have become remarkably thorough. Nautica Thorn does her part for homeland security.*

Barely Legal #48: *Eenie-meenie-minie-mo—who will be the lucky ho? Alex Rox chooses between Holly Day (top) and Delilah.*

Barely Legal #48

Director: Clive McLean.

Starring: Nautica Thorn, Lily Thai, Isabel Ice, Melissa Lauren, Holly Day, Delilah, Kurt Lockwood, Sascha, Mark Ashley, Dale and Alex Rox.

DVD & VHS: HUSTLER Video.

Movie franchises usually lose steam before flick number 40-freakin'-8 rolls down the pike, but acclaimed lensman Clive McLean continues to tighten the screws in one of the best packages in the *Barely Legal* series. Sassy, long-legged Asian Lily Thai excitedly squirts early and often. Lily's last big blast looks like a giant water balloon burst all over her well-toned ass. Homegrown-melon stand Isabel Ice gets fired up and talks with a mouthful of cum after draining the balls of a lucky swordsman. Following her feverish rut, kinetic Melissa Lauren finds herself as out of breath as the rest of us. These legal Lolitas burn up the screen in every vid they're in. Combine their sex appeal with McLean's camera skills, and you have nothing short of the definitive suck-and-fuck scenes for six gorgeous starlets. *Barely Legal #48* is a must-see nut-buster.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

PORN STAR SCUTTLEBUTT

HUSTLER Visits a Lubricous Limey

Roxanne Hall is one of the few performers in the jizz biz who literally dove assfirst into anal sex. On day one as a XXX starlet the mouthwatering Brit offered her juicy bum for a series of kinetic butt-poundings immortalized in Elegant Angel's *Sodomania 8: The London Sessions.* In an industry where many newbies want to break in doing just girls, and others are squeamish at the sight of a spewing cock thrust in their unrecognizable faces, Hall—fresh from the get-go—basked in the thrill of getting her derriere drilled. Could it be that the vixen, now 28, was no stranger to butt love upon arriving in Pornland at the tender age of 18?

HUSTLER: How old were you when you first had sex?

ROXANNE HALL: I was 13.

Did you end up fucking?

Not exactly. My first sexual experience was anal sex. I was very, very young. I specifically went out that night to get laid by the town hottie. I found him, and we were in a parking lot. I really wasn't ready to lose my virginity. When he wanted to put his cock inside, I said, "No. I want to keep my virginity." So he was like, "Well, let's do it this way."

Although it is a job, do you like doing porn?

I love it!

What do you most like doing during a sex scene?

I don't have a favorite. I like them all.

Are you bisexual by nature?

(*Smiles.*) Very much so.

Away from the set, what do you do for fun?

I recently started skydiving. That's my new hobby right now.

Are you presently involved in a personal relationship?

I have lots of relationships in my personal life. I've got all kinds of relationships goin' on. (*Laughs.*)

No exclusive boyfriend?

Oh, no!

Do you have a Web site?

Yes. My fans can see me at RoxanneHallXXX.com.

Skin Trade: *Pass or punt? Ass or cunt? Ava Vincent waits for Kurt Lockwood to call a play.*

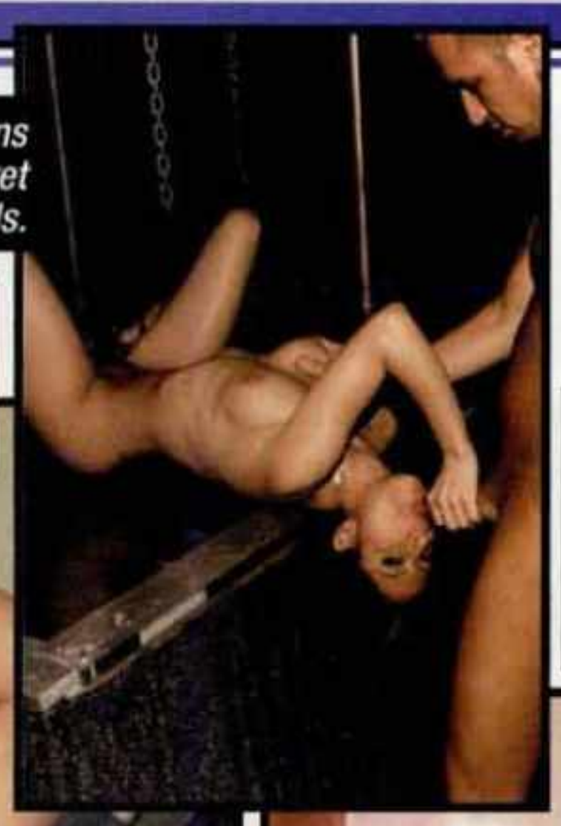
Skin Trade: *Evan Stone flatbacks Sunrise Adams.*

Angelmania #5: *Laura Angel spreads more than her wings for Steve Hooper and Tony Deserggio.*

Angelmania #5: *Where else but porn can you eat the meat without leaving your seat? Kirsty ponders the thought.*

Legal Tender #2: *August earns her living on her back as Barret Blade tickles her tonsils.*

Legal Tender #2: *Nothing helps Dana Vespoli belt out opera like a good, hearty banging from Brandon Iron.*



The Panty Drawer: *Joel Lawrence takes care to not wake up Aria...or anyone else unlucky enough to view this snoozefest.*

The Panty Drawer: *Pason (below left) and Maya Lee prove that yawning is contagious—and in much abundance for viewers of this pathetic flick.*

Skin Trade

Director: Chi Chi LaRue.

Starring: Sunrise Adams, Layla-Jade, Cherokee, Ava Vincent, Nicole Sheridan, Evan Stone, Randy Spears, Nic Wilde, Kurt Lockwood, Voodoo and Trevor Zen.

DVD & VHS: Vivid Entertainment.

Skin Trade star Sunrise Adams is so fuckable that even an *über*-prude like John Ashcroft couldn't resist ripping her clothes off and sliding his cock between her mammoth mams. Speaking of tits, Sunrise is one step away from needing a roadie to lug the beauties around, but the overflowing femme fatale is much more than a life-support system for her king-sized chest pillows. Her sexuality flows out of every pore. Sadly, Sunrise and her twin lovelies don't grace every scene, but three formidable floozies turn on the heat between hits of Sunshine. First, Layla-Jade's air bags almost rival Sunrise's milk sacks as they fall out of her sexy nurse outfit during a pelvic exam. Then there's prim, bespectacled Ava Vincent, who is seduced into an unhinged tryst in a filthy bathroom by a punk-rock Rico Suave. Finally, dark-haired Cherokee ventures down into a dungeon. Whether or not you dig Ms. Adams's sidekicks, your cock is sure to wake up and crow at the crack of Sunrise. *Skin Trade* sizzles. **—J.P.**

Angelmania #5

Director: Laura Angel.

Starring: Laura Angel, Lucy Lee, Carol, Katarina, Evelin, Patricia, Kirsty, Tony Deserggio, Steve Hooper, Max Cortes and George Uhl.

DVD & VHS: Gonzo Video/Metro Interactive.

Upon viewing *Angelmania #5*, any red-blooded American male who hasn't yet hightailed it to the Czech Republic's celebrated red-light districts will see exactly what he's been missing—then weep, just as soon as he cleans himself up. Assembling a panoply of striking vixens, ringleader Laura Angel showcases the natural wonders and unnatural acts of Eastern Europe's foxiest fuck dolls. A wet-and-wild threeway snowballs into a clothes-tearing, supersonic pussy-pounding. Since every ginch paraded in front of the lens is a zipper-breaking fornicatress with an absolutely perfect body, it doesn't matter much who's who. Even the hostess shows everyone how it's done when she grinds on a pair of blue-veiners in a flawlessly nasty DP. And what a finale—an amazing analfest with three chicks vying to outdo each other. The only frustrating thing about *Angelmania #5* is not knowing how to track any of these sizzling succubi down upon arriving in their country. **—J.P.**

Legal Tender #2

Director: Dcypher.

Starring: Christie Lee, August, Dana Vespoli, Roxy Jezel, Lisa Marie, Tony Tedeschi, Barret Blade, Brandon Iron, Steven St. Croix and Rich Handsome.

DVD & VHS: Madness Pictures

Cocksmith Barret Blade is blessed with the receiving end of August's breakthrough performance in *Legal Tender #2*. Getting the ball rolling, the bright-eyed and bushy-tailed Latina sweetheart wraps her hot lips around the stud's moneymaker until her chin rests on his nut sac. Her naked ass alone will bring tears to your one-eyed monster. But one quick peek at the behind-the-scenes feature reveals that August, caked in Oompa Loompa orange makeup, was even hotter *before* stepping in front of the camera. A Limey of Asian ancestry, Roxy Jezel is a luscious up-and-comer who always brings her A-game. The angelic nympho's love for shagging shines through every time, but *Legal Tender #2* is just another day at work for the impossibly horny pixie. Although the filmmakers waste too much time slinging clever, self-conscious barbs at porn-flick clichés, and spend too little combing classrooms for fresh faces, luckily the castmeister knows great poontang. **—J.P.**

The Panty Drawer

Director: Nick Orleans.

Starring: Carmen Luvana, Aria, Ana Nova, Monica Mayhem, Allysin Chaynes, Tayler Lynn, Stephanie Tripp, Sabre, Maya Lee, Pason, Joel Lawrence, Eric Masterson, Byron Long, Joey Ray, John West and Dan Lewis.

DVD & VHS: Adam & Eve Productions.

The Panty Drawer's mix of high class and hard-core might make it the go-to vid for guys trying to turn stuck-up chicks into cum-craving sluts. With an old-school look that must have called for a drum barrel of petroleum jelly on the cinematographer's lens, the soft-focus glow almost makes the deep dicking of Pason's tight pussy seem romantic. Sporting an oversized bull pen of big-name *putas* should have been a plus. Featured star Carmen Luvana shares her screen time with blond sex bomb Monica Mayhem for what might have been a knockout one-two punch. Wrong! The duo's slow-as-molasses-in-wintertime scene has all the energy of a rolling blackout. Panty-sniffing freaks are not well-served by this pretend specialty vid either. Many straight-up XXX flicks feature babes in kinkier lingerie without fanfare. Despite its star-studded cast, meat-beating undie fans in need of a quick fix are strongly advised to keep *The Panty Drawer* closed tight. **—J.P.**

If It Ain't Black... Take It Back!: *Crystal Ray washes her mouth out with Julian St. Jox.*

If It Ain't Black... Take It Back!: *Corked or uncorked? Sophia effortlessly takes half the bat.*

Sorority Splash: *Lucy Lee (middle) bench presses a pair of dildo-slurping dumbbells: brunette Haley and blonde Vicky Vette.*

If It Ain't Black... Take It Back!

Director: Bridgette Kerkove.

Starring: Bridgette Kerkove, Ashley Long, Sophia, Venus, Crystal Ray, Sledge Hammer, Byron Long, Julian St. Jox, Monty, Box and Darren James.

DVD & VHS: Metro Interactive.

Black men with a taste for Barbie dolls might want to crack open *If It Ain't Black...Take It Back!* Director and star Bridgette Kerkove outdoes Pam Anderson with the bleach-blond hair, fake tits and puffy lips, but she's eager to get down and dirty. Kicking things off, two well-hung studs stretch out Bridgette's shitpipe. A natural blonde, Ashley Long and her heart-shaped heinie could pitch pup tents with a single gaze. Thankfully, she throws in some vigorous cock-sucking (including ass-to-mouth) and a serious butt-thrashing for good measure. The vid's raunch factor is high, but too by-the-numbers to sustain blood flow to the crotch. Bogged down by time-wasting intros, strokers might want to keep one finger on the fast-forward button at all times. But if a bevy of bodacious white chicks getting reamed in every orifice by giant ebony battering rams is your thing, *If It Ain't Black...Take It Back!* delivers. ***—J.P.***

Sorority Splash

Director: Britney Foster.

Starring: Haley, Lucy Lee, Vicky Vette, Aria, Sophia, Jennifer Luv, Rio Mariah, Courtney Devine, Teoni, Jasmine Lynn, Mason Storm, Kitty, Jayna Oso and Kelly Erikson.

DVD & VHS: Metro Interactive.

After dropping a bombshell of no-holes-barred, jet-fueled lesbo action in her directorial debut *Disturbed*, porn star-cum-director Britney Foster dives into the deep end of all-girl heat with *Sorority Splash*. Ms. Foster gently rolls back on the gag factor of her previous feature to create a sunlit pool-party vibe, but she keeps the fucking hard, fast, aggressive and nasty. Haley thrashes around in hysterics, shouting obscenities as Asian babe Lucy Lee pummels her cooch with an oversized dildo. Drop-dead-gorgeous legal teens Sophia and Jennifer Luv make out under a waterfall until Aria unloads on them like a XXX drill instructor with an arsenal of plastic ass-stabbers. The two ex-jailbaiters end up tasting each other's colon juices as they polish the chrome off a python-sized tool. Wielding a strap-on, Aria later goes fishing for brown trout in Teoni's crap hatch. Even after soaking in the pool all day, the honeys of *Sorority Splash* are filthy. ***—J.P.***

Claudine

Director: Martin Cognito.

Starring: Jade, Lilith, Estelle Laurence, Ovidie, Pinkie, Juliette Dragon, Red Butterfly, Jean-Seb Bach, Thibault, Axl and Manuel Ferrara.

DVD: Cal Vista Pictures.

Shot entirely in France, *Claudine* is a surreal journey into the depths of fetishism and terror. Beautifully lensed by Martin Cognito, the flick is more like French New Wank than conventional XXX. The film opens with a latex-fashioned S&M babe, portrayed by the slutty Ovidie, subjugating a male client in the dungeon of her chateau. After inserting a glass dildo into the fellow's rectum, she proceeds to spin him around on a rotating couch while creepy pipe-organ music drones in the background. As if being degraded weren't bad enough, the poor bastard dies of a heart attack in the midst of his session—whereupon Ovidie gets the police involved. And that's just the beginning of this high-end tour de force. The rest of the production is a dizzying trek through the Paris underground—a world inhabited by a plethora of strange individuals. Although it's not traditional stroke material, *Claudine* does succeed in blurring the lines between art and pornography. Euro art-core? ***—Stewart Wallace***

Tera Tera Tera

Director: Chi Chi LaRue.

Starring: Tera Patrick, Savanna Samson, Jordan Haze, Nicole Sheridan, Kim Chambers, Kimberly Kane, Spyder Jonez, Mick Blue, Tristan, Voodoo and Grant Michaels.

DVD & VHS: Vivid Entertainment.

Tera Patrick fans finally have a full-length hard-core DVD starring the Amerasian femme fatale. Some may be shocked by Tera's wildness—she absolutely loves cock in every orifice—or her foul language. Not me! First up is an extended coupling with "husband" Spyder Jonez. Watching Tera accommodate his salami is a thrill, especially when she gets all teary-eyed deep-throating the monster. Later, as she's humped to a messy climax, Tera cries out, "Daddy!" Although the box art makes it seem as if *Tera Tera Tera* features the heart-throb throughout, there's a Tera-less two-on-one foray and a six-pack orgy enlivened by fuck bunny Nicole Sheridan. Tera reappears with Savanna Samson for an awesome lesbo scene. Finally, the slatterns drop the toys to take on Spyder, but Savanna can't match the intense chemistry ignited by Tera and the stud. Still, it's pretty kinky to see a woman share her hubby with a pal. God bless your perverted little mind, Ms. Patrick. ***—T. Lux***

Sorority Splash: *"Wow! It tastes just like chicken!" Courtney Devine chomps rubber with Rio Mariah.*

Tera, Tera, Tera's *Nicole Sheridan hits the high notes while getting her pipes unclogged.*

Tera, Tera, Tera: *Joined at the tongue since birth, Siamese twins Savanna Samson and Tera Patrick wonder if the circus freak show was such a bad idea after all.*

MC RUNS FOR VP ON PCP

Fans of Marilyn Chambers, who rose to fame in the early '70s with the porn classic *Behind the Green Door*, are accustomed to standing in cramped cubicles to view their goddess. Over the years many a knob has been pulled on her behalf, but who'd have thought that admirers could do so in a voting booth?

Now 52, Chambers has thrown her hat into the political ring. She's on the Personal Choice Party ticket, running as Charles Jay's VP candidate, and they have been officially added to the Utah ballot. "We're trying to get on the ballots of five or six other states before election day," says the politicized XXX legend, a resident of Southern California. "You can write our name in if you wanna vote for us." (Her legal name is Marilyn Chambers Taylor.)

The Personal Choice Party has a vague yet all-encompassing platform focusing on individuals' freedom. "Basically what we stand for is personal choice," Chambers explains. "It's 'Live and Let Live,' and most politicians don't feel that way. This party doesn't have a particular platform—it's up to the person who's running. It's not like the Democrats or Republicans, where you have a certain platform or issues." Yeah, and a chance of winning.

Of course, if Marilyn Chambers does nail the election, she'll have the greatest ass on a Vice President since Nixon's running mate Spiro Agnew—and be the only veep to have done an anal scene on film. That we know of at least.

Marilyn with porn pals Gloria Leonard, Veronica Heart and Georgina Spelvin.

I Love 'Em Natural: Katja Kassin uses the corn-on-the-cob approach to fellatio in this winning video from the folks at Acid Rain.

I Love 'Em Natural: Tiffany Tease wonders if there's a better way to get those loose fillings pushed back in.

Mind Reader: "I can see three freighters...and one American destroyer! Prepare to dive!" Avy Scott (kneeling) plays das booty with Tanya Danielle.

Mind Reader: "Damn! Think of the money I could have saved by ordering off the Internet!" Sunrise Adams pays the price for high toner costs.

Get Lucky

Director: Cash Markman.

Starring: Nikki Benz, Aria, Krystal Steal, Trinity, Mason Storm, Lee Stone, Dick Smothers Jr., Tony Tedeschi, Herschel Savage and Frank Bukkwyd.

DVD: Pleasure Productions.

Cash Markman's *Get Lucky* is not only a reinvention of the '60s series *Get Smart*, but it also features the son of a TV star from that era. Hamming it up in the superspy role originated by Don Adams, Dick Smothers Jr. proves to be both a fine actor and an impressive woodsman. But 99 has been reincarnated as Agent 69, and she's—*gasp!*—the blond Nikki Benz. Although she's not the brunet Barbara Feldon of my dreams, it's fun watching Nikki grimace as she gets her pussy plunged by Smothers in the opening encounter. The knockout also has a hot lesbian tryst with fellow superslut Krystal Steal that ignites the loins. Thrown in for good measure are perfunctory scenes pairing Aria and Lee Stone and then Mason Storm and Tony Tedeschi. Lo and behold, only the Storm sequence achieves the scorching heat of the Benz/Smothers combo. Despite the varying levels of boner-inducing intensity, *Get Lucky* continually provides laughs and limber nymphets. **—T.L.**

I Love 'Em Natural

Director: Paolo Banana.

Starring: Katsumi, Katja Kassin, Corina Taylor, Jasmine Lynn, Tiffany Tease, Dana Vespoli, Manuel Ferrara, Benjamin Brat, Ben English, Lee Stone and Steve Holmes.

DVD: Acid Rain Video.

This is porn the way it should be: slutty girls untouched by plastic surgery, scenes unencumbered by plot, and hot, nasty XXX sex. Perky red-haired trollop Katja Kassin kicks things off by taking on two studs, culminating in an intense DP. Our only suggestion would be less oafish man-butt in future installments. Things are better in Katsumi's sequence. Will the nimrod who doesn't love this Eurasian nympho please raise your hand? Katsumi is unflappable as she mercilessly consumes cock while getting her nether regions reamed out. Also double-teamed is hardened tramp Jasmine Lynn, who does so diligently with lingerie shrouding her face and head. Meanwhile, Corina performs analingus on a guy who returns the favor by flossing her pussy with the fox's silky panties and then shoving the undies deep into her glistening hole. The final DP/ATM fiesta will bring tears to the eyes of rectal rangers everywhere. Bone *appétit!* **—T.L.**

Mind Reader

Director: Robby D.

Starring: Avy Scott, Tanya Danielle, Sunrise Adams, Lacey, Ryan Conner, Lee Stone, Jay Ashley and Mike Horner.

DVD & VHS: Digital Playground.

Mike Horner is a luckless nebbish who toils away at the office and seemingly can't get any pussy. That is, until one day he acquires the ability to read women's minds. Soon nearly every female he encounters is wiggling out of her panties for the psychic stud. Lacey is a slim, foxy African-American who works at Horner's office and pines for a lunch meeting with the dude's hard-on. Instead, she "rapes" Lee Stone on her desk. The cinematography is outstanding: When Stone gets a taste of Lacey's clam, the camerawork is so clear and close-up that you'll swear you can smell nectar. In the video's second carnal sequence top-heavy Tanya Danielle is succulent as well. Watching her eat muff is truly a pervy thrill. Up next is Sunrise Adams, and she's as deliciously lovely as usual. Besides a great lay, Sunrise gives her partner a blowjob that porn wanna-bes should use as an instructional guide. Yes, the sex in *Mind Reader* is steamy enough to warrant HUSTLER's highest rating. This one is more than a keeper, folks! **—T.L.**

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of XXX productions reviewed in recent issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Dual Identity (Vivid)
Tawny Roberts, Ariana Jollee, Karina, Kurt Lockwood

Tales of Perversity #11 (Elegant Angel)
Roxanne Hall, Alicia Rhodes, Christie Lee, Vicki Richter, Cameron James

Impact (Metro Interactive)
Annmarie, Kelly Erikson, Jessica Darlin, Joey Ray

Just My Ass Please (FusXion)
Victoria, Ariana Jollee, Faith Grant, Justin Slayer

Tobey Bryan's Backcourt Violation (HUSTLER Video)
Keiko, Kate Kaptive, Allison Wyte, Kyle Stone

Three-Quarters Erect

Addicted to Sex (Pure Play Media)
Katsumi, Cherry Rain, Sophie Evans, Ben English

Chloe's Pool Party (Vivid)
Chloe Jones, Vicky Vette, Ashley Blue, Tyler Wood

Wrecked 'Em (Zero Tolerance Ent.)
Mandy Bright, Janet Alfano, Melissa Black, Vivienne, Demi Cool, Clarissa May

Slutwoman's Revenge! (Elegant Angel)
Roxanne Hall, Dana Vespoli, Ava Devine, Mr. Chris

Half Erect

Booty Duty #11 (Elegant Angel)
Gia Jordan, Roxanne Hall, Ariana Jollee, Tony T.

Hot Bods & Tail Pipe #29 (Celestial Productions)
Monica Sweetheart, Bobbi Eden, Alicia Rhodes, Lee Stone

One-Quarter Erect

Early Entries (Metro Interactive/FusXion)
Trinity, Mary Lou, Delilah Stone, Jon Dough

Virgin Surgeon #2 (Zero Tolerance Ent.)
Melissa Lauren, Alexis Taylor, Envy, Iyesha, Isabel, Vickie J.

Totally Limp

Brainwash (Elegant Angel)
Gina Ryder, Cailey Taylor, Allison Wyte, Tice Bune

Rating Guide

Fully Erect — Superior. A top production.

Three-Quarters Erect — Above average. Hard-on material.

Half Erect — Standard fare. Has moments.

One-Quarter Erect — Poor. Don't expect much.

Totally Limp — A waste of time and money.

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AUSTYN MIRROR IMAGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

Originally from New England, Austyn feels most comfortable when she's not wearing any clothes. "In my family I was the only one running around naked," chirps the ardent exhibitionist, a collegiate science major who first broke into HUSTLER as a November '02 *Beaver Hunt* contestant. Now calling South Florida home, the sizzling babe often dons jogging attire, and long distances are no obstacle. "I'll be competing in a local fund-raising marathon for the Leukemia & Lymphoma Society," says the curvy resident of West Palm Beach. When the charitable chick isn't hoofing it, she really digs stock-car racing. "I'm a huge Dale Earnhardt Jr. fan," Austyn roars. "Number 8; he's the man!"

Energetic as she is, the zesty blonde also savors relaxation. Although the Sunshine State has miles and miles of fantastic beaches, Austyn prefers basking in her own backyard. "I can lay out naked by the pool," the uninhibited 27-year-old grins. "There's a privacy fence so no one can see in."

Of course, that barrier comes in handy for other activities as well. "My friends sure love being invited to my naughty skinny-dipping parties," the self-described swinger winks. Sounds like the perfect place to practice the breaststroke.

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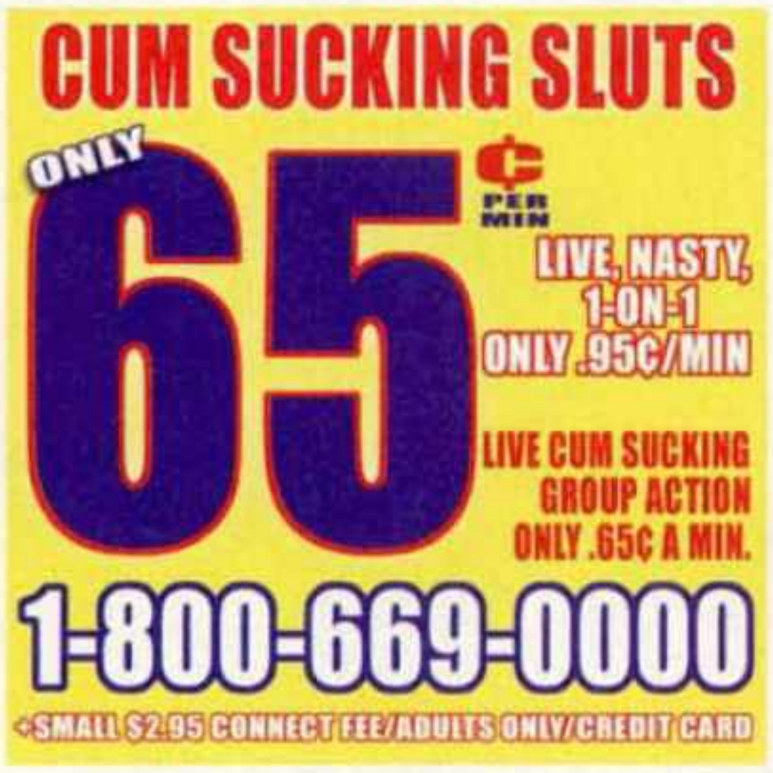
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1-800
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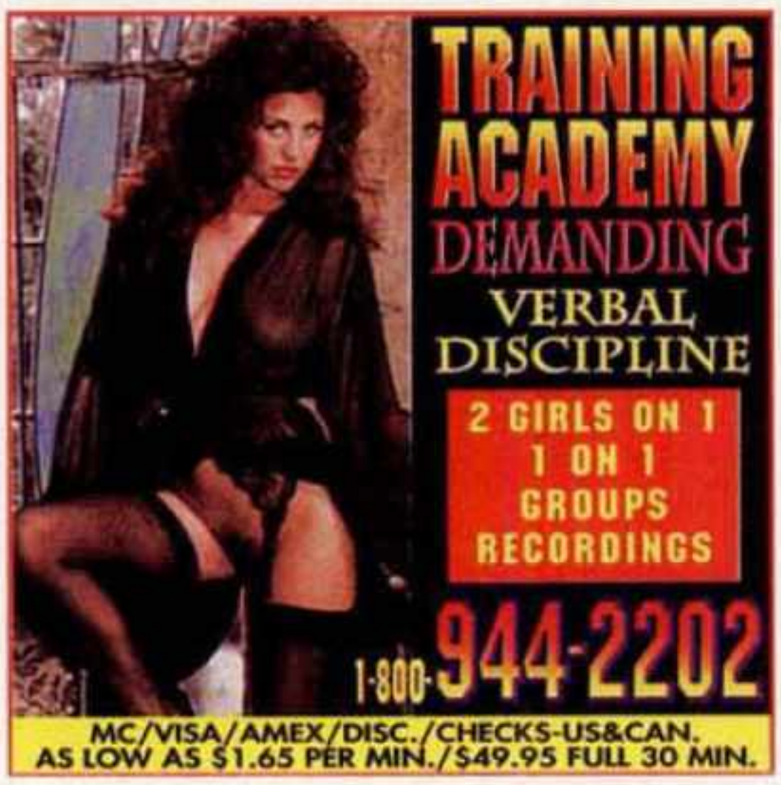
$1.98-3.98 PER MIN. CREDIT CARDS/CHECK BY PHONE 18+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1 ON 1
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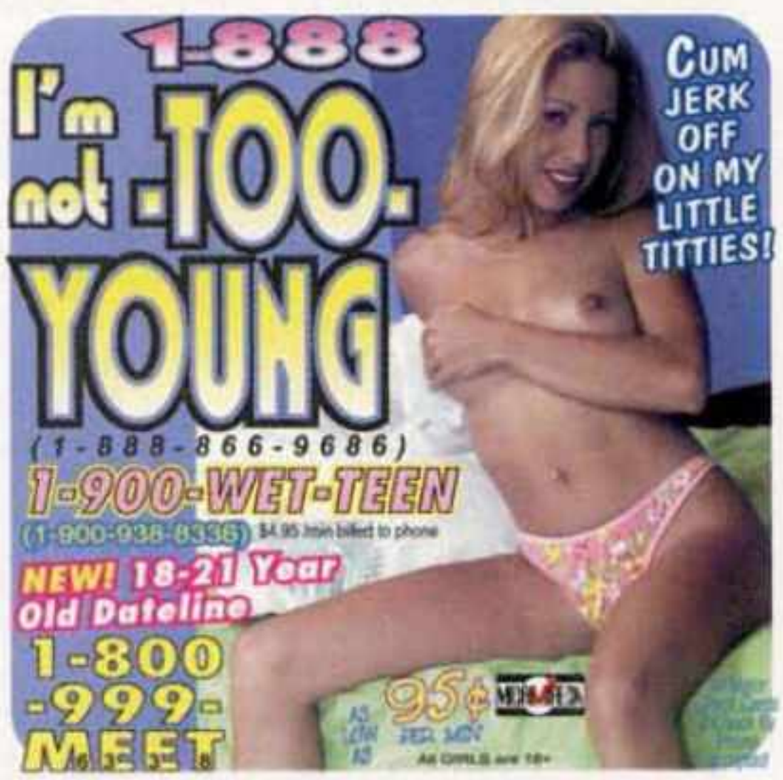
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95¢
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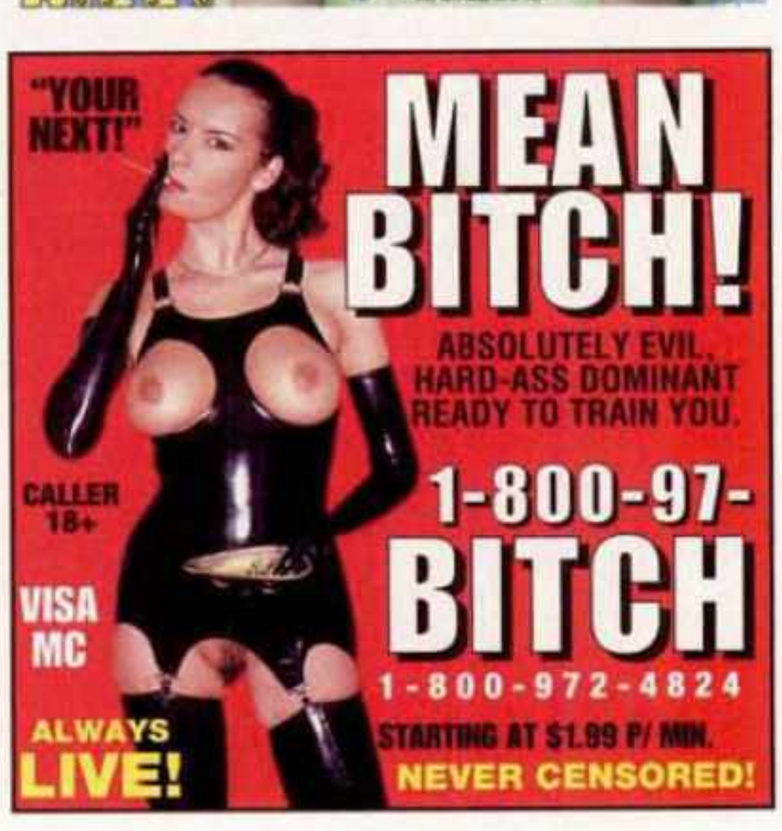
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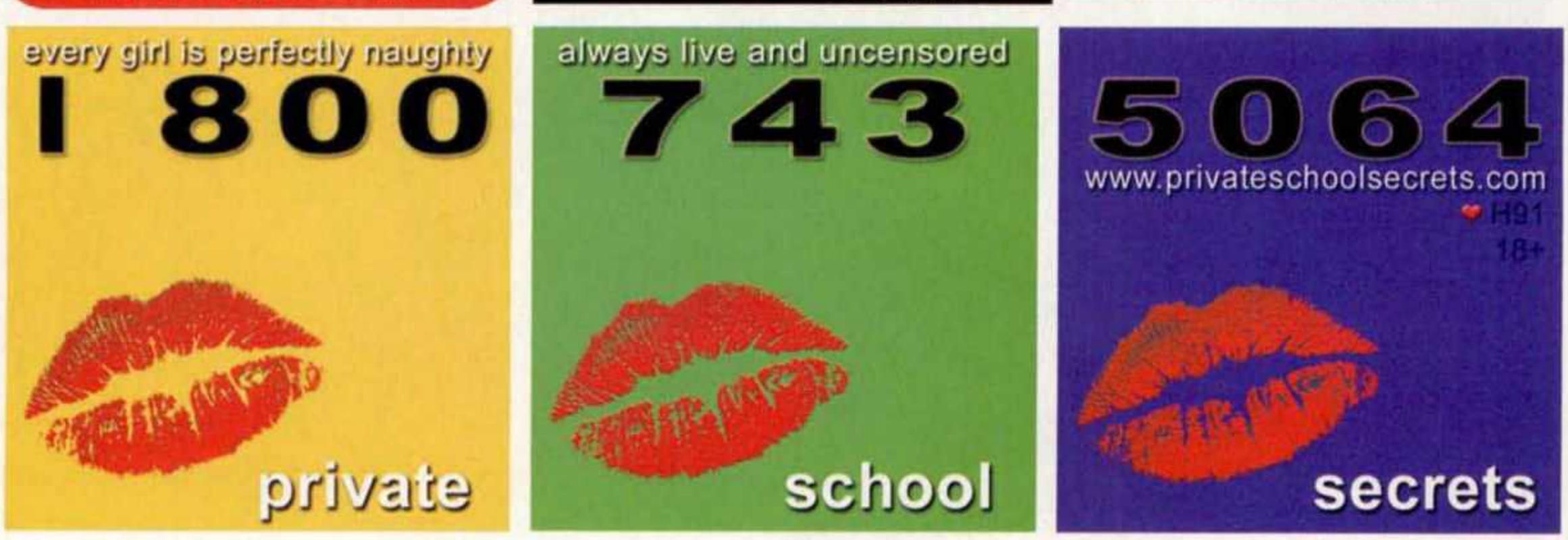
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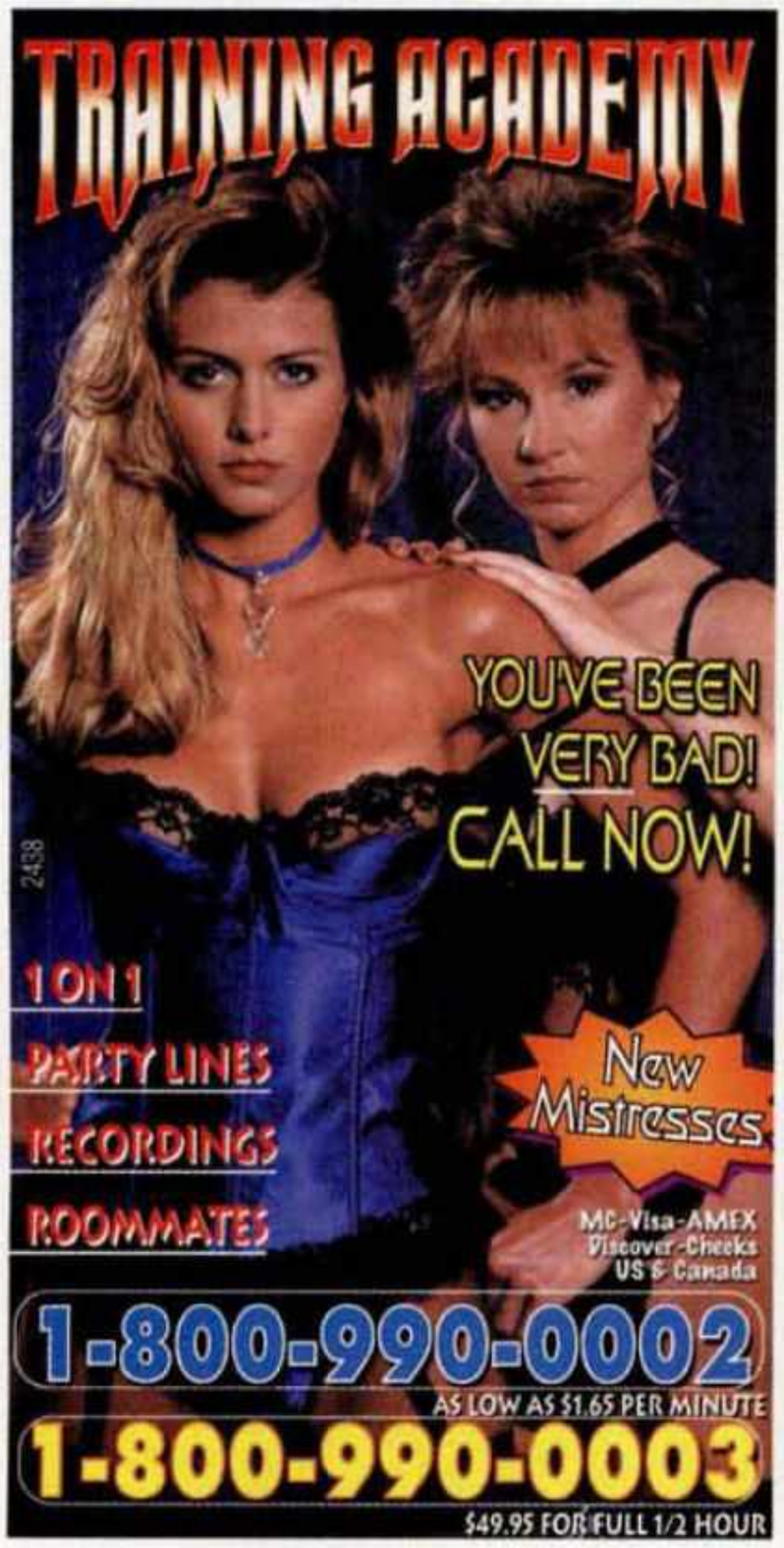
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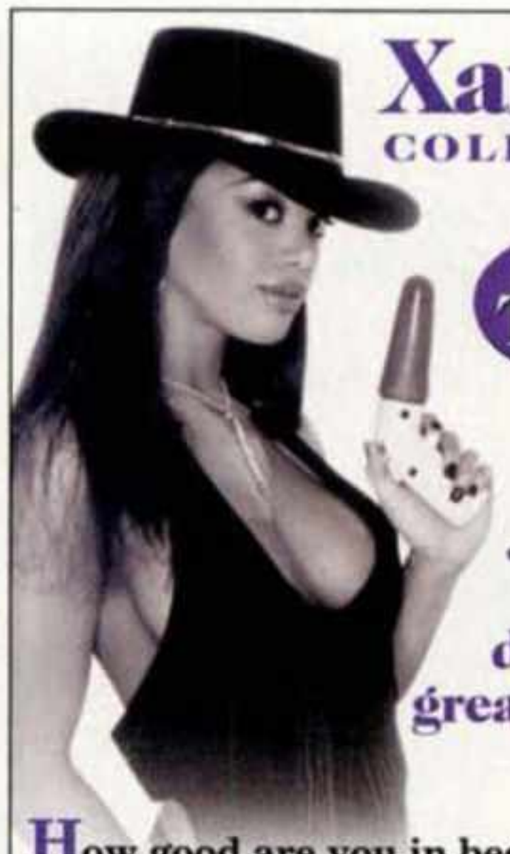

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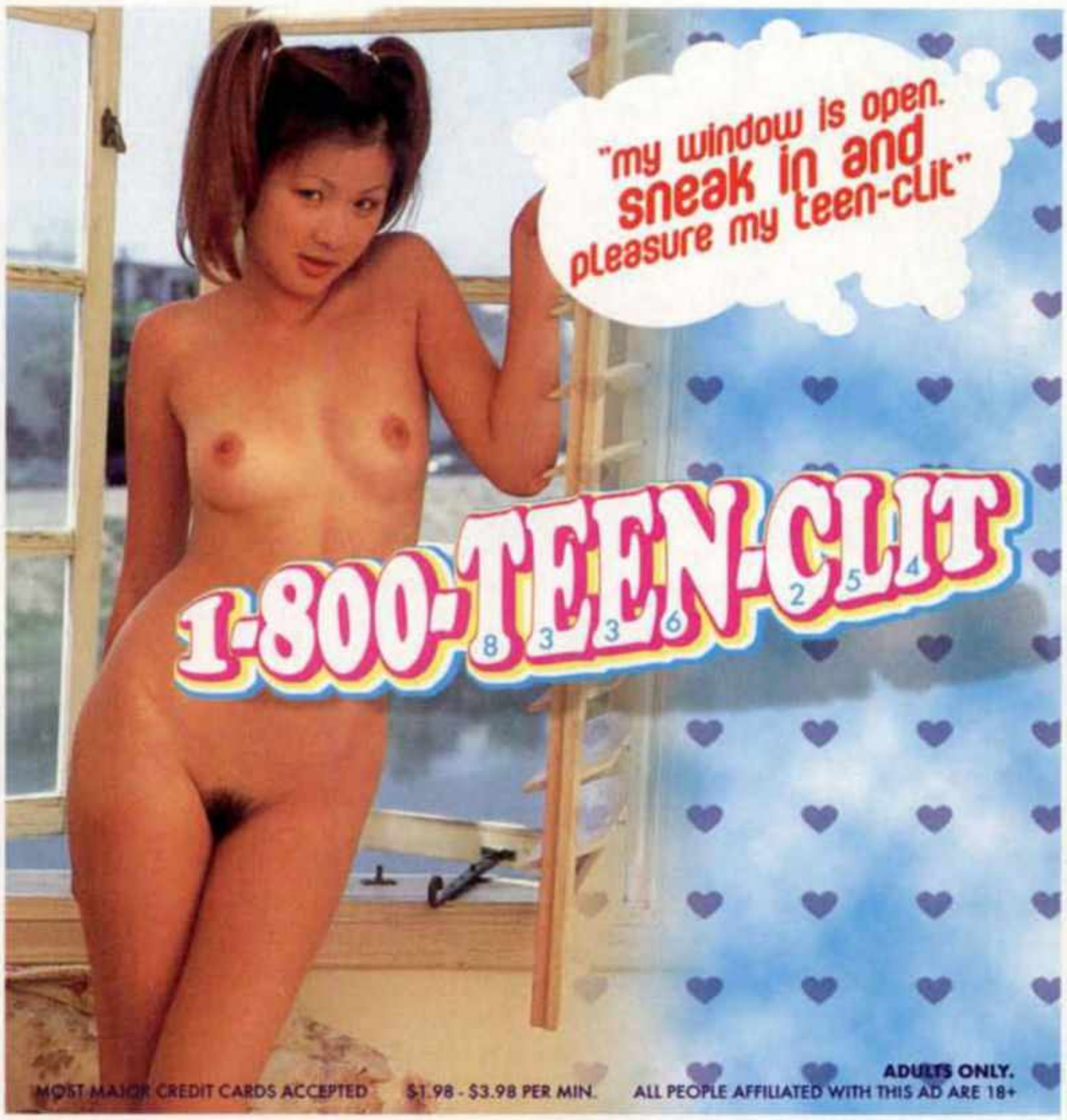
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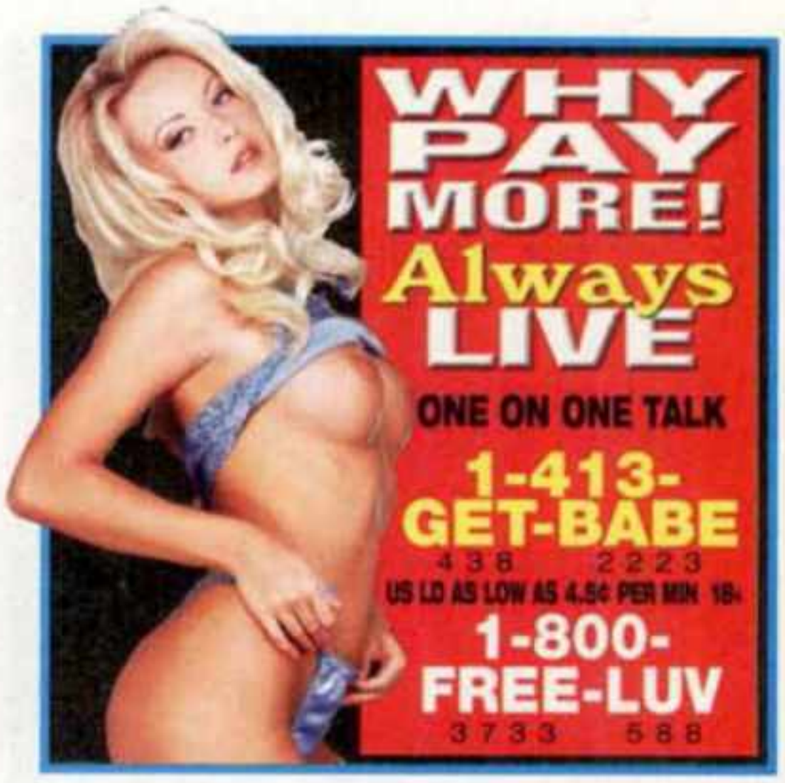
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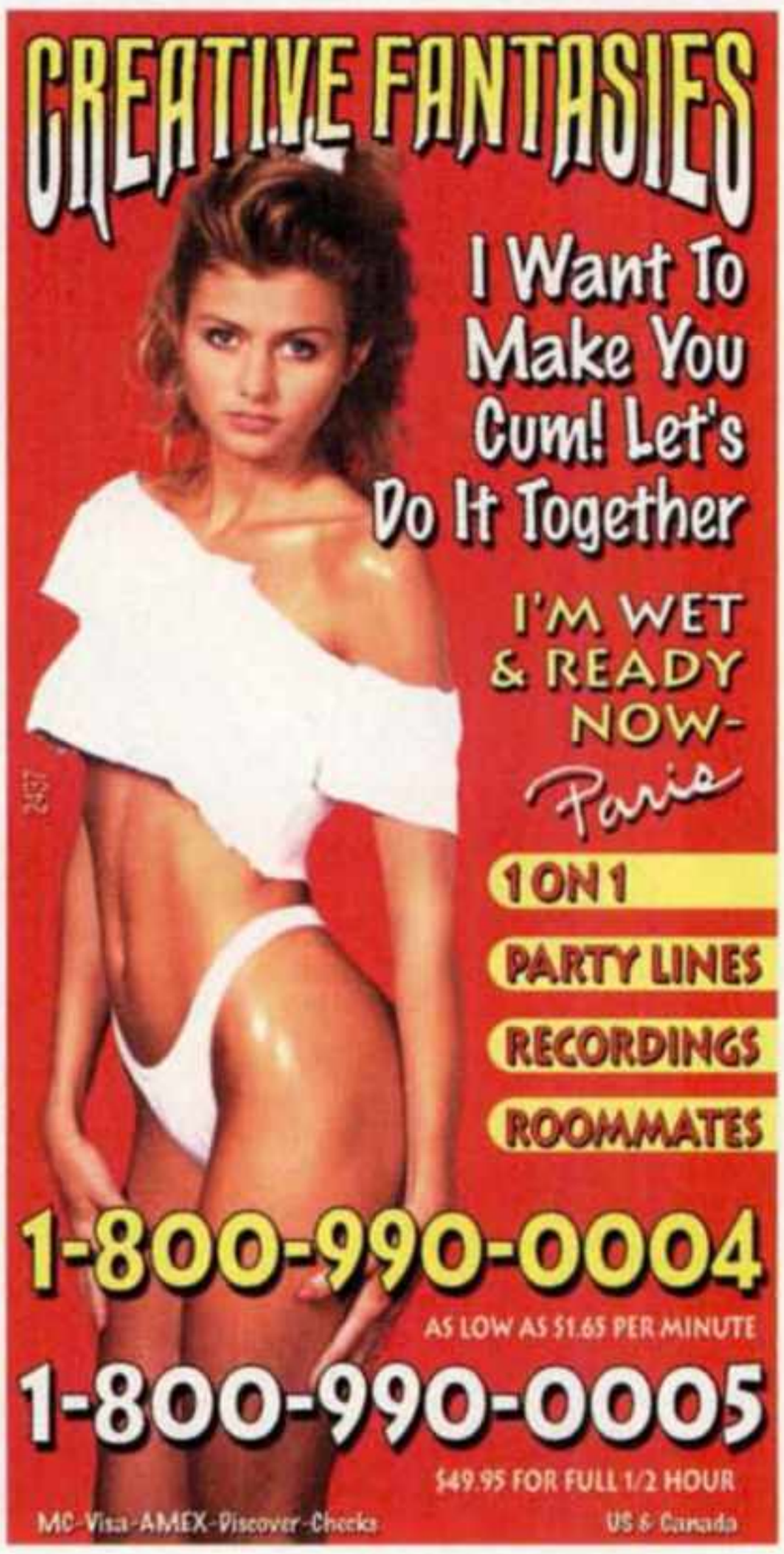
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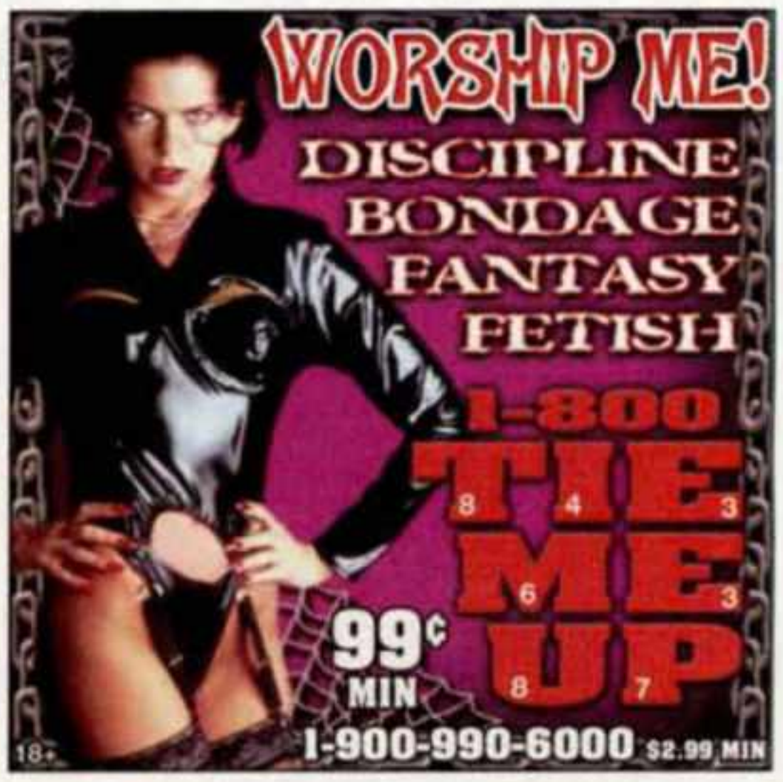
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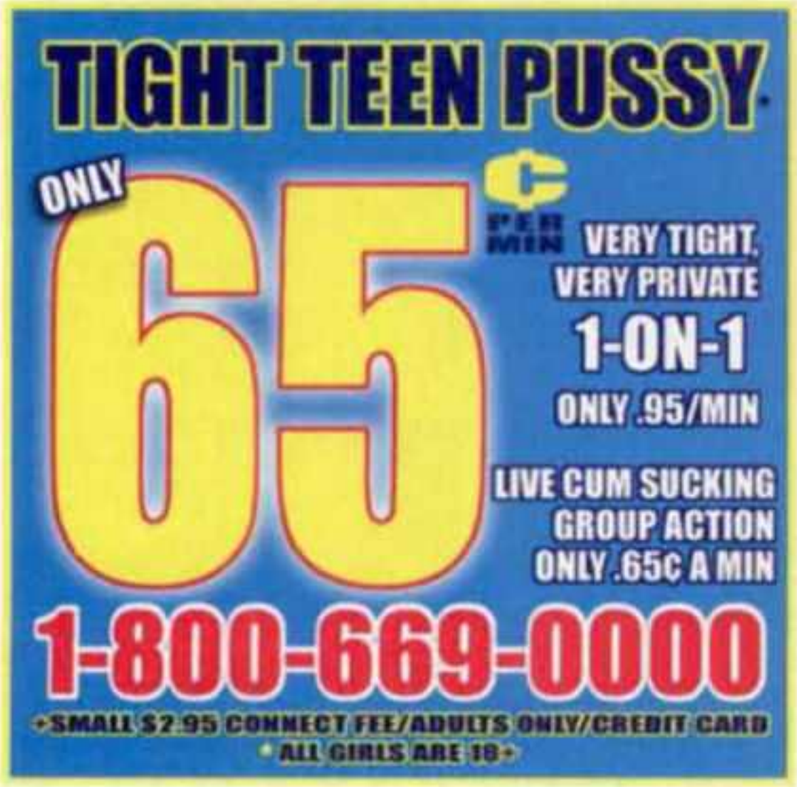
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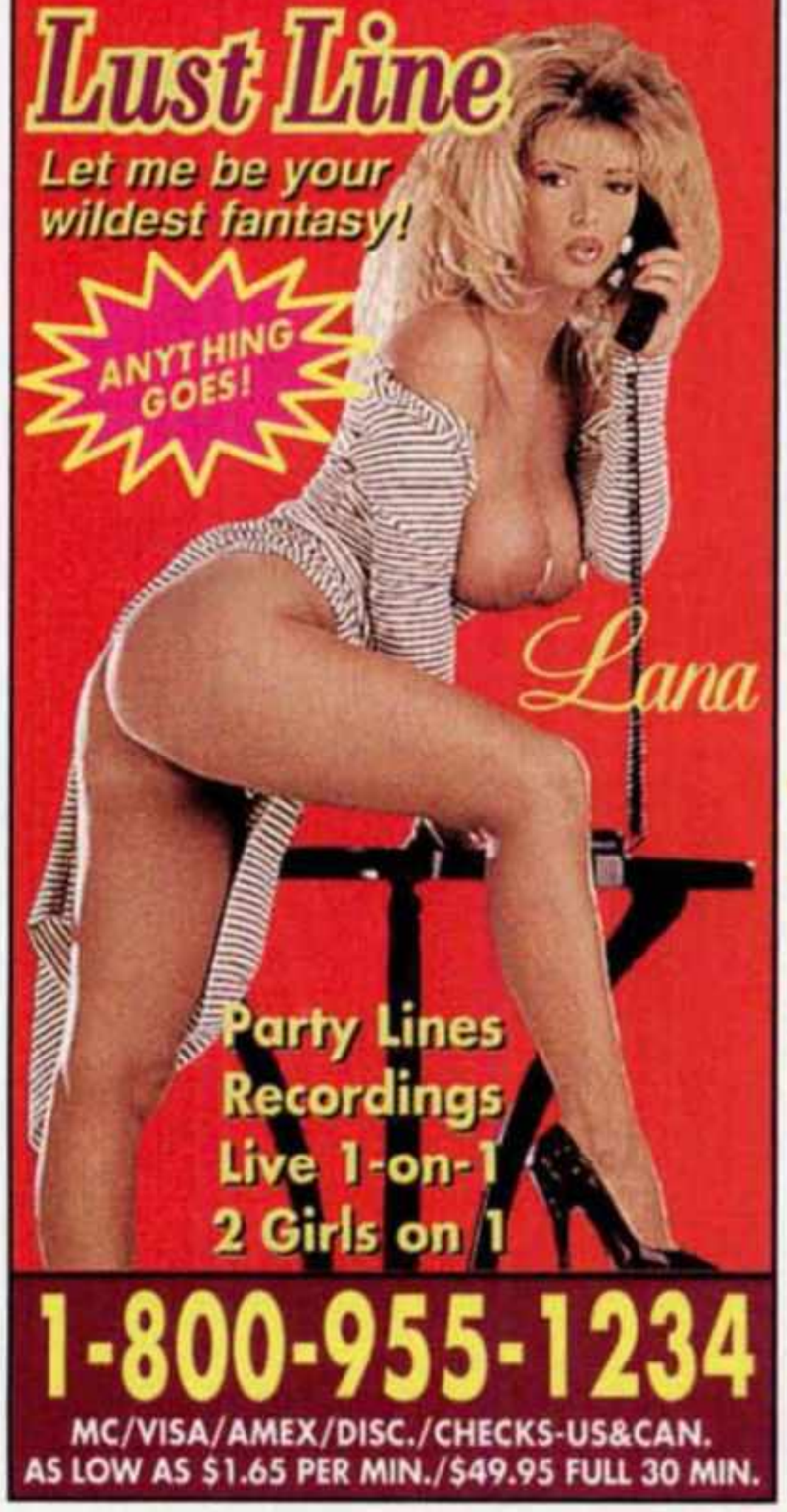
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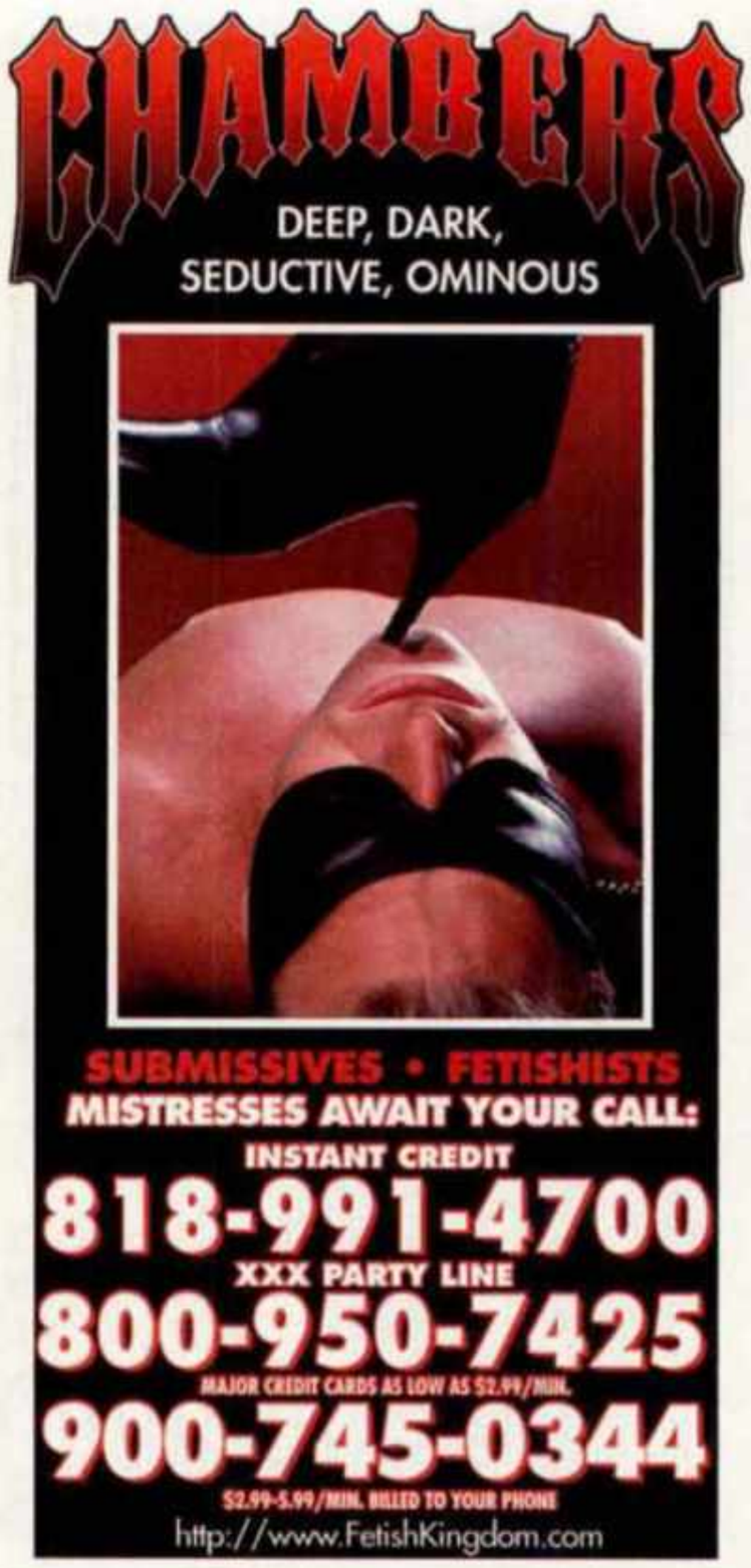
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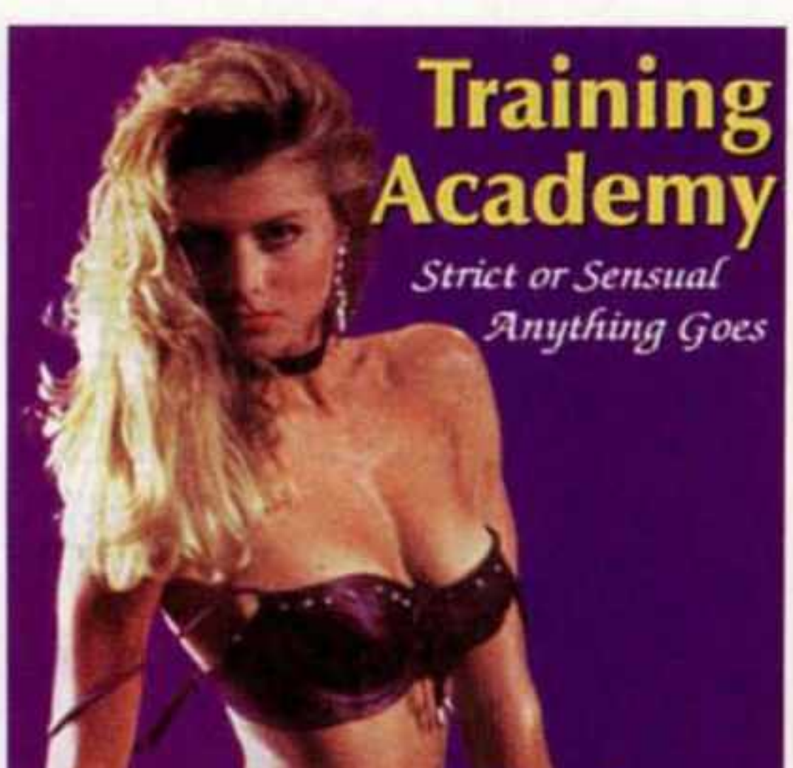

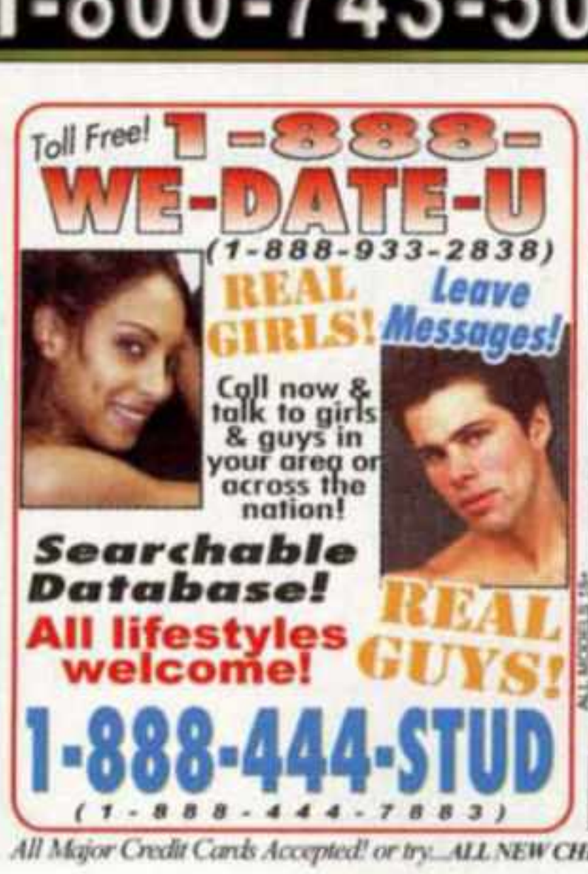

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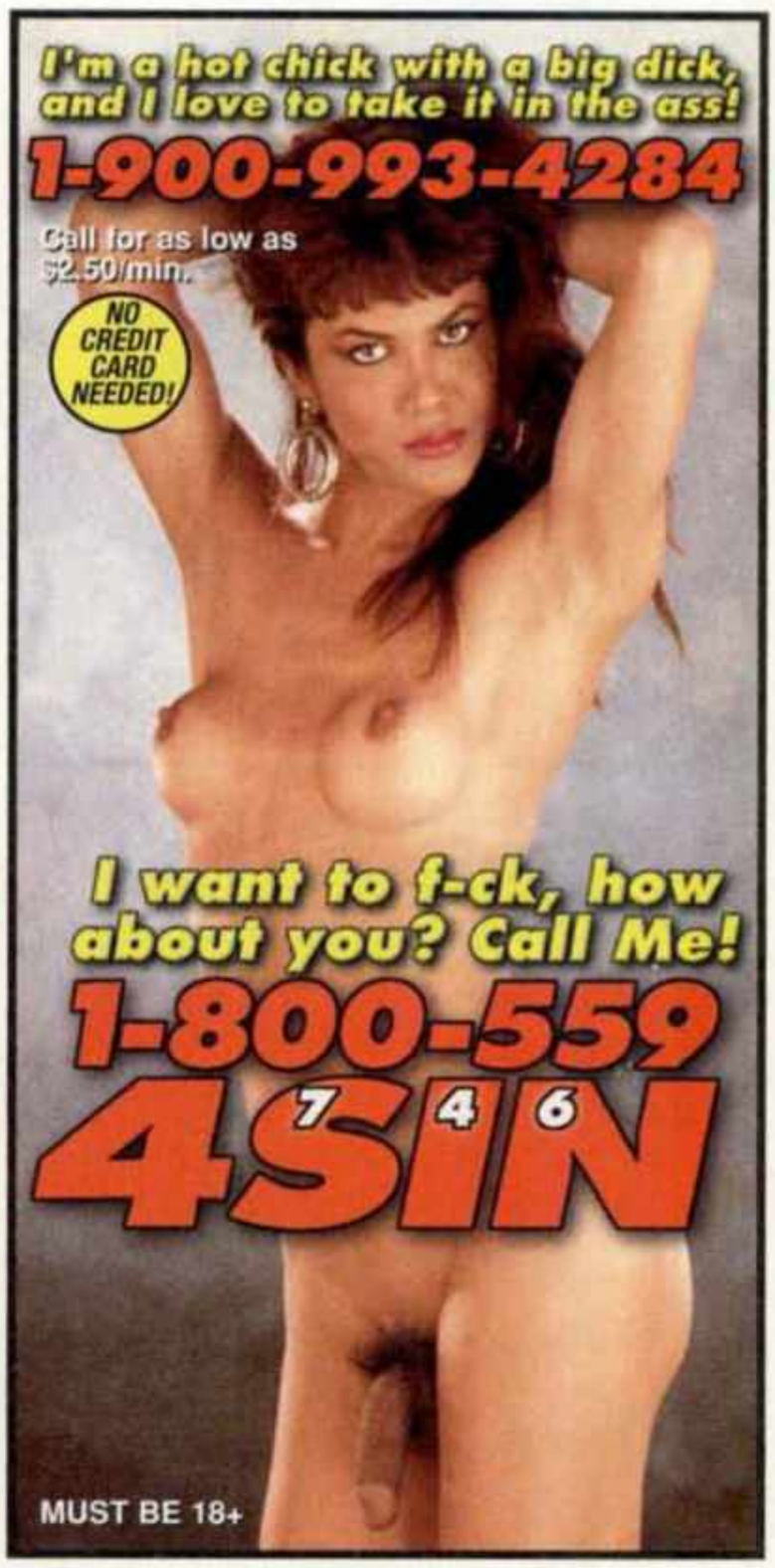
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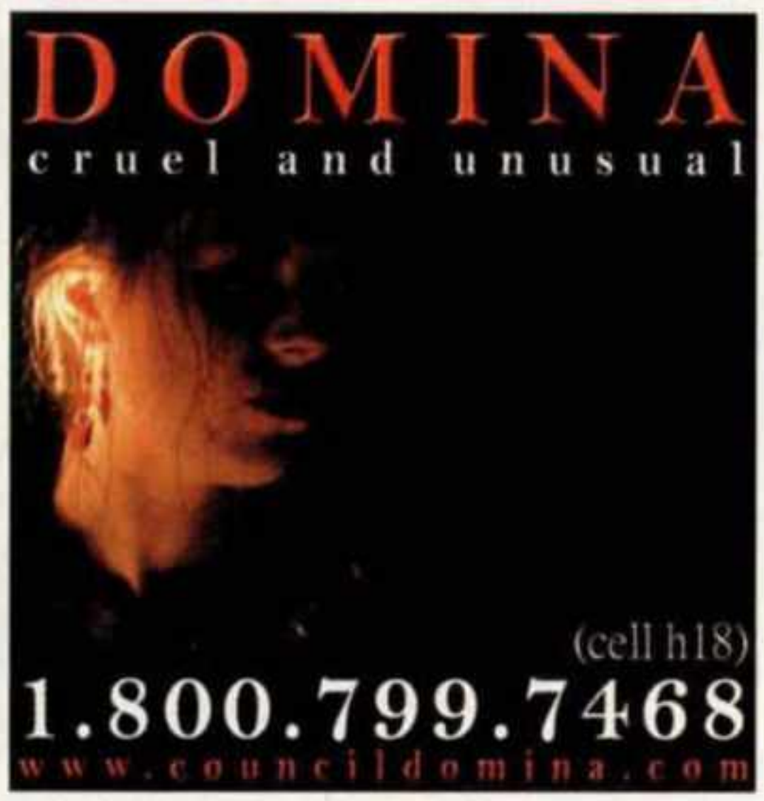

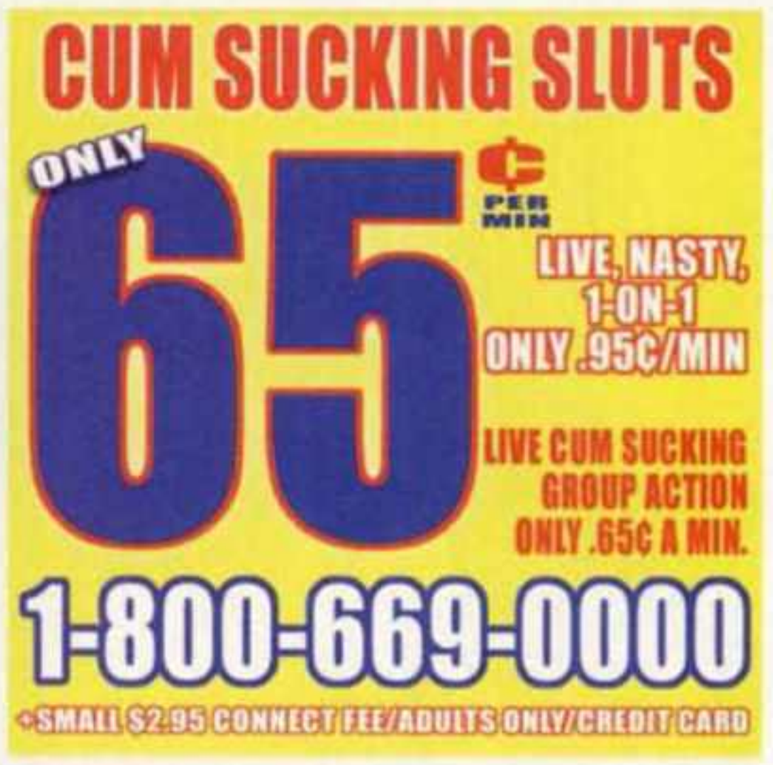
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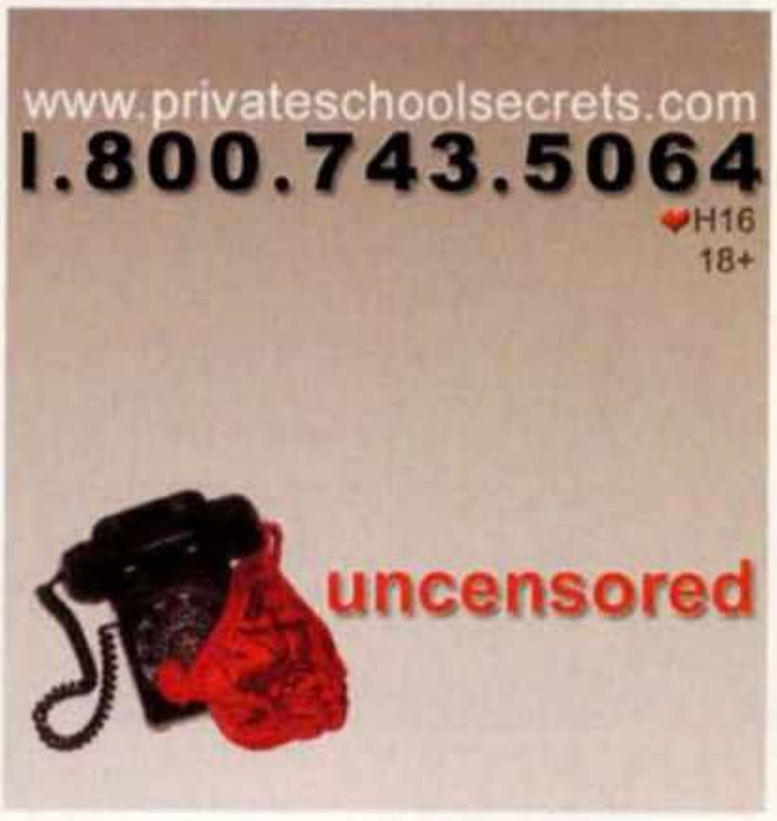
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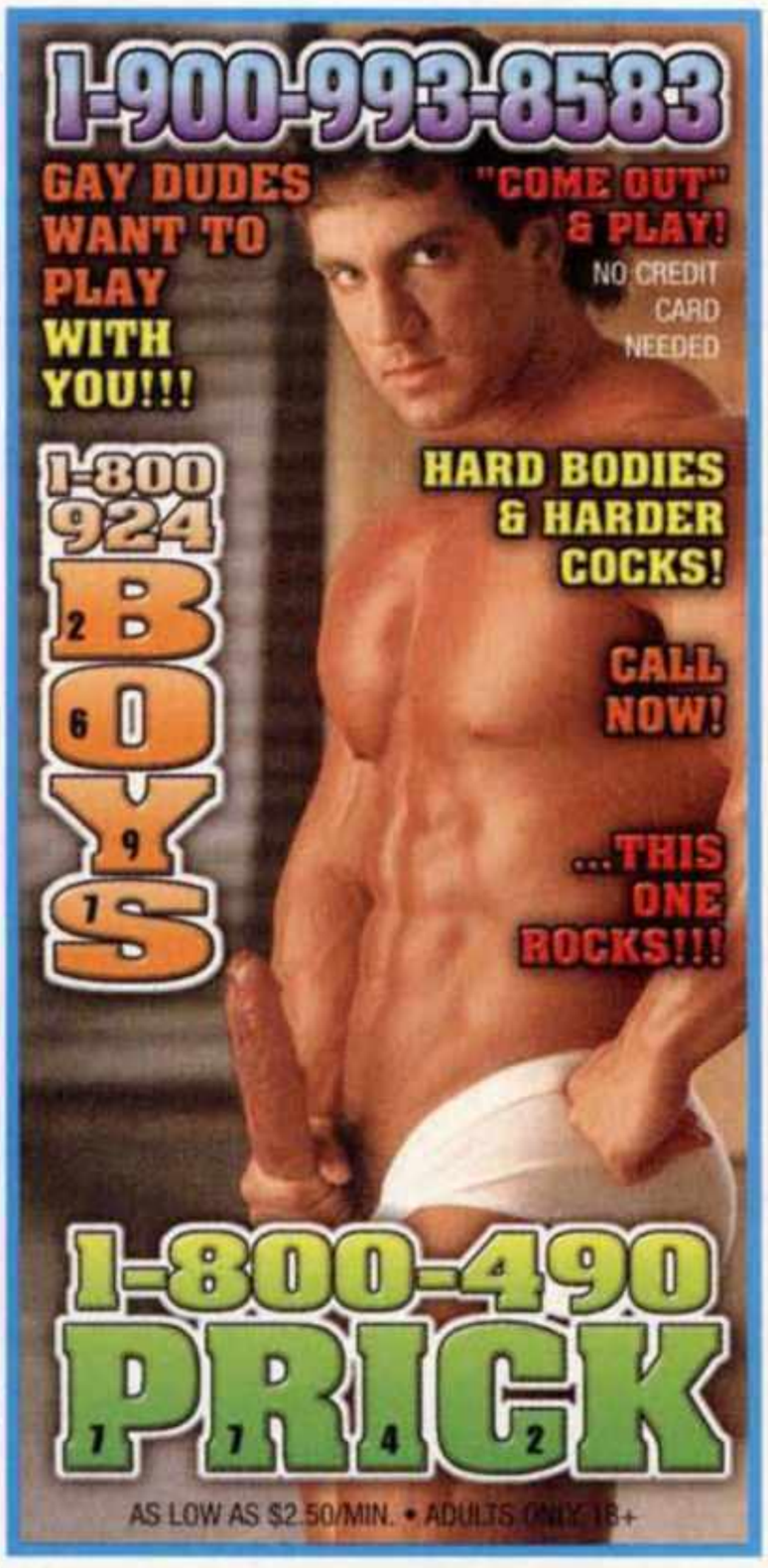
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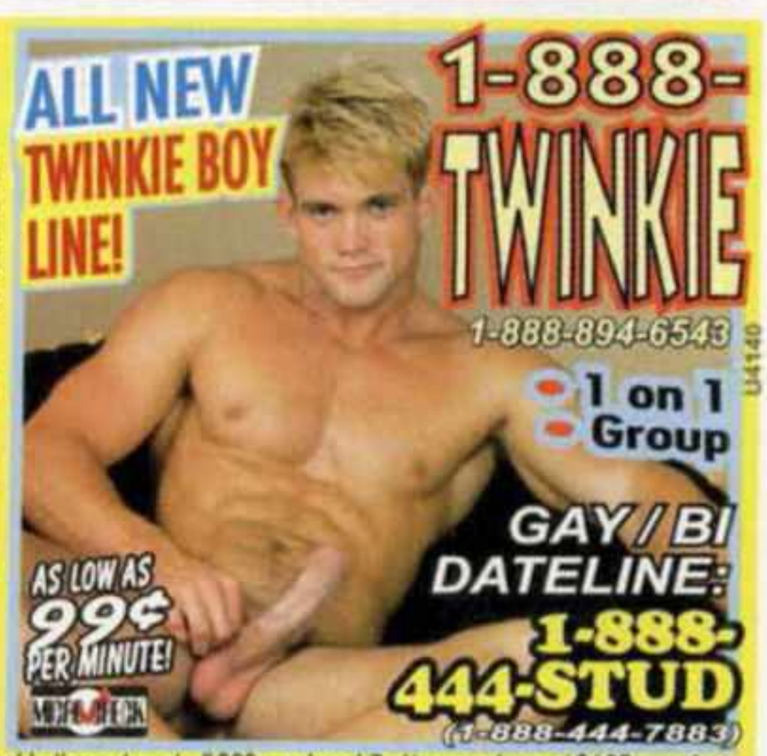
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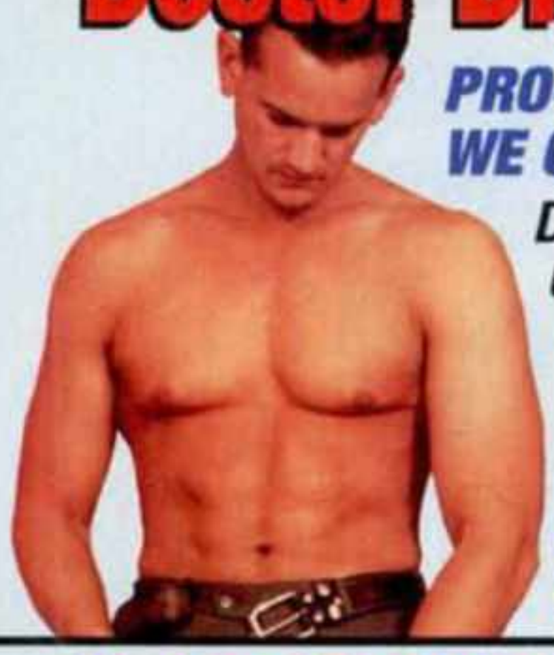

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Doctor Approved Pill Will Enlarge Your Penis up to 5 Inches!

You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!

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HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In what has been described as a miracle, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissue longer and wider with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 5 inches. **You can make that miracle happen!** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL. WE GUARANTEE IT!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. Men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Penetrate deeper and see how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but your penis will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

WHICH FORMULA IS BEST FOR YOU?

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA

Our exclusive advanced formula for men with a form of HYPOSPADIAS or small penis since they were young. Penis size now is less then 6 inches and need a guarantee of accelerated enlargement to reach a much larger penis size. Can also be used by men with a larger penis and need a guaranteed maximum penis enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA

This formula is for men with a penis size now of 6 inches or more and want to be guaranteed maximum penis enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PENIS ENLARGEMENT PILLS are produced to give you a premium quality scientifically formulated product that can help you achieve all of your penis enlargement goals.

Please see our ingredients and to order at www.pluspills.com

OUR 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

IMPORTANT! There are many imitations. If you do not see a 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE then you DO NOT have a money back guarantee.

OUR GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 5 inches or more!
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow, your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock-hard erections every time.

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-Spot. These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. Knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

Manufactured in the USA in high-tech facilities producing thousands of pills and liquids every day and meets the highest standards of purity established by the National Research Council, United States Pharmacopeia, National Formulary and the Food Chemical Codex.

WE NEVER AUTOMATICALLY SHIP MORE BOTTLES TO YOU AND BILL YOUR CREDIT CARD UNLESS YOU RE-ORDER

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You have a real winner. I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time She doesn't know how I did it. *-LD, Nevada*

Science is fantastic. I always felt I needed to be bigger. You made it possible. My wife is thrilled. She is as satisfied as I am. *-GL, Florida*

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☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills

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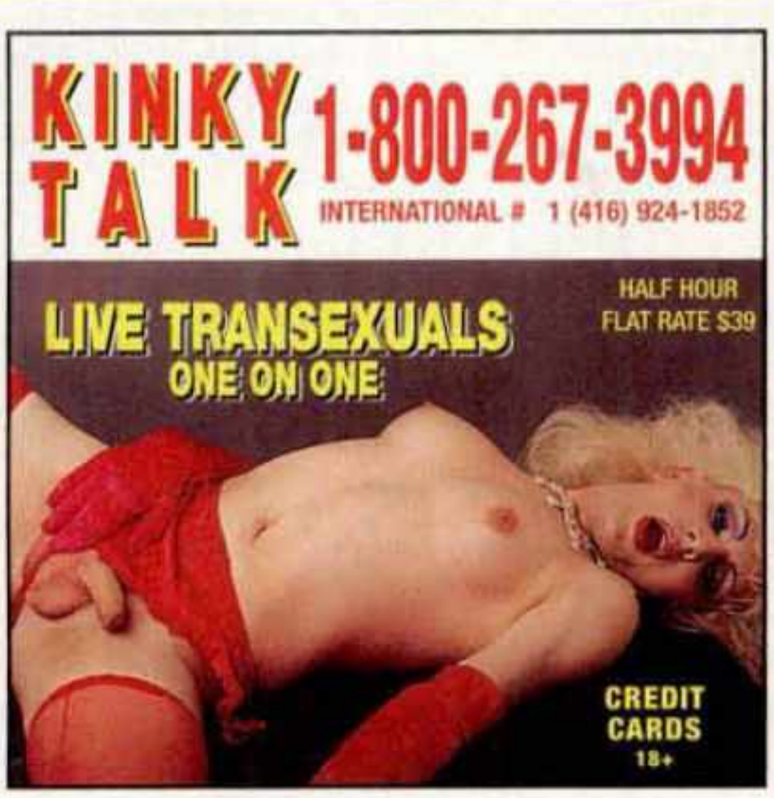
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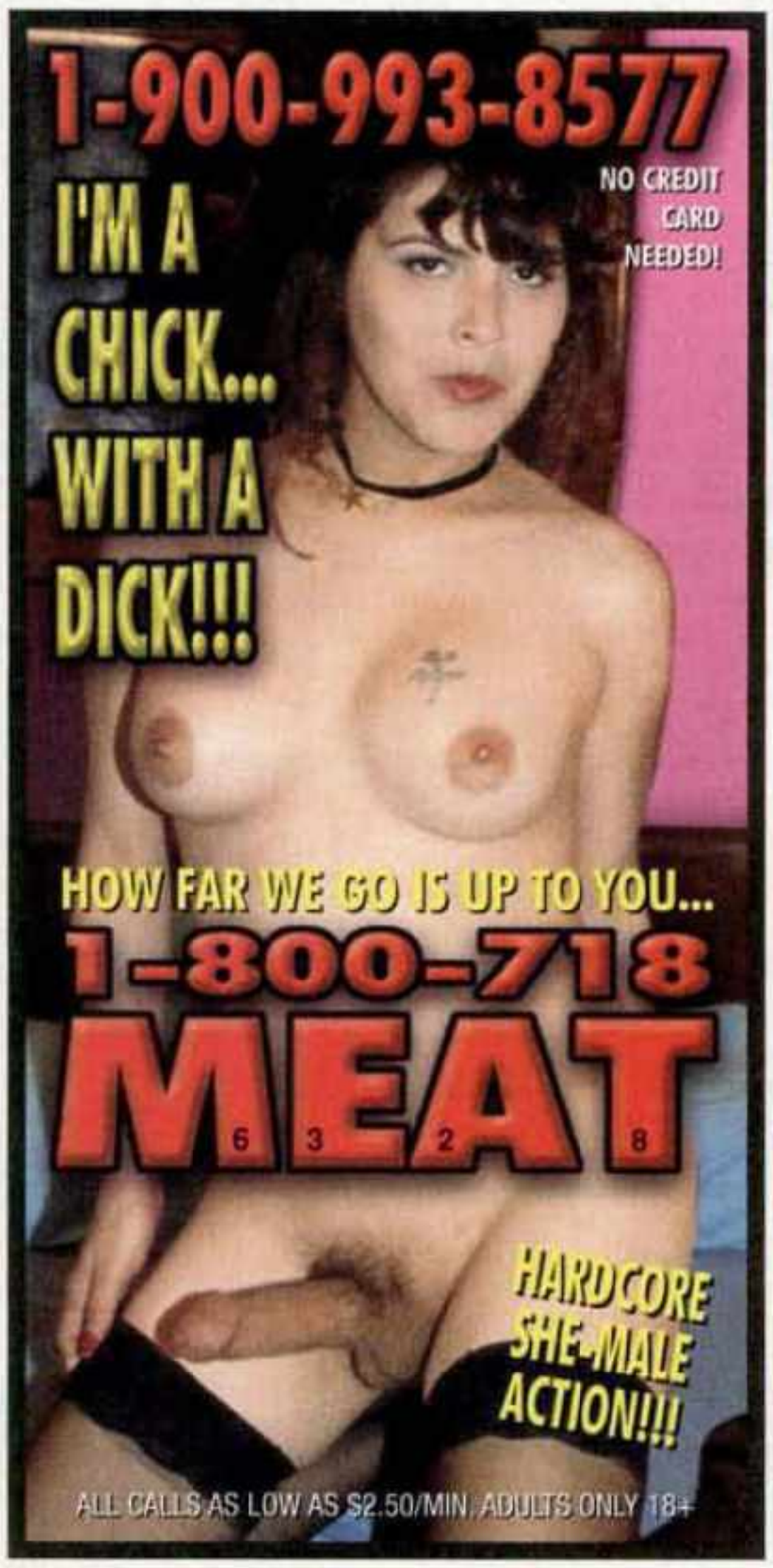
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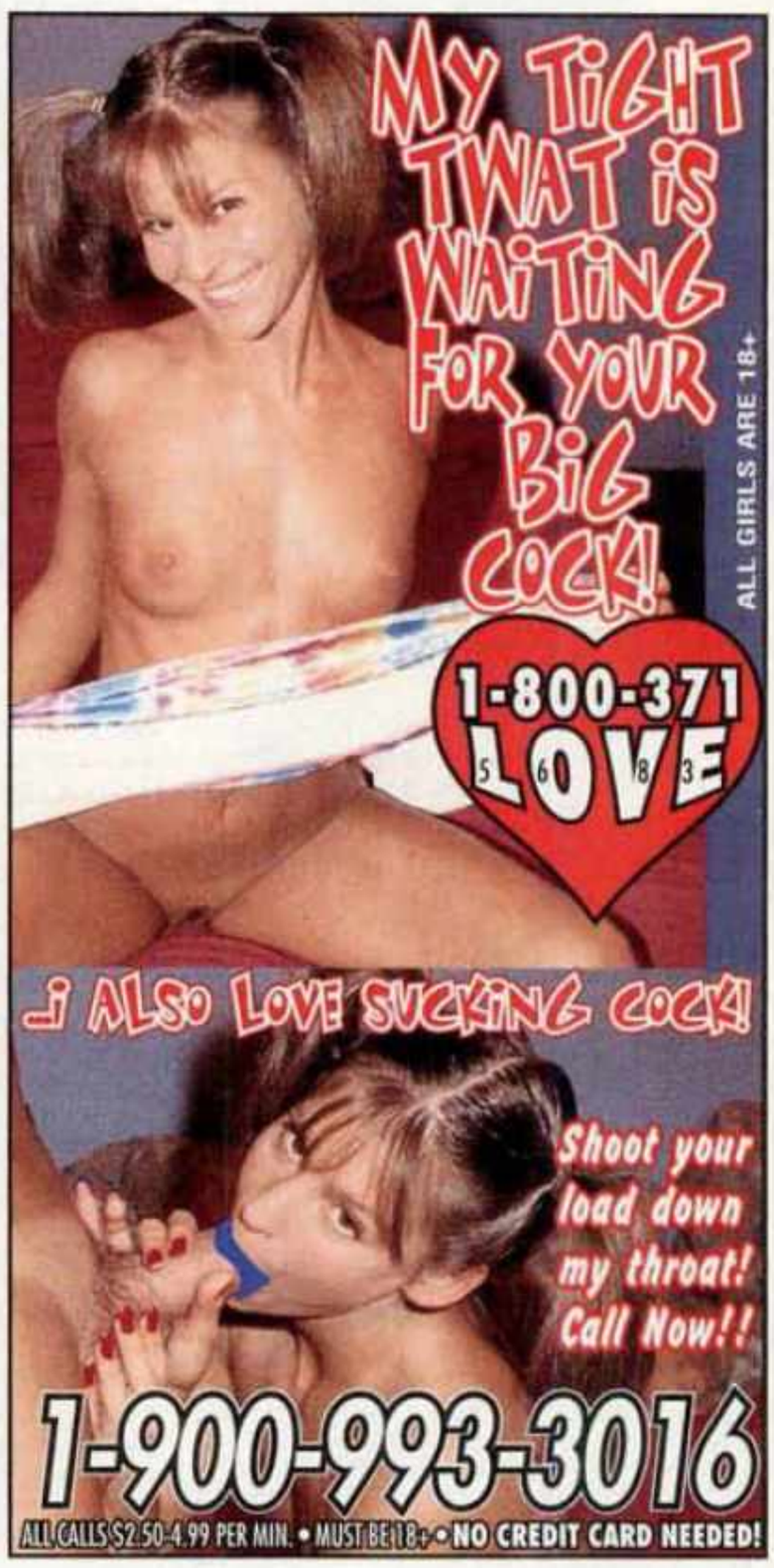
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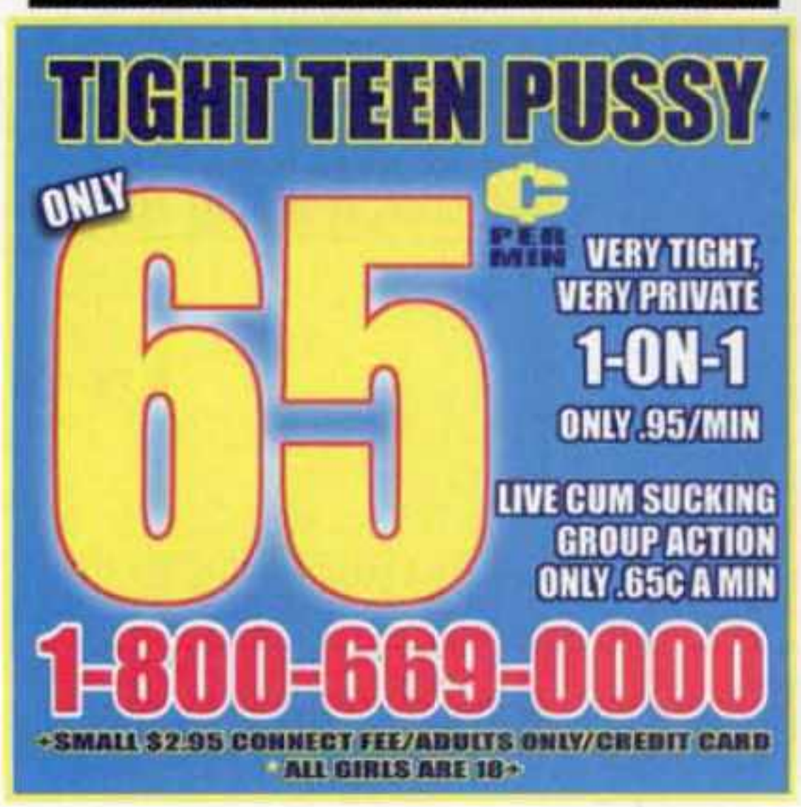
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THE DOCTOR BEHIND *MAGNA-RX* AND HIS *HUGE NEW MAGNA DISCOVERY!*

The genius behind **MAGNA-RX+** is George Aguilar, M.D., a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients with erectile problems. He is a member of the College of Urology and the director of 46 urologists. **Dr. Aguilar** is also past-president of his State Society of Urologists.

After the worldwide success of his acclaimed **MAGNA-RX+** formula *(now available at GNC stores nationwide)*, **Dr. Aguilar** has continued to research safe, new, effective, all-natural ways to achieve maximum male enhancement, superior sexual performance, and ultimate pleasure.

Now his new male enhancement breakthrough has just been approved for distribution throughout the U.S. with absolutely no prescription necessary. Through this exclusive offer, **Dr. Aguilar** introduces an amazing, new, state-of-the-art, proprietary potency and stimulation enhancer called **MAGNA-RX TRANSDERMAL Topical Lotion**. *Best of all, you can try it for yourself FREE (see offer below)!*

Dr. Aguilar, along with a dedicated team of biochemists, successfully designed **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion** to accomplish two primary objectives: **1.** Be a powerful, fast-acting male enhancement topical lotion that guarantees you give your biggest and best bedroom performance exactly when you need it most; **2.** Maximize the results of **Dr. Aguilar's** original **MAGNA-RX+ Male Performance Pill** formula.

By systematically combining the unique synergetic benefits of these two powerful, yet diverse, male enhancement and performance delivery systems, **Dr. Aguilar** has simultaneously redefined and raised the bar for *"true male enhancement"* and has clearly established the new standard by which all similar products will almost certainly be judged.

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   Start by taking **Dr. Aguilar's** original, #1 best-selling **MAGNA-RX+** pills daily to quickly and easily become a ***MAGNA MAN*** and then use it to maintain your long term gains.
2. ***MAGNA-RX LOTION WORKS FROM THE OUTSIDE IN***
   Finish by applying **Dr. Aguilar's** new, fast-acting, powerful topical lotion any time you desire to give your biggest and best performance. Only moments after you rub it in, you'll actually feel the potent botanicals of this incredible new lotion go to work as it safely increases blood flow for maximum erectile size and stimulation.

This all-natural fusion of a powerful, daily herbal supplement designed for long term gains (**MAGNA-RX+**) combined with a potent *"on the spot"* topical lotion (**MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion**) gives you the best of both technologies and is light years ahead of our nearest competitor. However, please be prepared for massive increments of peak sexual performance and unparalleled euphoric pleasure.

CAUTION: **MAGNA-RX Topical Lotion** may cause you to experience a euphoric sexual high commonly know as *"roping."* This roping effect has often been described as the male equivalent to experiencing multiple orgasms. We recommend that you explain the nature of this heightened sexual state to your lover prior to activity so she is not alarmed when it occurs and can then fully participate and enjoy the obvious pleasurable benefits of sharing mutual intimate ecstasy again and again.

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Alpha Male Plus is a medical doctor's amazing, new, all-natural male hormonal stimulant that contains pure *Wapiti Elk Extract*. Scientists believe the male *Wapiti Elk* possesses the strongest sex drive in nature that allows him give a full repeat "world-class" performance again and again in as little as three minutes. *And he has been known to mate up to 20 times in a row!*

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by Michael Allen

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Should a medical emergency arise that causes loss of consciousness or makes it impossible to speak, My Voice ID could be a lifesaver. This tiny recorder will store 60-80 words of critical data—the bearer's blood type, allergies to pharmaceuticals, preexisting medical conditions—that can be conveyed to a paramedic or physician when every second counts. To buy one *before* tragedy strikes (a heart attack, should Bush be reelected, comes to mind), visit **MyVoiceID.org** or dial (toll-free) **866-667-5768**. Suggested retail price: $29.95

Which Way to Thunder Bay?

If your wife bitches at you for getting lost, here's a handy gadget to shut her yap. Pioneer's In-Dash DVD Multimedia AV Navigation Receiver provides easy-to-follow steps on how to get from Point A to Point B just about anywhere in the United States and Canada. The AVIC-N1 is also preprogrammed with 12 million points of interest—notably motels, gas stations, restaurants and possibly some strip bars. This electronic traveling companion also doubles as an AM/FM radio tuner and DVD player. To find a dealer that carries this cool copilot, steer your computer to **PioneerElectronics.com** or call (toll-free) **800-421-1404**. Suggested retail price: $2,200

Spectator's Best Friend!

As every sports junkie knows, the major drawbacks to attending a game in person are the absence of audio play-by-play commentary and sitting high in the nosebleed section, far from the athletes. However, with a pair of Sportbinox, not only can you see every pitch, swing, shot or whatever, you can also listen in on a headset thanks to its battery-operated AM/FM radio. Plus, if you're on a date with a gabby gal, you can tune out her endless chatter. To get to the heart of the game, check out **Sportbinox.com** or call (toll-free) **800-820-0218**. Suggested retail prices: $49.95 (low-power binoculars), $69.95 (higher scope)

Spies Like Us

Whether you're working undercover or just trying to impress Miss Moneypenny out of her panties, the James Bond Digital Camera is the right equipment. In the guise of a cigarette lighter (007-approved, of course), the gizmo functions as a still camera, video-clip recorder, Web camera and voice recorder; you can even set it up in surveillance mode and shoot images in preset intervals. To join Her Majesty's Secret Service, dash to **IWantOneofThose.com**. Suggested retail price: $79

True Lies

Is your girlfriend being honest? Are your friends backstabbing you? Is Bush *not* a lying sack of shit? Get the real skinny with the VSA 15, a mini lie detector that measures the stress in one's voice (according to law-enforcement and security experts, a proven method of detecting dishonesty and deceit). This portable polygraph can be hooked up to a phone line for covert investigations, or used face-to-face for an aboveboard grilling. To find out who's fibbing, check out **SpyZone.com** or call (toll-free) **888-779-9205**. Suggested retail price: $5,900. (Hey, the truth doesn't come cheap!)

"What's to stop the President from stealing this year's election too?"

(continued from page 9) for it in *Bits & Pieces*—will be the legendary Gloria Leonard, star of the classic *The Opening of Misty Beethoven.*

Some Games Dubya Plays?

Muleady's *Bush Presidency Game* (June '04) was truly outasight! Everything about it was right on the money, and I especially loved what was written on one of the board's squares: "Economy in shitter. Propose tax cut. Roll again." States are so strapped for cash under the current Administration, it's pathetic. I can't say that too loudly around here though. I live in Dubya's hometown, and of course everyone else around here just thinks he's the greatest.

By the way, I found another great Bush game parody on the Internet. Just use the key word *Iraqopoly* on a search engine to bring it up (the URL is awfully long). Anyway, the game itself is pretty funny.

—B.J.
Midland, Texas

Hail to the Thief

What HUSTLER's Larry Flynt and Michael (*Fahrenheit 9/11*) Moore have to say about George W. Bush is all together cool. However, what's to stop the President from stealing this year's election too? He's done it before. **—A.C.**

Allentown, Pennsylvania

What's to stop George Dubya from pickpocketing the 2004 election, you ask? An overwhelming landslide against the scoundrel. So don't forget to get out and vote!

Prisoner Praise 'n' Promise

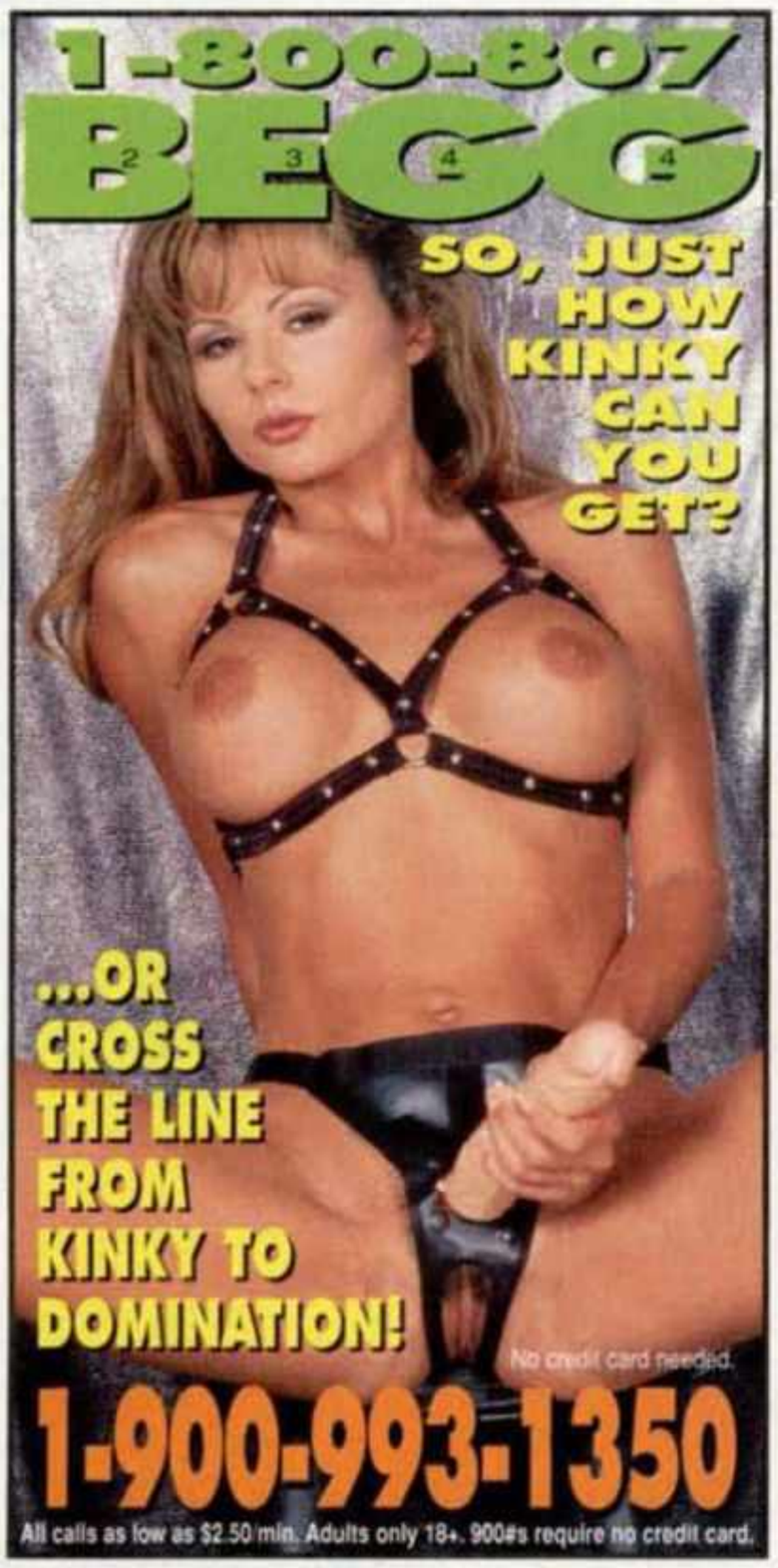
I just want to say what a great magazine HUSTLER is. I particularly enjoy reading the *Publisher's Statement*, and I think it's awesome that Larry Flynt speaks his mind. More people should be the same way.

Well, I'm going to speak my mind too. HUSTLER is the greatest magazine around. Unfortunately, I am currently in prison and have to rely on old copies. I will be a faithful subscriber once I get released. (I have ten months left on my sentence.) Since I cannot make any money while locked up in here, I would greatly appreciate your help in receiving a complimentary subscription to my favorite magazine. If that's not possible, could I at least make a deal to pay up after my release date? **—D.B.**

Winslow, Arizona

Hey, D.B., couldn't you just ask to borrow Martha Stewart's copy? Y'know, HUSTLER staffers were trying to explain some prison terminology like "toss the salad," and next thing you know the lady whips out this pair of oversized wooden forks and starts going off about a creamy balsamic vinaigrette. Boy, is she gonna be in trouble. Tell ya what, D.B. Help introduce Martha Stewart to the ins-and-outs of our penal system, and we'll put a complimentary issue of HUSTLER in the mail. We'll even send the warden a copy too!

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.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Game On

Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

Leisure Suit Larry: Magna Cum Laude
VU Games
(PC/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

In ***Leisure Suit Larry: Magna Cum Laude*** the skirt-chasing, old-school gaming legend Larry Laffer, a/k/a Leisure Suit Larry, passes the torch to his college-age nephew, Larry Lovage. Young Larry finds himself in a dorm, where the pursuit of pink results in *Animal House*-type antics. Like the original game, the object of this update is to score. Larry has 15 babes to woo, each resulting in a unique carnal culmination.

Singles: Flirt Up Your Life
Eidos
(PC)

Ever fantasize about being Jack Tripper from *Three's Company*? By putting you under the same roof as a hot new chick, ***Singles: Flirt Up Your Life*** will make your day. It's your job to create the perfect love nest and wheedle your roomie into the sack. Because ***Singles*** earned an "Adults Only" game rating for "nudity and strong sexual content," most retailers are too cowardly to sell this harmless sex simulator. Cut out the middleman and download the game at Singles-TheGame.com.

The Guy Game
Global Star Software
(PC/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Sometimes it's hard to believe how many video games allow you to shred, pulverize and mangle digitized people—and how few let you look at a pair of tits. ***The Guy Game***, a bawdy, four-player quiz, seeks to balance the ratio by giving us a heaping helping of spring-break-style boob flashes. You and your buddies answer trivia questions and bet on topless college girls as they jump rope, race in sacks or whatnot. This one will be a dorm-room staple.

The Sims 2
EA Games
(PC)

If your old lady plays video games, there's a good chance she's spent some time with ***The Sims***. Open-ended game play and chick-friendly appeal have made the original incarnation the best-selling computer game of all time. Women dig the game because they can design houses, then create and control the dwellings' simulated residents. We fell in love with the game because a fan put Sims folk on the Web as nudists and porn stars. ***The Sims 2***, which allows the characters to screw and reproduce, will only get dirtier.

Playboy: The Mansion
Arush Entertainment
(PC/PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Load up on airbrush paint! ***Playboy: The Mansion*** asks gamers to re-create the life and achievements of eternal bachelor Hugh Hefner. That means taking part in the creation of *Playboy* magazine, the building of the Grotto and even the establishment of Playboy.com—not quite as colorful as the life and times of HUSTLER honcho Larry Flynt. Although sexy girls play a part in the festivities, empire-building rather than skin is the game's primary focus.

NOW FEAST YOUR EYES ON OUR LATEST BATCH OF AMATEUR SNATCH!

Oyster Bay, New York, was the hometown of Teddy Roosevelt, America's President in the early 1900s. Now the waterfront burg can also claim Brenda, 32, a housewife who enjoys taking nude pictures and making private sex videos with her hubby. "I'd love to be with another woman while my husband looks on," dreams Brenda, who thought even a teddy was too much to wear for her HUSTLER debut. —Photo by Husband

A resident of Daytona Beach, Florida, this 21-year-old is a homemaker with a yen for sailing, as well as swimming, walking, motorcycling and drawing. Because of her fondness for being on water, Kristylynn fantasizes about "having sex on an airboat in the middle of the Everglades." Voyeuristic gators are gonna love that! —Photo by Friend

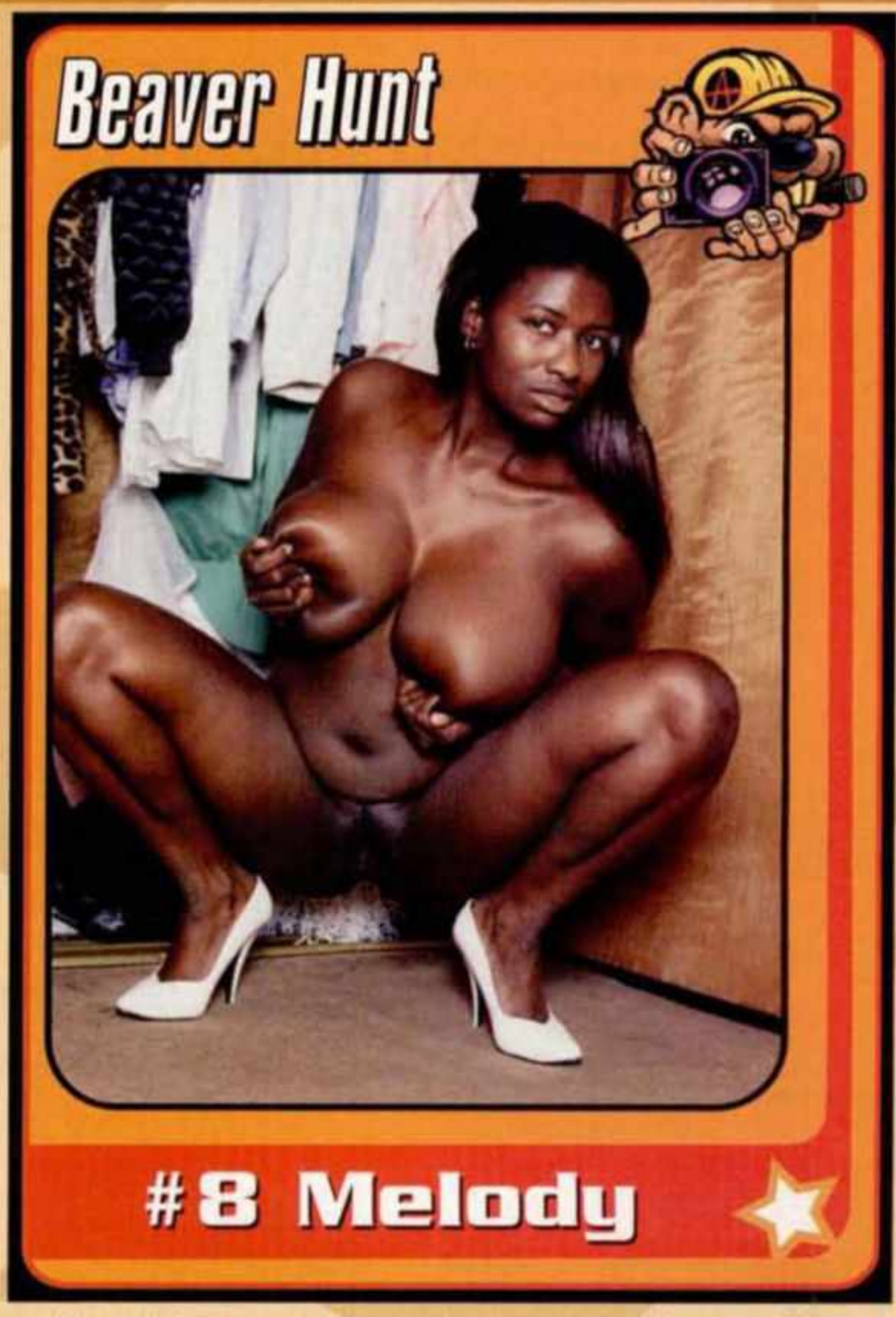
If Larry Flynt opens a nude eatery, this unbashful Georgia peach would be a fine choice to run the place. Amber, 21, is indeed a restaurant manager, and the Atlanta denizen has a confession to make. "I'm very sexually oriented." Right on, girl. Also turned on by Mexican cuisine, rock music and yoga, Amber is definitely limber. "I've had sex in all sorts of crazy places, but doing it on a Ferris wheel has to be my wildest escapade." Anything but a loner, spicy Amber also has a wild fantasy: "Having the biggest orgy ever known—and participating of course!" —Photo by Boyfriend

As a dental assistant, Kayla well knows the importance of a nice smile—although *Beaver Hunt* fans may be more impressed by her response to the command "Open wide!" Anyway, she's all of 20, from Brighton, Michigan, and—in her own words—"bi and aggressive sexually." The Gemini, whose personal interests are astrology and working out, occasionally ponders "having sex with two guys at the same time." Hey, fantasy dudes, don't forget to brush before cavorting with Kayla.
—Photo by Friend

"I'm now a photo junkie," says the 19-year-old Boston dancer. "I wanna be discovered wearing only my money-makers." (Her specs.) "I'm also into rough sex and kissin' hot babes," Corryn adds. "Aren't all girls bi?" Ms. Four Eyes's fantasy? "Sex in a car if you can believe it. I *never* have!" —Photo by Girlfriend

Here's a neophyte from Wichita, Kansas, with a business degree and computer savvy. Gina, 34, is also an accomplished pianist and diddler. "I have so many toys, I've lost count," she boasts. Gina's fantasy is "several women and several men later; I like an orgy now and then." —Photo by Friend

Jacksonville, Florida's Chloe, 27, is a nanny who enjoys shopping, hanging out with friends and seeing bands. A wife who once worked at a strip bar for one night to fulfill her spouse's fantasy, Chloe wishes "to be punished like a naughty little girl should be."
—Photo by Husband



New York-born Melody resides in Austin, Texas, and her pastimes are sex—"I'm fiery hot!"—exercise and naked yoga. The switch-hitter, whose massive natural tits can fill a 38III-cup bra, has a pair of fantasies: "being with two girls and being the star attraction in my own private peepshow."
—Photo by Friend

Showing pink is a piece of cake for this redhead from Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Describing herself as a "sexually adventurous housewife," the 34-year-old has two key items on her to-do list: "sucking my husband's cock and searching for that elusive woman's pussy to put my mouth on!" Lyn is also keen on gardening (hey, she's from the Garden State!), but mostly, she says, "I like keeping my man happy." Her hot fantasy is "having some girlie action with one or two HUSTLER models while my husband watches and then joins in."
—Photo by Husband

Hotel management is this Maui denizen's line of work, but the 25-year-old's fascination with nude modeling is duly noted. Lenny's hobbies are singing and fire-dancing, and the recent arrival from the Southwest dreams of "doing two guys at once." But why have we chosen two amateur hotties with identical motifs? —Photo by Friend

Samantha is a Maui hotel's gardener, and look how she's trimmed that bush. Painting, singing and guitar are just a few of her recreational activities, but Samantha's most memorable was getting laid in a mall. Living in paradise, the fox fantasizes about "having sex outdoors with big, strong men." Also worth mentioning is that Samantha, 27, is Lenny's half-sister. What a sibling rivalry! —Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition is looking for you! Snap a half-dozen or so clear, color pictures, and mail them to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth $5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each. The award for the Grand Prize Winner's lensman is $500, and the Finalists' shooters each pocket $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and legible copies of two forms of ID, one with photo and denoting your date of birth (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Also, one ID must include your signature. Provide us with photocopies, not originals. All entries must include sharply focused color prints or slides. All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, IDs and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or pro names

Name to be published | Phone (include area code)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Address

City | State | Zip

Personal e-mail address

Hobbies

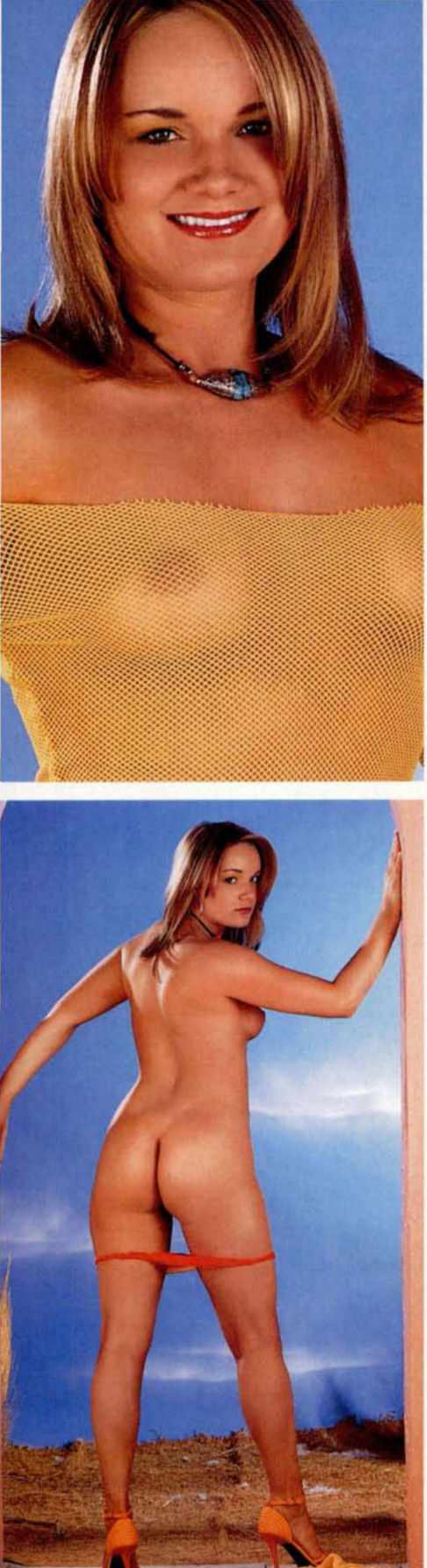
Sexual fantasies (can be listed on separate sheet of paper if necessary)

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/day/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.



KITTY

WILD BLUE YONDER

2004 *BEAVER HUNT* FINALIST #4

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

The year's last-but-not-least *Beaver Hunt* Finalist is Kitty, an outdoorsy babe from Connecticut. The 23-year-old neophyte enjoys horseback riding, swimming and fishing; she also has an X-rated office fantasy that would give cartoon drone Dilbert a raging hard-on. "I'm with my boss in his office," Kitty murmurs. "I'm sprawled across his desk, buck naked, and he's making passionate love to me. And all the time, I'm hoping someone doesn't walk in and catch us." The seductive Aries is still contemplating what she might do with the $5,000 Grand Prize, but we're betting that the moll will rent out office space with some sturdy furniture. Will Kitty walk away with the five large? Her destiny is in your sticky fingers, guys. Look for HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* ballot in the upcoming Holiday Issue.

NEXT MONTH

WU-TANG CLAN AIN'T NOTHIN' TO FUCK WITH

Kick it with hip-hop's legendary, kung-fu-obsessed rap collective. All nine MCs from the influential New York crew (including Ghostface, Raekwon and Capadonna) reunite to pose with HUSTLER Honeys in a ghetto-fabulous layout, complete with raw, uncensored tales of their sexual exploits. Celebrating the release of their final studio album, the Wu-Tang Clan breaks all the rules. Feature report by Hans Feuersinger.

AUDIT, MY ASS!: TAXES AND THE SUPER-RICH

Republicans lambaste the tax system for supporting the poor with welfare programs and Social Security; yet America's middle-class is subsidizing the obscenely wealthy. Find out how fat cats prosper in an exclusive Q&A with Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist David Cay Johnston, author of the new book *Perfectly Legal*. Interview by Editorial Director Bruce David and Dan Kapelovitz.

MAGIC: THE CAN'T-MISS PICKUP GIMMICK

Master of misdirection Jonathon Dabach outlines how to pick up chicks using a few easy-to-learn magic tricks. Do you want babes shucking their panties quicker than you can pull a rabbit from a hat? Check out a real wizard's how-to guide in the art of seduction.

HUSTLER'S 30th ANNIVERSARY GALA

Come revel as three decades of truth, freedom and pink culminate with 60 bare-ass goddesses cavorting through one of America's swankiest hotels. Step onto the red carpet of a truly extravagant birthday blowout, where Larry Flynt and his guests were treated to an endless parade of stunning porn superstars, caged strippers and live-sex shows. We've got your VIP pass to HUSTLER's most unforgettable night of wild debauchery.

XXX-MAS WITH HONEY HOOKER

Here comes Santa Claus—thanks to everyone's favorite cartoon cutie. Strap yourself in for a sex-soaked adventure as our luscious heroine heads straight to the top of Santa's naughty list. Jizz the season when Honey Hooker tackles the North Pole in Noel Anderson's nut-cracking holiday spoof.

Anita Dark

The Holiday HUSTLER is on sale October 12, 2004. • Visit HUSTLER Online at HUSTLER.com.

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